

NOVEMBER 1984

\$2.00

The Atlantic

MTM AS THE FIRST YUPPIE / THE SEARCH FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE

IS NUCLEAR WAR "IMPOSSIBLE"?

BY THOMAS POWERS

*If the
"nuclear winter"
theory is correct,
superpower
war plans are obsolete*



*****3-DIGIT 911
300316 LRB R0000099 H44B JAN86
AMBASSADOR CLG LIB
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91129

We don't buy just any seats. We design them.

GM begins with detailed studies of the human body. Biomedical research. The kind of comprehensive investigation of anatomy da Vinci undertook in the 1500s.

As a leader in the field of Human Factors Engineering, we design interiors scientifically to minimize the possible distractions from your driving.

It may take us two years and countless clay models to arrive at a more comfortable,

durable seat for new GM cars and trucks. But we think it's worth it.

And we believe old Leonardo would have thought so, too.

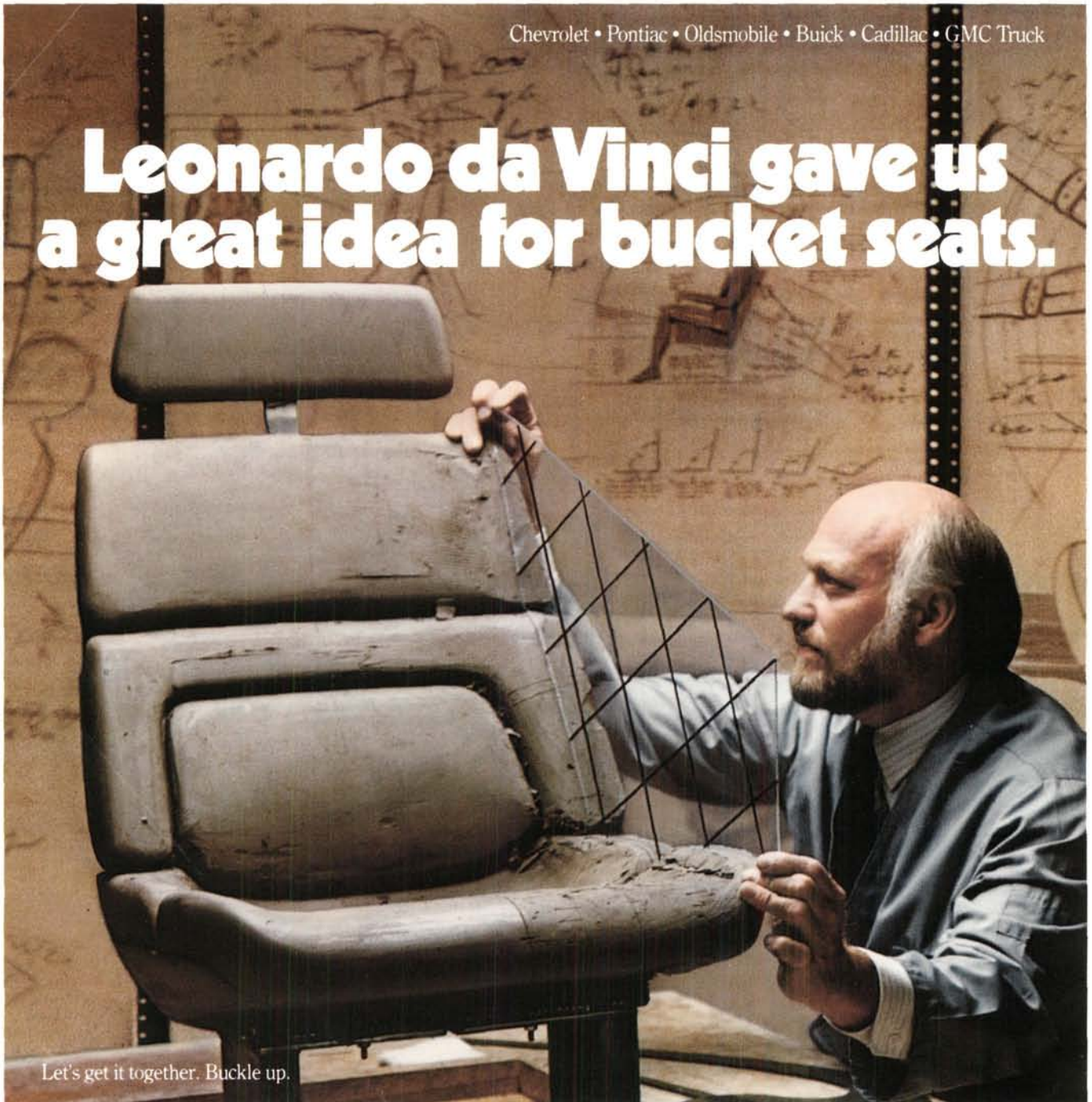
We believe in taking the extra time, giving the extra effort and paying attention to every detail. That's what it takes to provide the quality that leads more people to buy GM cars and trucks than any other kind. And why GM owners are the most loyal on the road.

That's the GM commitment to excellence.



Chevrolet • Pontiac • Oldsmobile • Buick • Cadillac • GMC Truck

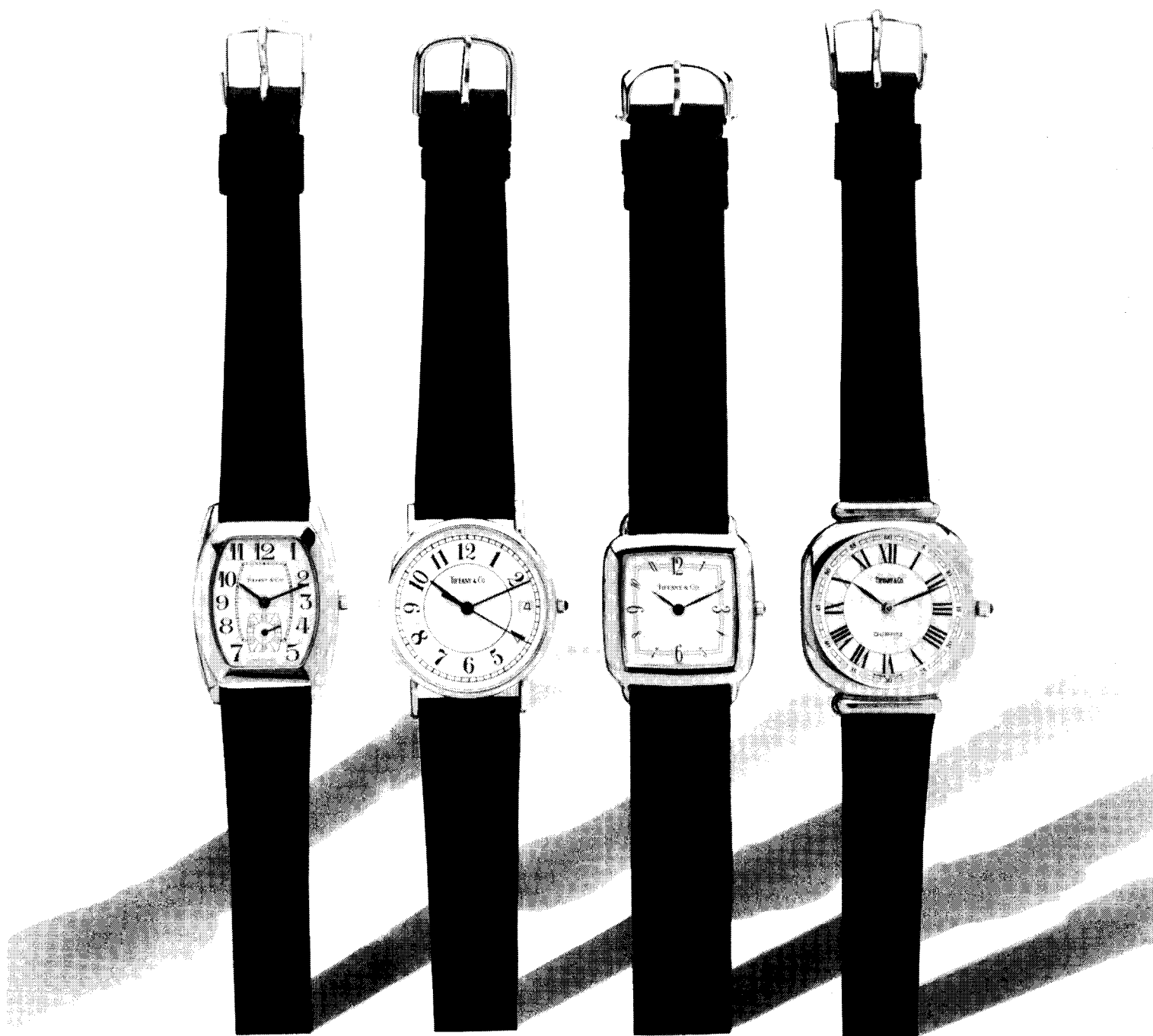
Leonardo da Vinci gave us a great idea for bucket seats.



Let's get it together. Buckle up.

Nobody sweats the details like GM.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Time After Time

Tiffany Classics combine timeless styling with quartz accuracy and dependability. Designed by Tiffany's and available only at Tiffany's. From left to right:

"The Chelsea," eighteen karat gold, \$800. Fourteen karat gold with date, \$925.

"The Essex," ultra-thin eighteen karat gold with cushion strap, \$2,350.

"The Oxford," fourteen karat gold with Roman numerals, \$1,150.

TIFFANY & Co.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. • BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • KANSAS CITY • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1984

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES

- 53 NUCLEAR WINTER AND NUCLEAR STRATEGY** **THOMAS POWERS**
The nuclear strategists and war planners are taking the "nuclear winter" hypothesis seriously, and that may turn out to be one of the most important pieces of news of the whole nuclear age
- 93 SCHOLARSHIP VERSUS CULTURE** **JACQUES BARZUN**
An argument that the fruits of culture are designed to be understood intuitively, not broken down into parts by scholarly analysis
- 113 MTM'S PAST AND FUTURE** **DAVID MARC**
What is now called the Yuppie—the young urban professional—was predicted in the remarkable series of shows produced by MTM Enterprises
- 122 THE SEARCH FOR LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS** **ROBERT P. CREASE AND CHARLES C. MANN**
The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is gearing up for the first large, systematic search for extra-terrestrial life

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 22 VOTING: BIG BUSINESS IN BALLOTS** **CULLEN MURPHY**
- 26 MILITARY STRATEGY: THE LESSONS OF CONFLICT** **DAVID EVANS AND RICHARD CAMPANY**
- 34 THAILAND: THE DOMINO THAT DIDN'T FALL** **CHARLES MURRAY**

HUMOR AND FICTION

- 50 M.D. BY D.V.** **POLLY FROST AND MICHAEL SILVERBLATT**

- 106 THE COMEDIAN** **JOHN L'HEUREUX**

POETRY

- 60 THE PATH INTO NIGHT** **KATHLEEN SPIVACK**
- 100 SENTENCES FOR A FRIEND SNOWED IN** **JAMES GALVIN**
- 126 PILGRIMS' PROGRESS** **ROBERT CLINTON**

BOOKS

- 138 A DON JUAN AMONG THE INTELLIGENTSIA** **JAMES ATLAS**
Experiment in Autobiography by H. G. Wells;
H. G. Wells in Love edited by G. P. Wells
- 141 THE MALAISE OF MODERNITY** **MARK CRISPIN MILLER**
The Minimal Self by Christopher Lasch
- 148 BRIEF REVIEWS** **PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS**

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 6 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**
- 121 FIRST ENCOUNTERS** **EDWARD SOREL AND NANCY CALDWELL SOREL**
- 129 PHOTOGRAPHY: ARBUS IN WONDERLAND** **HAL HINSON**
- 132 MOVIES: FORSYTH'S TRAVELS** **TERRENCE RAFFERTY**
- 134 MUSIC: ROMANTIC LONGINGS** **ANNALYN SWAN**
- 152 THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER** **EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON**

Cover illustration by Robert Giusti



Subscriptions: 1 Year \$9.95,
2 Years \$15.95, 3 Years \$19.95
in the United States and its possessions;
\$3.00 additional per year in Canada;
\$5.00 additional per year elsewhere.
Address all subscription correspondence to
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322
Tel: (800) 525-6261
In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.
Copyright © 1984, by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077)
All rights reserved.

Advertising sales:
The Atlantic
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10170
Tel: (212) 687-2424

Washington, D.C. (212) 687-2424
Carol Ference

Atlanta (404) 435-1681
Lagomarsino & Dempsey

Chicago (312) 664-7091

Detroit (313) 643-8460
W: Richard O'Neil

Los Angeles (818) 989-0994
Bishop & Abel

San Francisco (415) 332-4041
Lauren Gertz

Wellesley, Massachusetts (617) 235-1401
John Nimmo

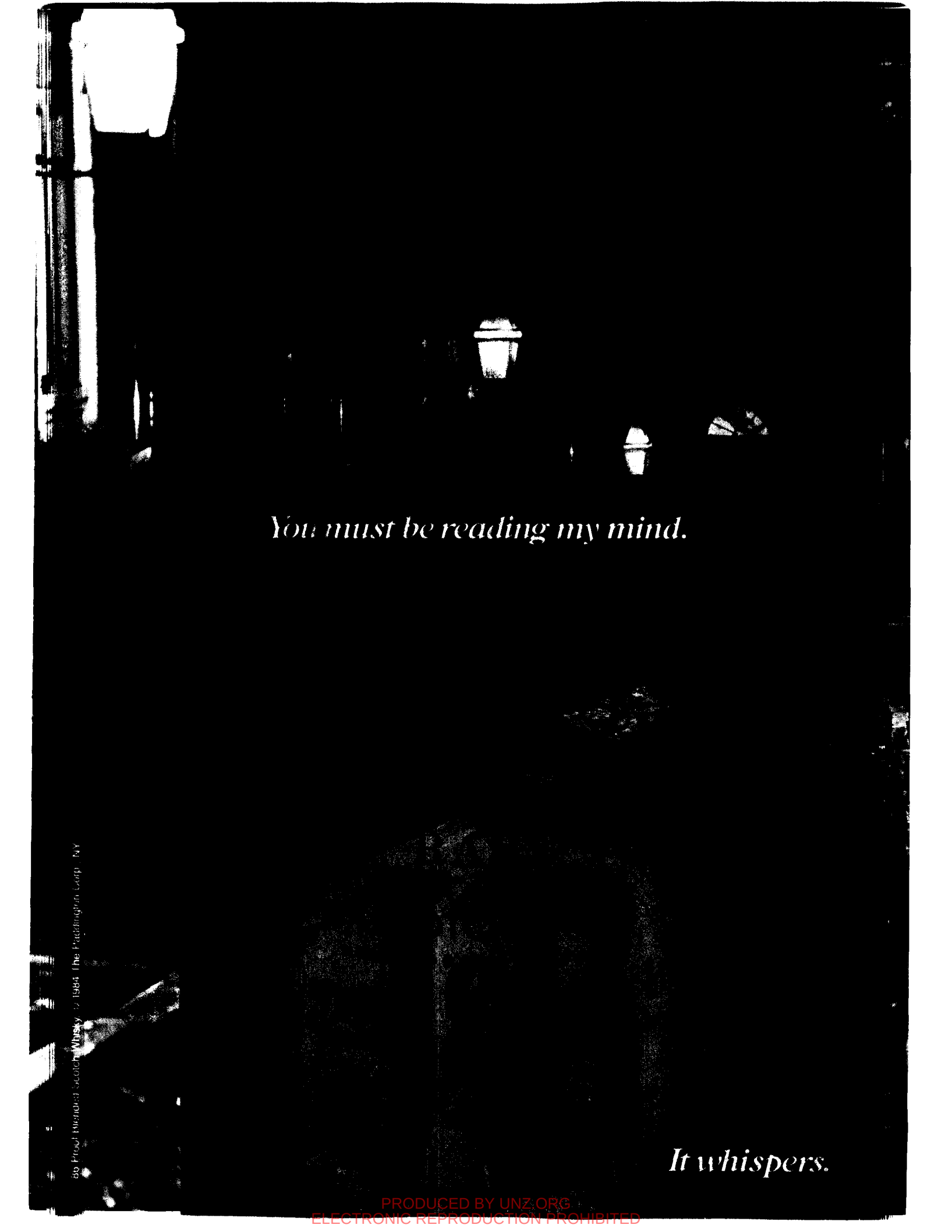
The Atlantic November 1984
Vol. 254 No. 5

Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at
Boston, Toronto, and at additional
mailing offices.

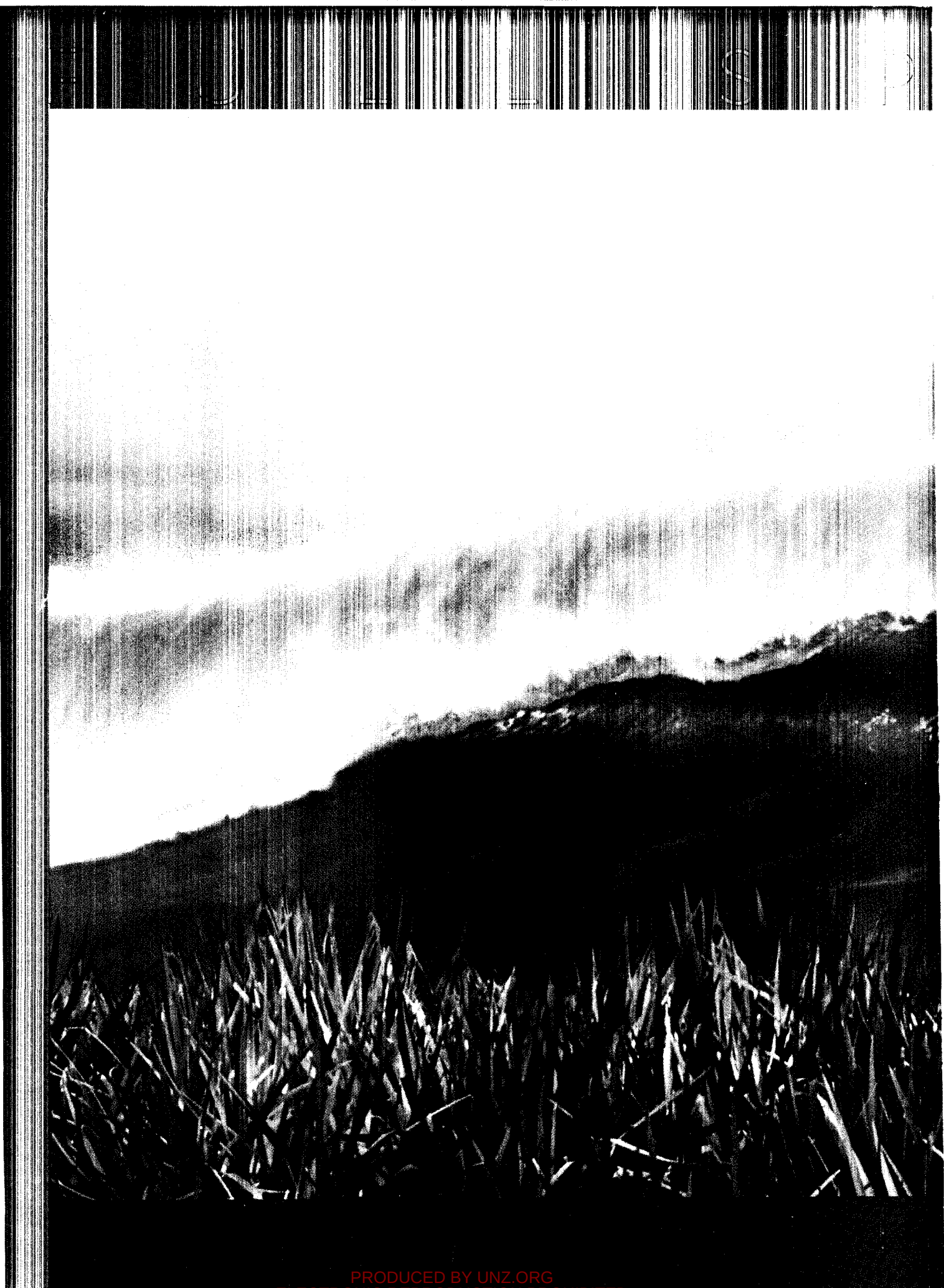
Unsolicited manuscripts will
be returned *only* if accompanied
by a return envelope and
adequate postage.

Postmaster:
Send address changes to
The Atlantic
Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 80322.



You must be reading my mind.

It whispers.



INTRODUCING THE GREAT IMPOSSIBLE

INTRODUCING FULL SPECTRUM TELEVISION

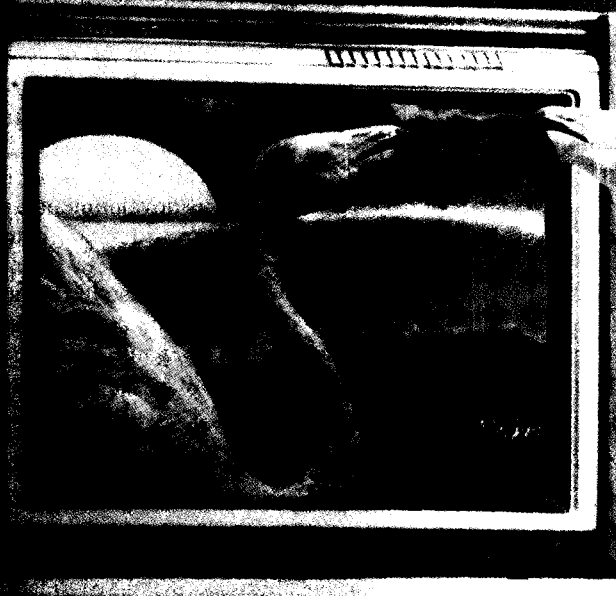
The mirror image of reality? It's yours to see, hear and feel of the audio/video on RCA's Full Spectrum televisions. Due to remarkable developments in audio and video technology, RCA's Full Spectrum televisions are the first consumer TVs to process 100%

FULL SPECTRUM

COMPLETE WITH FULL-STEREO SOUND, VIDEO MONITOR CABLE

All Full Spectrum ColorTrak 2000's feature a built-in stereo video system. See the difference at your RCA dealer. For more information, call RCA Electronics Dept. 3 IN 462-07-7036.

TECHNOLOGY THAT EXCITES THE SENSES



Simulated TV picture

The Atlantic

Editor

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Washington Editor

JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors

JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS

Managing Editor

LOUISE DESAULNIERS

Art Director

JUDY GARLAN

National Correspondents

SEYMOUR M. HERSH, NICHOLAS LEMANN

Associate Editors

JAMES ATLAS, PETER DAVISON (poetry),
ALISON HUMES, CORBY KUMMER,
DEBORAH MCGILL,
ANNE MORTIMER-MADDOX,
SUE PARILLA, MARTHA SPAULDING,
BARBARA WALLRAFF

Staff Writers

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS, HOLLY BRUBACH,
GREGG EASTERBROOK

Assistant Art Director

RHODA GUBERNICK

Staff Editors

MAUREEN BROWN, HEIDI LANDECKER,
LUCIE PRINZ

Assistants to the Editors

AVRIL CORNEL, LISA MCKENZIE,
LEILA PRELEC

Contributing Editors

ROY BLOUNT, JR., BENJAMIN DEMOTT,
TRACY KIDDER, MICHAEL LENEHAN,
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
THOMAS POWERS, SANFORD J. UNGAR

Editor Emeritus

EDWARD WEEKS



Chairman

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

Senior Vice President

LAWRENCE MURPHY

Advertising

SUSANNAH PASK, JAMES SHERIDAN,
Associate Publishers

SUSAN BLANK, Vice President
DAWN DREW, CAROL FERENCÉ,
LAUREN GERTZ,

WILLIAM HETHERINGTON,
LINDA LONDON, KAREN MASON,
W. RICHARD O'NEIL, AUSTIN RUSE,
SARA BETH SHRAGER,
CATHERINE STOCKEL, ANN WALLACE

Circulation Manager

CAROL POWERS

Production Director

JOSEPH O'CONNELL

Administration Manager

SARA NOBLE

Controller

BARBARA SAUNDERS

Editorial and Business Office

8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Advertising Office

420 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10170

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STANS AND WATERGATE

The article "The Pardon," by Seymour Hersh (August, 1983, *Atlantic*), by its specific statements and its implications, is defamatory of Maurice H. Stans in involving him in the Watergate affair and in campaign-finance illegalities.

The now completed record shows that Stans has been totally cleared of any criminal involvement in Watergate. He did not "arrange" any "illicit financing" for the Watergate break-in or for any other purpose. He was never in possession of any "truth" about Watergate that was not already in the public domain, because he, as he has testified without challenge, knew no more at any time than what he had read in the press. For the same reasons, none of his actions led to the "unraveling" of Watergate. That is evident from the fact that he was never even called as a witness in any of the critical proceedings.

Furthermore, he was found by the courts to have been innocent of any intentional violation of any law in the entire Watergate era. That surely establishes that he was not guilty of arranging any "illicit financing."

Maligning an innocent person in the manner of the Hersh article does a disservice to your readers and certainly is harmful beyond measure to Stans, who has had a long record of impeccable public service, including terms in the Cabinets of two Presidents. You owe him an apology.

ROBERT H. FINCH
Pasadena, Calif.

Neither The Atlantic nor Mr. Hersh intended to accuse Mr. Stans of any knowing illegalities in his raising of funds for the reelection of President Nixon. There is no evidence whatever of willful involvement in Watergate illegalities by Mr. Stans.

—THE EDITORS

MORE ON THE F-20

"The Airplane That Doesn't Cost Enough," by Gregg Easterbrook (August *Atlantic*), is based on arguments as frivolous as its title. It contains gross distortions of fact and arrives at conclu-

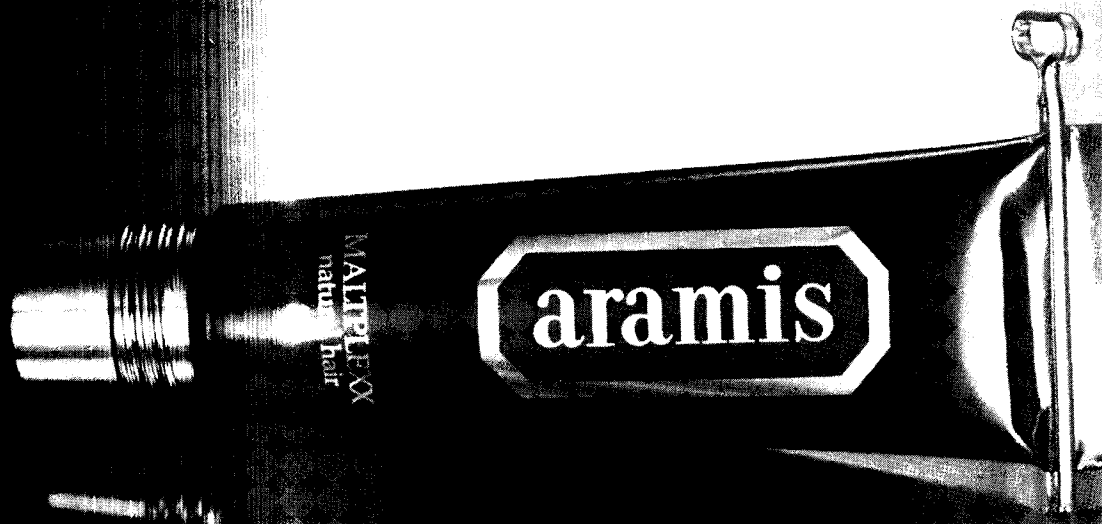
sions based on the flimsiest of evidence. I am personally offended that Mr. Easterbrook used quotes attributed to me and my assistant secretary for public affairs that are either completely wrong or taken out of context to support his biased and inaccurate views.

To suggest that I, as the secretary of Defense, do not control our weapons-procurement process is completely wrong. Of course I play an active role, as anyone with my responsibilities would.

This process begins when I provide the military services with guidance on policies, programs, resources, and priorities in an annual document, the Defense Guidance. After the services develop programs to satisfy my guidance, my staff and I review each major item through the Defense Resources Board, made up of the most senior civilian and military leaders in the department. Once a system is approved, I continue to exercise control at established milestones in its development. In every case our major consideration is to obtain the systems that will best defend our country at least expense to the taxpayer.

That we have decided not to procure the F-20 does not mean that Northrop has not built a very good aircraft. While constantly evaluating our future tactical-aircraft needs, we are far more interested in providing our pilots with aircraft not limited to some specific scenarios that are apparently designed to support the author's thesis but not related to the realities we may have to face. We need, and are buying, aircraft capable of more flexible operations across a wide range of missions. We must consider a variety of factors, such as performance, reliability, range, survivability, weapons payloads, armament systems, sensors, and growth capacity, when assessing overall effectiveness. We also must weigh the costs associated with introducing a new aircraft into our inventory—such as new-aircraft spare parts, maintenance-personnel training, and technical publications. Of course, adding a new aircraft to a fixed force structure also reduces the production rate of other aircraft and raises their costs. Analyses of these factors, which determine *actual* cost-effectiveness, are not so simple as suggested by Mr. Easterbrook's article.

In fact, the F-20 was not designed for,



MALTPLEXX

natural
hair
gel.



You manage a business,
stocks, bonds, people.

And now you can manage your hair. Maltplexx gives it any
look you want—sleeker, fuller, straighter, curlier, even wet—
without a drop of alcohol or oil. Gets your hair into shape in
the morning and keeps it under control all day. Maltplexx. So
versatile, it's not for men only.

Aramis Inc. 1984

aramis

\$2,000,000

Strength in numbers.

To millions of people around the world, Wang is word processing.

But the fact of the matter is, Wang is a two-billion dollar company doing 50% of its business in data processing.

In fact, Wang makes the most complete line of compatible computers in the business.

Computers that work together.

From desk-top professional computers to 32-bit superminis. And everything in between.

Wang. The last word in words also has strength in numbers.

WANG

We put people in front of computers.

10,000.01

© 1984 Wang Laboratories, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or intended for, U.S. forces. We simply cannot put our pilots in the position of flying planes we know cannot meet the scenarios our pilots may have to face.

While not acquiring the F-20 for U.S. forces, we have not discouraged foreign countries from buying the aircraft. It is our continuing security-assistance policy to provide countries weapons that will best enhance their national security. FX-type aircraft (F-16/79 and F-20) constitute an attractive alternative for those countries having limited technical or fiscal resources to improve their air forces. Correspondingly, the U.S. government has authorized FX contractors to market their aircraft in forty-four countries, and pilots of eighteen foreign nations have flown the F-20 Tigershark. In fact, a U.S. Air Force team just returned from a briefing tour on which it described the F-20's capabilities to our allies in the Association of Southeast Asian Nations.

There is, then, no basis for Mr. Easterbrook's assertion that I have not considered "less expensive weapons" for our allies and friends in financial difficulty. For friendly impoverished countries faced with serious security threats, the high cost of military equipment and services, coupled with global economic stagnation, is a serious problem. We have consistently supported a twofold response: providing, with congressional approval, more concessionary terms; and encouraging equipment upgrades, modifications, and, where possible, the purchase of older but reliable systems. I do not know what Mr. Easterbrook's motives are in pushing so hard for the United States and other countries to purchase this Northrop aircraft. But it is a disservice to the American people for him to try to prove that this plane should be sold to us by claiming the reason we have not bought it is that it is inexpensive. We have not bought it because we must have planes better than aircraft used by the Soviets in a difficult scenario such as the skies over central Europe.

Our military requirements are different from those of our allies, and therefore the capabilities we procure to fulfill those requirements are often different. In every case we seek the most cost-effective system. But the system we can *least* afford is one that will not do the job for the United States. I hope that future *Atlantic* articles will more objectively point out such defense realities.

CASPAR WEINBERGER
Secretary of Defense
Washington, D.C.

Gregg Easterbrook's article does a serious disservice to Pratt & Whitney and its 42,000 employees.

First, the article says the Pratt & Whitney F100 engine is "prone to spontaneous stall-outs. Stall-out can be deadly in planes equipped with only one engine, like the F-16." That statement is wrong. The engine is *not* prone to stall-out. Moreover, the F-16, with the F100 engine, holds the U.S. Air Force record as the safest single-engine fighter in Air Force history. The twin-engine F-15, also F100-powered, is the safest U.S. Air Force fighter ever.

Next, the article refers to high F100 maintenance costs and cites as an example that Pratt & Whitney sold the government a bolt for the F100 engine for \$17.59 instead of at the contract price of 67 cents. This statement is wrong on two counts. First, the bolt was a spare part for a *different* engine, which went out of production in 1962. Second, the 67 cents was a contract price for this bolt *in 1964*, and the 1964 price was based on an order for a lot of 1,200. The \$17.59 price was for an order placed *seventeen years later*, for a lot of only eighty.

The F100 program has been an outstanding model of cost containment. In more than ten years F100 engine prices have increased a total of 13.8 percent, despite a consumer-price increase during the same period of 117 percent. Over the past two years spare-parts price increases for this engine have been less than one percent despite an industry inflation rate of 4.5 percent.

In addition to being inaccurate, the article reflects carelessness. It notes, for example, in comparing the F100 with a competitor's engine, that one of the advantages of the competitor's engine is that it is modular. The article fails to mention that the F100 is also modular.

WILLIAM C. MISSIMER, JR.
Group Executive Vice President
United Technologies,
Pratt & Whitney Aircraft
East Hartford, Conn.

We appreciate your article on the F-20 Tigershark in the current issue of *The Atlantic*, and the many favorable comments about Northrop and the aircraft. At the same time, the article addresses some prevailing misunderstandings about the role of the Department of Defense and the principal intended purpose of the F-20 which warrant additional comment.

In the development of the F-20 the

Department of Defense, the U.S. Air Force, and Northrop have been partners, not antagonists. The F-20 has been developed within the overall purview of the Department of Defense, with the Air Force as its executive agent. The success we have achieved in the design, development, flight testing, and demonstration of the F-20 would have been impossible without the cooperation of the DOD and the USAF.

Your article suggests that the F-20 has not been ordered for the U.S. Air Force because of neglect by the Department of Defense or the Air Force. In fact the F-20 was not intended for the Air Force fighter-force structure. The Air Force is fully aware of the capabilities of the F-20.

Secretary of the Air Force Verne Orr, in a letter to *The Wall Street Journal* recently, called the F-20 "a first-rate fighter aircraft," and concluded by stating: "The F-20A Tigershark is everything we anticipated it would be. It is a capable aircraft that more than meets the tactical fighter needs of many of our friends. We will continue to do all we can to show them that buying it is a sound financial, tactical and logistical investment."

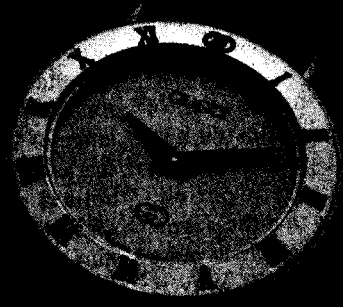
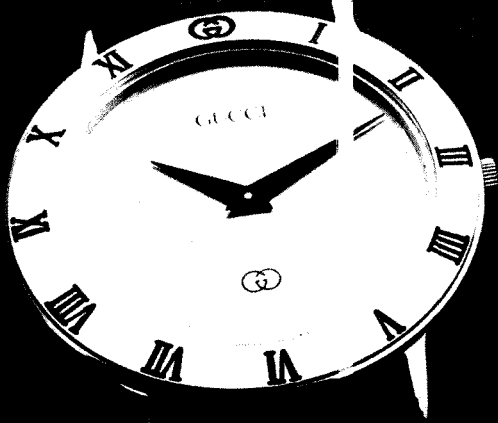
In recent months the DOD and the Air Force have provided foreign air forces with objective comparative briefings on the F-20 and other available fighters.

The successful F-20 record to date is an accomplishment of close technical and professional cooperation between the public sector and the private sector in the furtherance of the mutual security needs of the United States and our friends throughout the world.

THOMAS V. JONES
Chairman of the Board
& Chief Executive Officer
Northrop Corporation
Los Angeles, Calif.

The article in your August issue about the Northrop F-20 Tigershark contains enough factual errors and half-truths to make one wonder if the author's true purpose was anything other than election-year Pentagon-bashing.

When the author states that the United States should deny foreign governments access to our frontline fighters, he ignores the realities of the international arms market. The United States no longer enjoys a lead in military technology and is not in a position to force anyone to purchase the F-20. If we deny our



AMERICAN
EXPRESS

allies access to our frontline fighters, they will purchase frontline equipment from the Europeans or the Soviets. Furthermore, limiting export sales of our fighters denies the United States the benefits of longer, more efficient production runs, to say nothing of our balance of payments.

The author claims that the F-20 Tigershark is a new aircraft based "only loosely" on its predecessor, the Northrop F-5F, but developed at very low cost. This is simply not true. The F-20 Tigershark is a re-engined F-5F that has been outfitted with modern avionics. Northrop even refers to the Tigershark as an F-5G in some of its own advertising. Because the Tigershark is basically a re-engined F-5F, many millions of dollars normally spent in the development of a new aircraft have been saved. Over the years as many as 1,200 F-5E/F airframes have been built. Considering the economies of scale and the design-and-development savings, any comparison of development cost or purchase cost between the Tigershark and an all-new fighter becomes unfair and grossly misleading.

The author states as an indication of the Tigershark's superior design and simplicity the fact that pilots can fly it after a very short check-out period. What this really proves is that the Tigershark is a re-engined F-5F, a plane most pilots already know how to fly. Why is this? Because the F-5F also serves as a two-seat trainer with the U.S. Air Force, where it is known as the T-38 Talon. Almost every pilot in the Air Force (and NASA) has T-38 time in his logbook.

When discussing fighters, however, performance is the bottom line. The author states that the Tigershark is superior to frontline U.S. fighters in some respects and equal in others. The Tigershark is fast and maneuverable, but it also has some limitations. For example, Northrop's advertising claims that the F-20 Tigershark can scramble quickly and intercept a target at Mach 2 at an altitude of 50,000 feet. If that sounds impressive, consider that a Russian-built Foxbat can reach 80,000 feet at speeds in excess of Mach 2.8. The Tigershark couldn't touch the Foxbat with a 30,000-foot pole.

The author makes a number of misleading statements on the subject of air-to-air missiles. He states that only the Tigershark carries the updated version of the Sidewinder missile, and strongly implies that the F-14, the F-15, the

F-16, and the F-18 depend solely on radar-guided missiles, when in fact virtually every U.S. fighter carries the updated Sidewinder. Furthermore, the only air-to-air missile carried by the Tigershark is the Sidewinder, while other U.S. fighters carry a mix of Sidewinders and radar-guided missiles. Incidentally, the F-14 and the F-15 each carry four Sidewinders. The Tigershark can carry only two.

The author fails to differentiate between different types of air-to-air missiles, their purposes, and the aircraft that carry them. First, the Sidewinder is a short-range (five miles or less) heat-seeking missile designed solely for close-in dogfighting. It can be blinded by precipitation, clouds, or the sun. The Sparrow is a medium-range (twenty-five miles) radar-guided missile with look-down-shoot-down capability, and is carried by the F-14, the F-15, and the F-18. The Phoenix missile is carried only by the Navy's F-14 Tomcat, and is the fleet's primary air-defense weapon against threats such as Soviet Backfire bombers that carry nuclear-tipped sea-skimming cruise missiles. An F-14 can simultaneously launch up to six Phoenix missiles against different targets at a range of 100 miles, and at altitudes from sea level to 100,000 feet. Because of its limited range and its short-range missiles, the Tigershark could do nothing to stop a Backfire bomber.

The F-20 Tigershark is fast and maneuverable, but the author's implication that it is some sort of world-beating wonderplane that can do everything our frontline fighters can do is unrealistic. At a moment's notice our fighters may be asked to intercept a sea-skimming missile, or to defend NATO ground forces against air attack in adverse weather. To ask our pilots to face a foe in anything less than the best would be suicidal.

MICHAEL J. KARAGOZIAN
Sylvan Lake, Mich.

Gregg Easterbrook's article was insufficiently researched and presents one of the most biased perspectives I have ever seen in a publication such as *The Atlantic*. An example is his erroneous discussion of the merits of radar-guided and infrared (IR)-guided missiles. Easterbrook several times suggests that the only reason for the continued existence of radar missiles is the inability of senior officers to admit their errors and jettison a worthless idea. Nothing could be further from the truth. Radar missiles and IR missiles supple-

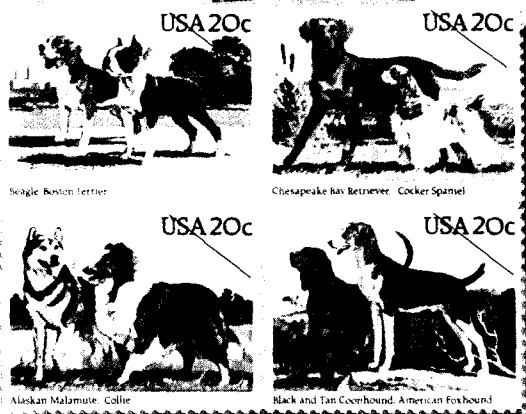
ment each other, and any truly capable fighting force must possess both. Without the radar missile a fighter is essentially powerless to stop an enemy from operating at will in clouds. IR energy is readily blocked by clouds, dust, smog, or any similar obstruction, and the IR missile has the same limitation that the human pilot has: it cannot kill what it cannot see.

In many tactical situations the radar missile's superior range is an enormous advantage. Mr. Easterbrook is correct in pointing out that in many cases it is necessary to identify the target visually before launching a missile, but this is hardly the limitation he suggests. In many situations the forces are well enough identified to allow a launch outside visual range—for example, when an enemy aircraft has been identified by other means (sightings from friendly troops).

The inherent advantages of the IR missile are inescapable. It is usually much smaller, lighter, and less complex (and therefore inherently more reliable and less maintenance-intensive), and has its own tactical advantages. For instance, it is usually easier to bring to bear on a maneuvering target at close range ("lock on") and therefore produces less cockpit workload on a pilot at a critical time. It is a vital element in the modern air war.

Easterbrook states that the Air Force stopped a series of tests at Nellis AFB because they demonstrated the weakness of the F-15 in combat with the much smaller F-5. I should like to point out that the Air Force has aggressor forces that fly F-5s daily against the most modern and capable aircraft in the inventory, including the F-15, and that the lessons learned have helped to develop the tactics and training programs to close the gaps in our defense.

Easterbrook offers several doubtful judgments concerning the ability of private industry to perform in a manner superior to the normal military procurement process. While I am no lover of the procurement process, I believe that most of the inefficiencies in the system stem from bureaucratic efforts to incorporate the changing state of the art in technology, tactics, and philosophy. The incredible rate of change of these and other factors is something with which any contractor would have to contend, and no doubt it contributes enormously to the cost and the time involved in the procurement of anything as large and costly as a major weapons system.



For generations they've stood by us. For better and for worse.

They've brought us our slippers and newspapers. Sat up and begged for a few morsels of food. Learned how to shake hands. Even fetched old bones and dirty sticks to keep us amused.

After all this, they still make us laugh when we

need cheering. And sit up nights waiting for us to come home.

So they're being rewarded with their rightful place in our history. On four noble new stamps honoring America's dogs.

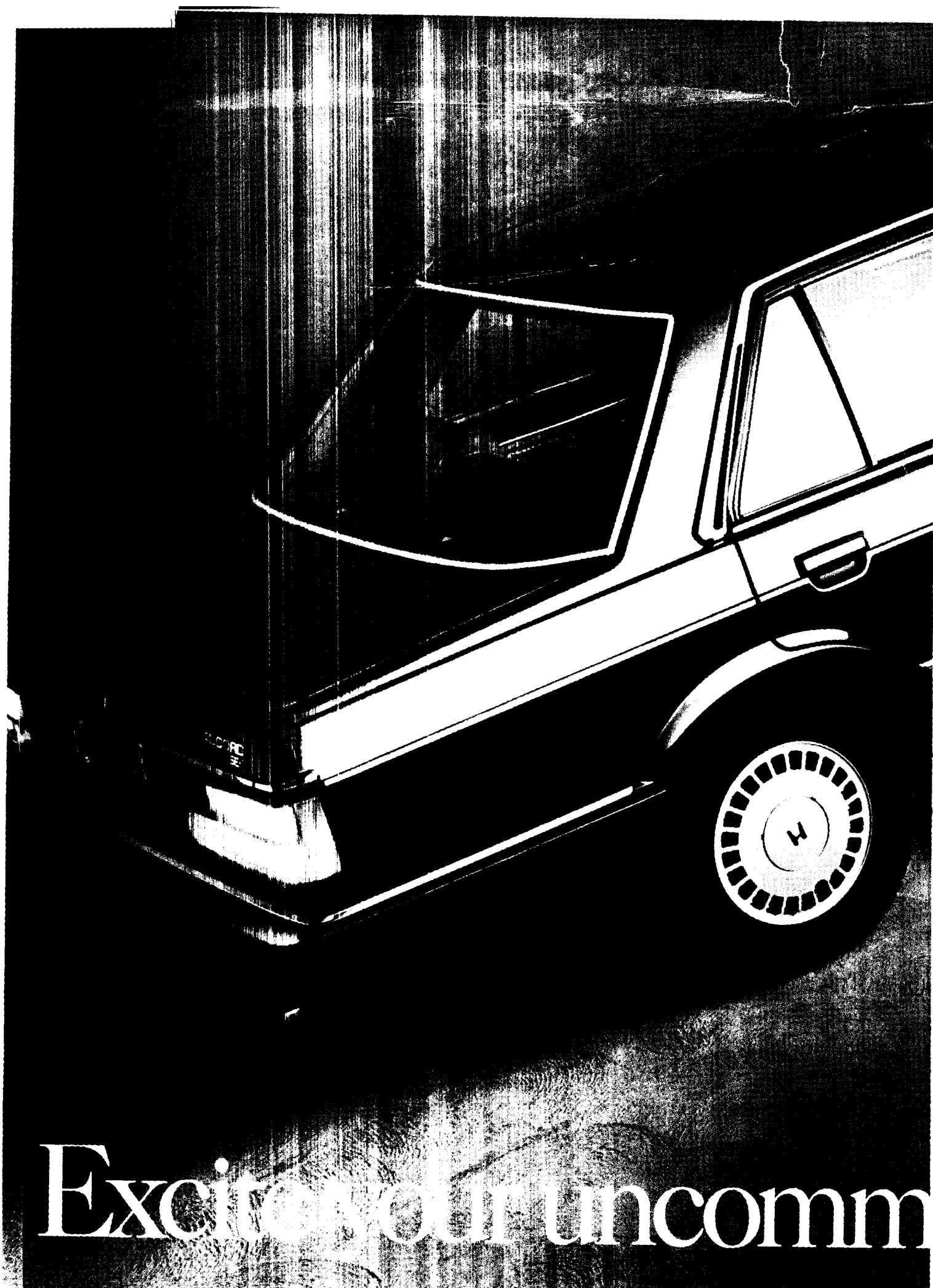
You'll find them all waiting at the Post Office. But hurry. Dogs like these won't sit around.

U.S. Postal Service

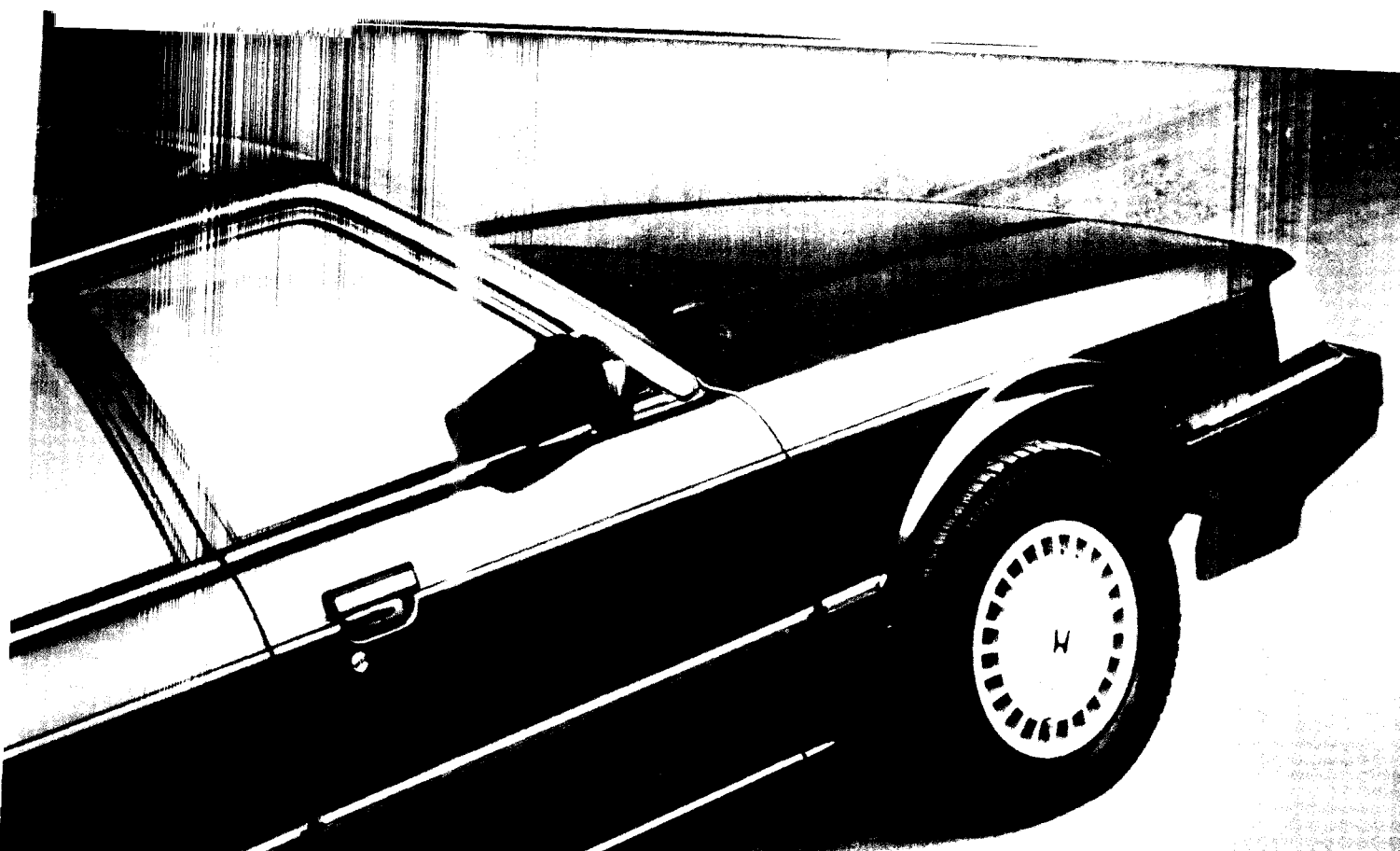


© 1984 USPS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Excitement uncomm



...designed this special Accord for
...pleasures of driving.

For your sense of power, Honda's new
electronic fuel injection delivers quick and
smooth acceleration.

For your sense of control, the Accord
SE-i combines front-wheel drive with our
precise variable-assist power steering.

And to satisfy your sense of style and
comfort, Honda covered the anatomically
designed seats in genuine leather.

What's more, the air conditioning,
power Moonroof, windows, and doorlocks
all come standard. Even the sophisticated
stereo system is included.

That's just plain common sense.

HONDA

Accord SE-i

on senses.

Projections of the cost of modern weapons systems seem to be virtually worthless, though we can usually be certain that the quoted figures will be far below the ultimate cost. A good example is the A-10, an airplane vastly simpler than the F-20, which had a projected cost of roughly one million dollars and which finally ended up costing \$15 million each for the last few copies. It is therefore difficult to guess what the actual per-copy cost of the F-20 would be once production started in earnest.

JAMES E. VAN LAAK
Lee Center, N.Y.

The Airplane That Doesn't Cost Enough" was very interesting and illuminating. But Easterbrook is wrong about the Browning automatic rifle. I quote: "The Browning automatic rifle, which in the Second World War became the infantryman's favorite weapon, was developed in the 1930s by a private designer and was adamantly resisted by the Army's ordnance hierarchy."

John M. Browning developed the BAR at the request of the U.S. Army (the War Department) in 1917, because of the desperate need for a highly mobile weapon capable of delivering a heavy volume of fire though manned by one soldier. Before that year was out the BAR was in production and in use on the Western Front by the U.S. Army. It was an unqualified success. Production of this marvelous weapon continued in quantity throughout the remainder of the First World War, or until November 11, 1918.

Easterbrook is probably referring to the U.S. carbine M1, a light, short-barreled, semi-automatic rifle, which was indeed developed by private sources. It finally emerged from the "brass morass" in time to get into production for the Second World War, and indeed became the favorite weapon of countless GIs.

VANCE G. LAYTON
Winter Haven, Fla.

The infantry weapon developed in the 1930s by a private designer is the Garand .30 M1 semi-automatic rifle. Weighing nine pounds, it can deliver thirty aimed shots per minute, twice the rate of the bolt-action 1903 Springfield.

EUGENE H. KAPLAN, M.D.
Great Neck, N.Y.

Gregg Easterbrook replies:

Many letter writers, including Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, take the line that

because the F-20 is not feature-for-feature the ultimate fighter, it would be of no use against the best fighters the Soviets might roll out. Here is the crux of the defense-reform debate, rich with assumptions—for example, that only a best weapon can defeat another best weapon; that total numbers of weapons do not matter compared with individual features; that best weapons will always operate at peak performance without breaking down; and that skill, courage, and innovative tactics on the part of soldiers and pilots are nothing compared with technology. Many events in military history suggest that these assumptions are flawed. For example, during the Second World War the "best" tank, the German Panzer (particularly the extremely complicated and capable Tiger series), was defeated by the cheaper, less complex, and more numerous Russian T-34 and U.S. Sherman M-4. Frequently, the T-34s and Shermans were running when the Panzers needed repair. But, of course, other events in military history support the assumption that maximum technology will out. The arguments are especially heated when it comes to contemporary weapons, because in time of peace no one can say with certainty who is right.

To take the specific points raised:

Secretary Weinberger says I attributed to him and Assistant Secretary Michael Burch quotes that were "completely wrong or taken out of context."

Secretary Weinberger was quoted once. The quote came verbatim from page 21 of his testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee on February 9, 1984. The subject of the hearing was military aid to poor countries, and that was also the subject of the paragraph in which Secretary Weinberger was quoted. Mr. Burch was quoted from a telephone conversation: the subject of the conversation was why the Defense Department would not consider the F-20, and that was also the subject of the paragraph in which Mr. Burch was quoted.

I first called Mr. Burch to ask his help in making sure my article would be fair to the Pentagon. I explained that repeated requests for interviews with Air Force officials—including Air Force Chief of Staff General Charles Gabriel and General Wilbur Creech, head of the Tactical Air Command—had all been denied. How could I tell the Air Force's side of the story when the Air Force wouldn't tell me what its side was? Mr. Burch advised me to contact General Richard Abel, Air Force director of public affairs, and explain the situation to him. General Abel refused my call.

Mr. Missimer is wrong when he says the F100 engine does not stall; further details on

the engine can be found in "Trouble With the Air Force's Eagle," by James Fallows, in the January, 1982, Atlantic, an article that deals exclusively with the F100. The spare-parts price difference that Mr. Missimer defends represents an increase of 2,600 percent during a period when the Consumer Price Index rose 285 percent. However, he is correct in saying that the example comes from another of the company's engines, and I regret the error.

Mr. Karagozian attributes to me statements I did not make—for example, that "the United States should deny foreign governments access to our frontline fighters"—and then criticizes me for making them. Karagozian says I state that "only the Tigershark carries the updated version of the Sidewinder missile." In fact the article specifically refers to the use of Sidewinders by F-16s and F-14s. Mr. Karagozian says the F-14 can launch and control six Phoenix missiles simultaneously, but does not say that this is a theoretical ability, which has been tested rarely, and never under the stress of combat. He states that the F-14 and F-15 fighters can carry four Sidewinders to the F-20's two—without adding that the Air Force F-16, which was the focus of the article's comparisons between the F-20 and frontline fighters, can also carry only two. He declares that the F-20 could not be used for fleet defense—which it couldn't—without adding that it is not a naval aircraft. Most important, Mr. Karagozian protests that the cost of the F-20 is low partially because similarities to its predecessor held down the development expense. This sounds to me like a virtue.

Mr. Van Laak correctly points out that heat-seeking missiles do not work well in bad weather. He fails to add that neither does anything else. The weather is the same for both sides: how could Soviet forces be "operating at will in the clouds," unaffected? Bad weather disrupts radar, creating false images; it disrupts laser target designation and other systems employed by smart weapons; and it will disrupt the multimillion-dollar LANTIRN infrared guidance pods being built for the F-15 and the F-16. More to the point, flying is difficult in bad weather, and aircraft generally stay on the ground. During the Vietnam War, U.S. fighting planes seldom operated in bad weather, even though they faced no aerial opposition whatsoever, let alone radar missiles. On Memorial Day, 1984, as the casket of the Vietnam Unknown Soldier was borne across a Potomac River bridge to Arlington National Cemetery, a formation of F-15s was to pass low overhead in tribute. Memorial Day was cloudy here in Washington—not rainy or stormy, just cloudy—and because of the clouds the

flight was canceled. Yet the F-15 is an "all-weather" aircraft.

Mr. Van Laak cautions that Northrop's price for the F-20 may be bogus, a legitimate fear. However, his comparison with the A-10 is not legitimate. At the stage in the A-10's development equivalent to the present stage of the F-20's development—there are several flying prototypes—the A-10's unit cost was quoted at \$4 million. In production the plane cost \$5.6 million. The \$15 million unit figure Mr. Van Laak cites is for the final few A-10s, built at an inefficient production rate because Representative Joseph Addabbo, chairman of the Defense Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, whose district an A-10 factory adjoins, inserted extra A-10 money into the defense budget the year the aircraft's production was scheduled to end. The figure does not represent what the vast majority of the A-10s in the Air Force inventory cost.

Mr. Layton and Dr. Kaplan are correct. The error was mine.

NUCLEAR WASTE PROBLEMS

Richard Wilson obviously considers himself less biased than two of the authors whose books he reviewed in the August *Atlantic* ("Loose Talk About Nuclear Power"). Like most scientists, he discusses the operation of a nuclear reactor while it is running, ignoring the forty-year lifespan of such a reactor. So what happens when it is worn out?

Wilson mentions that reactors have been running since the fifties and have a good safety record. That means that in another ten years we will be living in a world with a growing number of useless, toxic monuments to nuclear energy. The companies that created them will have no financial incentive to maintain the insulation between us and the poisons for thousands of years. The poisons also happen to be literally hot, which enhances any chemical or thermal actions that break down insulating layers as years pass.

A pile of nuclear waste is an *active* system, and passive insulation is a temporary non-solution. Who will *maintain* the safety of a nonproductive nuclear plant?

WILLIAM MARTIN
Charlottesville, Va.

If the production of all nuclear weaponry and nuclear power were halted today, the unanswered question of what to do with all the nuclear waste that has been generated to date would remain.



For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10. payable to "ANCO", Box 929-AL, NYC, 10268

Part Of Our National Heritage

In 1776, Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country. He pointed out that this majestic bird is native only to the American Continent.

It seems only fitting that the Wild Turkey later became the symbol of our country's greatest native whiskey.

WILD TURKEY® / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD

AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO. LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY © 1982



CLOUDS
SO BEAUT
I CAN BI



The writer quoted above is a recent kindergarten graduate. And the words are only a few of many he could read and write for you.

The future laureate, Matthew Howse, was part of a unique educational project. A two-year study of that project, sponsored by IBM, has led to an important new IBM product called the Writing to Read System.

It simply teaches children how to convert sounds they can already say into sounds they can write.

At first, there's little emphasis on spelling and punctuation. (Matthew, for instance, needed help with the word "beautiful.")

||| || | | | | | | | | | |

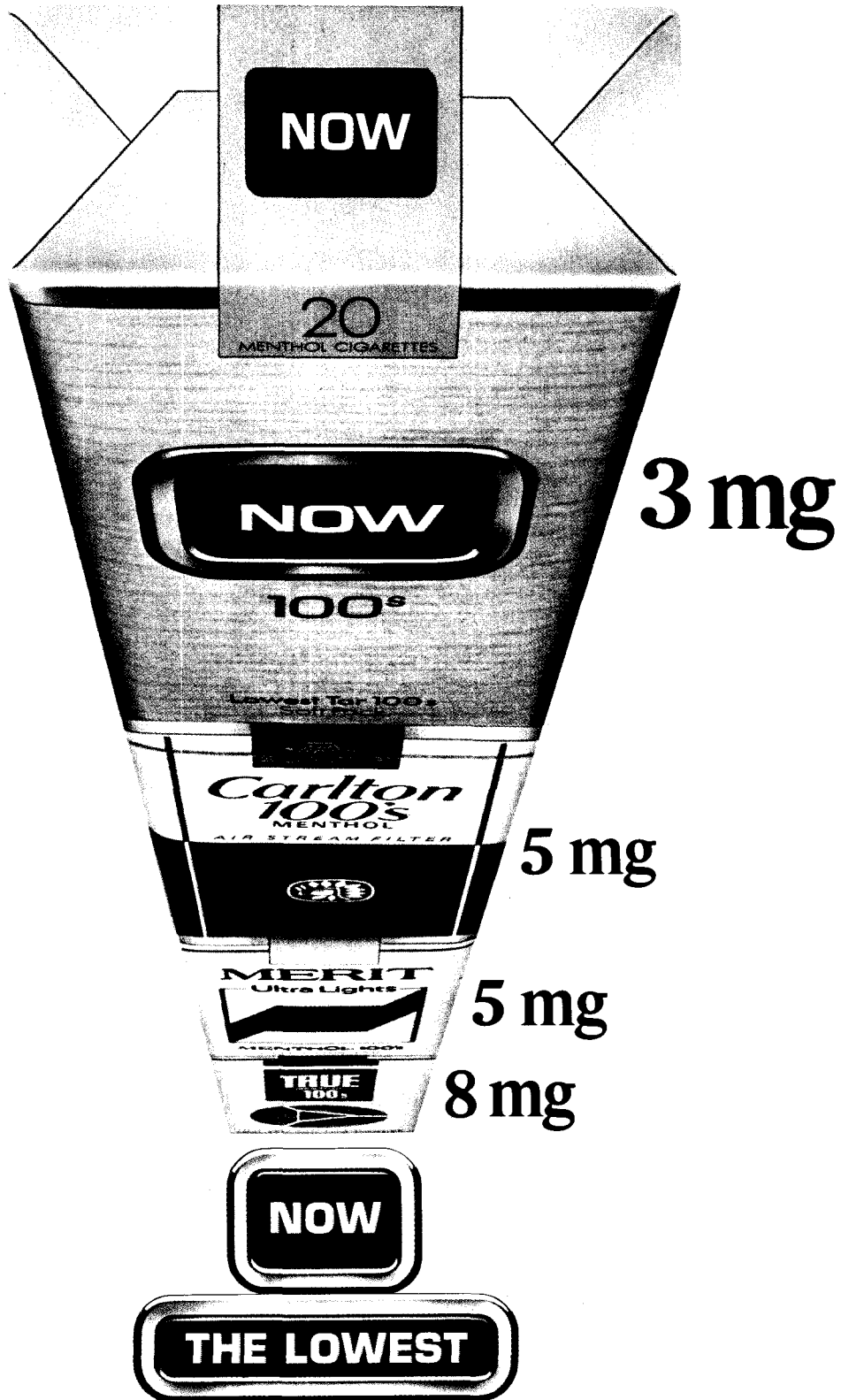
Thousands of kindergartners took part in the project. After one year, their reading ability as a group was significantly higher than the national norm.

To help develop Writing to Read, IBM provided personal computers, Selectric^{iv} typewriters, workbooks and tape recorders. As well as money to train teachers and underwrite the project.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Above all, the lowest.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SOFT PACK 100s FILTER, MENTHOL: 3 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Competitive tar levels reflect either the Feb. '84 FTC Report or FTC method.

NOW. THE LOWEST OF ALL BRANDS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drums containing nuclear waste which have been dumped into the ocean are reported to be breaking up and contaminating a major source for feeding world populations. Burying nuclear waste in salt mines and other underground facilities, where it may end up in city water supplies that are already in trouble from industrial contamination, is insane. And to shoot the waste into outer space, as has been suggested, to add to the already damaging radiation from the sun, is inconceivable.

Nuclear-power plants are having to hold their waste on-site for lack of a place to put it—no city, county, or state wants it. A good question is, How is nuclear waste being handled on-site? Where will it eventually end up? And what about obsolete nuclear submarines—are they to end up buried at sea to continue contaminating the ocean? What will eventually happen to the nuclear bombs and atomic weaponry already produced?

The authorities I'm inclined to believe are those who claim that nuclear waste *cannot* be successfully disposed of, and that it will be with us for the next 2,000 years and longer. All of which, if true, makes Wilson's and Cottrell's arguments irrelevant.

JACK MORRISON
San Diego, Calif.

Richard Wilson replies:

I did not discuss the question of nuclear waste because neither Ford nor McCracken discusses it in detail. Ford merely mentions in passing that Dr. James Conant was concerned about it.

McCracken is misleading. He states that "the first thing to understand about these wastes is that most of them do not derive from nuclear power: the majority are from weapons production. . . ." This is true if volume is the only consideration, but the total radioactivity of the wastes from nuclear power is greater than that from all other sources.

However, the general approach of Cottrell is valid. Release of nuclear waste has had no effect on public health so far; with the possible exception of a reported accident in the Urals Mountains, in the USSR. Whether this pattern will continue depends upon continued attention to detail.

A number of government and scientific committees have studied the question, and none say that nuclear waste cannot be successfully managed. On the contrary, a typical statement is that of a study group of the American Physical Society, a body independent of the nuclear industry, which says that

"current knowledge and technology are adequate to design and locate a suitable waste repository of the conventional mined type, if utilized with appropriate site selection criteria." Whether the political will exists to use this current knowledge and technology is open to question.

UNDERSTANDING TELEVISION

Attacking every pop-culturist's favorite straw men—the English professors and the critics—David Marc ("Understanding Television," August *Atlantic*) assures us that the silly emptiness of *Petticoat Junction* and *I Dream of Jeannie* is actually a neglected cultural heritage that suffers not from plain, idiotic bad taste but rather from a lack of serious consideration from media critics. The aesthetic worth of such programs, Marc seems to be saying, can be established by assessing their cultural context. These programs lose their banal, venal essences, he seems to say, when embedded in a context of trivia faddism, Madison Avenue philosophy, and pop art.

While Marc rightly underscores the real lack of serious attention to the television medium and hints at some of the changes that may come from technological innovation, he ignores many important changes that have already occurred. It is easy to characterize *Masterpiece Theatre* as the darling of people who otherwise claim to abhor the tube, but it is simply unfair to ignore the tremendous maturation and development of public-television programming over the past twenty years—and nonsensical to deny that the content of public television is superior to the increasingly insulting claptrap peddled by the networks.

ROBERT D. CONGER
Daly City, Calif.

Marc is least persuasive—and most sophistic—when he lambastes critics who call television programs escapist. After professing to be puzzled by the term, he offers three arguments: all art, including metaphor, is escapist; TV is not particularly escapist because we recognize certain features of real life in it; and to the extent it seems escapist, viewers realize this, so there is no problem.

The first argument is absurd. Art, by any reasonable definition, demands an alert responsiveness; it rewards this posture by leaving us better, richer, than before. Of course art is not mimetic—it

shapes and interprets experience—but that hardly qualifies it as escapist. It speaks to our condition, as the Quakers say, and in so doing it changes that condition. Television, by contrast, is popular because it invites us to forget our condition, to put aside the events of the day, to go elsewhere. Art demands activeness; television perpetuates passivity.

As to his second point, if the features that render something familiar were enough to belie escapism, then the word would mean "unintelligibility." In fact the presence of identifiable landmarks relaxes the viewer, encouraging the passivity that is the hallmark of escapism.

Finally, do viewers recognize that TV shows constitute an escape, that life's problems cannot be happily dispatched in twenty-two minutes? Given a steady and unrelieved diet of television to the exclusion of genuine art, I'm not so sure. But even if the average viewer can identify TV's escapist features, the label still fits. Even if a drunk sees that alcohol offers flight from the real world, it continues to have that effect.

ALFIE KOHN
Cambridge, Mass.

David Marc misstates, or misunderstands, the opposition's case. Television is called escapist *not* because its shows are fantastic rather than realistic. Of course, all art asks its audience to imagine, to fantasize. However, unlike all art, the unreality of TV does not challenge the viewer to then think about real things. If I read Márquez, and become engaged in the incredible events of his fiction, in the end I find myself thinking about human beings. *Baretta* does not have the same effect.

DANIEL BERGNER
New York, N.Y.

A paragraph on page 42, column 3, of the October issue was incorrectly set. Our correspondent Stephen Budiansky actually wrote as follows:

"Ansley took these already sanguine findings and added an inflation factor. Whenever the polygraphist disagreed with the judicial panel (or with another polygraphist who independently evaluated the polygraph charts), Ansley split the difference, on the reasoning that either evaluator might have been right. Thus, when a study reported, say, 90 percent accuracy, Ansley 'corrected' it by half of its deviation from 100, awarding it 95 percent."

—THE EDITORS



REPORTS & COMMENT

VOTING

BIG BUSINESS IN BALLOTS

*With 188,432 U.S. precincts, the demand
for fast, secret, dependable systems
is great and constant*

THE FEDERAL Election Commission estimates that 90 million Americans will cast ballots for the presidential candidates on November 6. They will do so in any of five ways: by marking paper ballots, to be counted by hand; by depressing levers on mechanical devices; by punching cards, to be fed into computers; by filling in squares on printed ballots, to be read and recorded by optical scanners; or by pushing buttons or wielding electronic pencils at the consoles of mini-computers.

In the weeks following the election, salesmen for the dozen or so companies that manufacture the most popular mechanical and electronic "voting systems" will be on the phone to county commissioners and secretaries of state around the country. They will be saying things like "Hey, heard about the mess in Ward 3. Maybe it's time you considered Data-vote." Or, "That recount would have been a hell of a lot easier if you'd had the ATS 200M." With 188,432 precincts in the United States, the demand for fast, secret, and dependable methods of voting is both great and constant. Annual sales of voting systems typically run between \$25 million and \$40 million, and when a big jurisdiction decides to change systems, as Orange County, Florida, did last year, when it switched from lever machines to optical scanners, the figure gets even higher.

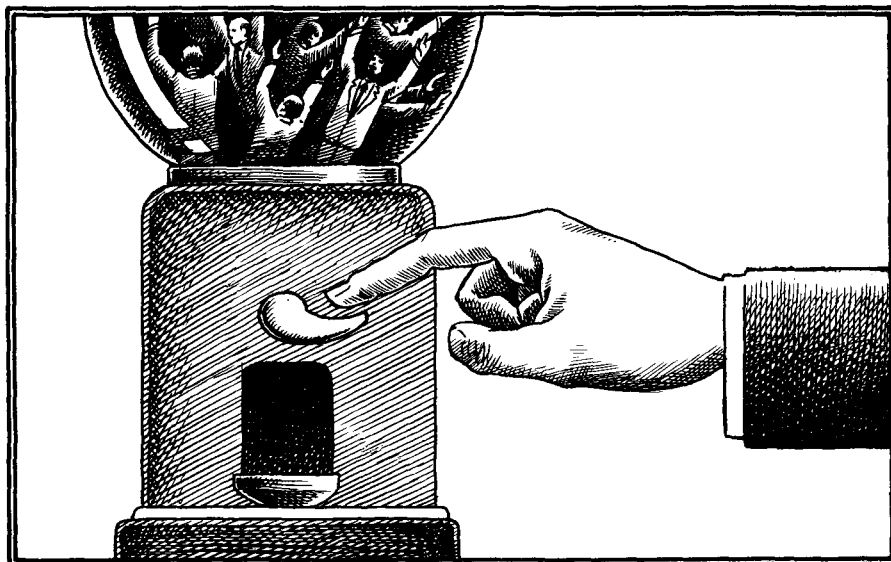
The action is not restricted to the

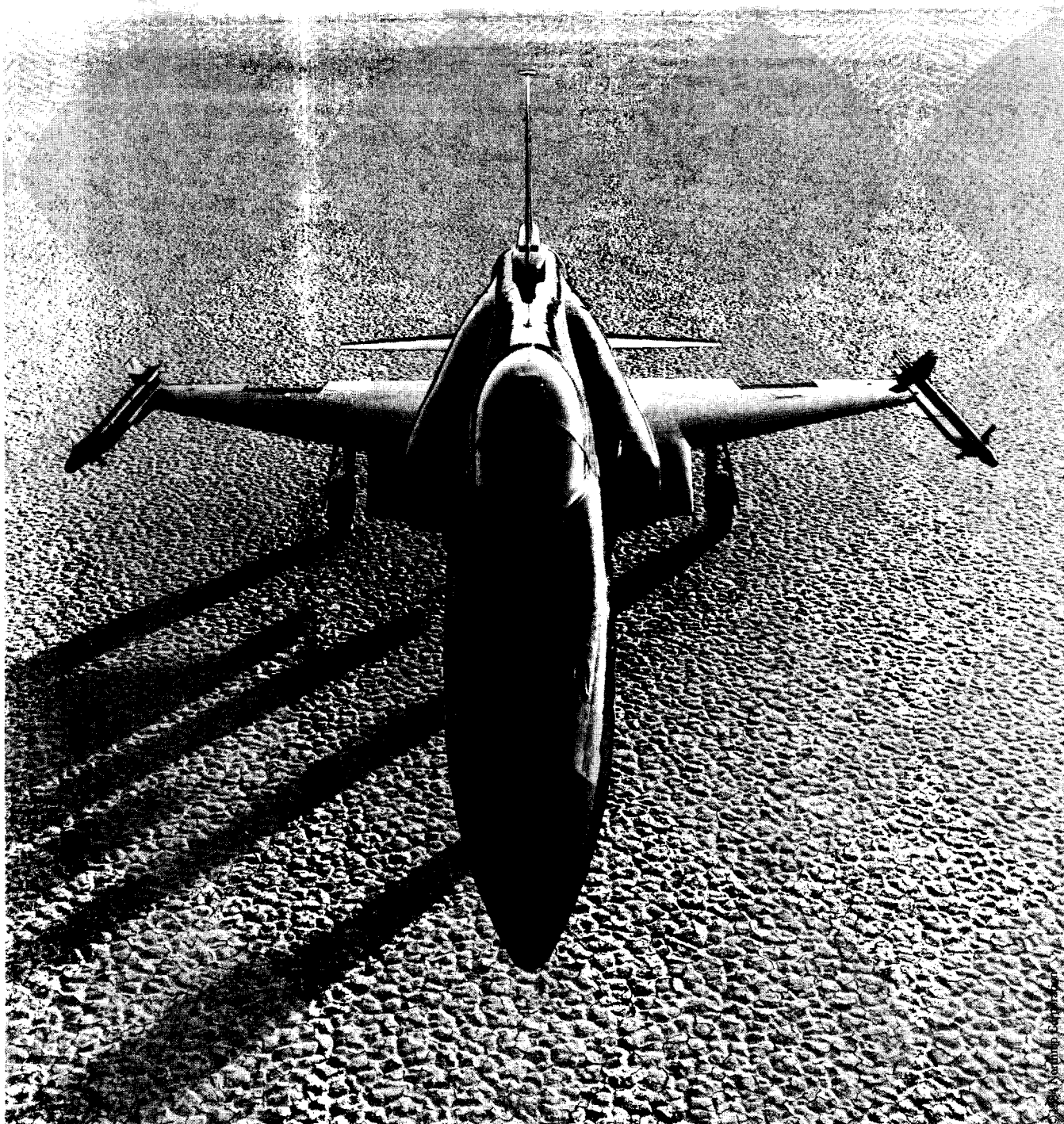
United States. The R. F. Shoup Corporation, based in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, recently won a \$500 million contract to provide Nigeria with 100,000 mechanical lever machines. The Nigerian government specified a compact system light enough to be transported by camel or canoe and capable of being nailed to a tree. It had to be buoyant, in case the canoe tipped over, and sturdy, in case the camel stumbled. Unfortunately, the military coup in Nigeria last December effectively scotched the deal.

THE FIRST VOTING system was probably a show of hands—the method employed in ancient Greece. When secrecy was required, Greek voters would declare their sympathies by means of white and black pebbles or marked and unmarked shells. The notion of a secret *paper* ballot was introduced to the world by South Australia, in 1858, and three out of ten jurisdictions in the United States today—or roughly ten percent of all registered voters—still use the so-called Australian ballot. In some states,

such as Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Utah, a majority of jurisdictions rely exclusively on the old-fashioned ballot box. Paper ballots, of course, have their drawbacks. For example, when is a vote really a vote? Does it count if you put an X in the square when the instructions say to put a check mark? Which candidate gets the vote if your mark touches more than one box? In contested elections lawyers feud over such issues. Once, during the 1970s, the race for a seat in the Virginia legislature turned on a single absentee ballot. The voter had mistakenly marked too many boxes, crossed out his errors, and, to underline the point, added the words "Do not desire to vote for these two!" Ultimately, a judge disallowed the defaced ballot, and the legislative seat was awarded on the basis of lots drawn from a silver loving cup. The absentee voter's candidate won.

Because paper ballots offer ample opportunities, sometimes seized, for illicit creativity, Jacob Myers invented the mechanical lever machine, which was first used in New York, in 1892. The Ameri-





It must perform as well on the ground as it does in the air. The F-20 Tigershark's demonstrated record of performance in the air is equalled only by its unsurpassed performance on the ground. The Tigershark is the most reliable and maintainable front-line fighter aircraft in the world. Backed by a commitment to provide spare parts at an economical fixed cost per flying hour. This unprecedented commitment is based on our experience that sophisticated fighter aircraft can be reliable when they have been designed and built to be that way.
From the ground up.

NORTHROP

Making advanced technology work
1840 Century Park East, Los Angeles, California 90067 USA

can Voting Machine Company set up shop before the century was out. This year voters in about 30 percent of all jurisdictions, including Philadelphia, Chicago, and every county and municipality in Connecticut, will use lever machines. All told, one quarter of all voters on Election Day will enter special voting booths, close curtains behind them, depress a black lever next to the name of each preferred candidate, and then turn master levers to register their selections. The votes will be tabulated in much the same way that an odometer keeps track of mileage; no backup record of each citizen's decisions will survive.

While the three chief brands of lever machines are all fairly reliable, no machine is perfect. Once, during the mid-1970s, Montgomery County, Maryland, tested 100 of its lever machines to determine if the mechanical counters correctly tallied votes. The tests revealed an average error rate of five percent; eventually the fault was traced to a defective plastic part. In 1974 at least twelve lever machines were alleged to have malfunctioned in Manchester, New Hampshire. The disputed Manchester tally left Louis C. Wyman and John A. Durkin, otherwise separated by only two votes in their contest for the United States Senate, arguing for months over the outcome. After lengthy Senate hearings Durkin was declared the victor.

Lever machines dominated the voting-systems industry until 1963, when Joseph P. Harris, a political scientist at the University of California at Berkeley, developed his Votomatic Ballot Tally System. Harris's system, a punch-card device, was first used in 1964, in Georgia's Fulton and De Kalb counties; it is manufactured today by Computer Election Systems. Votomatic and other punch-card systems will be used this November in nearly a third of all jurisdictions and by some 60 percent of all voters. The available models vary slightly. In Tuscarawas County, Ohio, for example, a voter places his ballot—a standard data-processing card—on a flat tray, and with a punching unit that slides forward and back on a bar he makes holes next to the names of the desired candidates. In Custer County, Montana, however, a voter punches out the appropriate pre-scored boxes with a hand-held stylus. (The tiny, rectangular bits of cardboard that result are called chads, by the way.) When the polls close, the punch-card ballots will be fed into computers at a rate of 800 a minute or faster.

On the whole, punch-card systems work pretty well, although new voters sometimes have trouble figuring out just how to use them. One advantage that punch-card systems have over lever machines is that they leave an "audit trail." That is, the actual ballots can be counted, or recounted, by hand. Sometimes they have to be. In Cook County, Illinois, in 1982, two days of rain caused the punch cards to swell. The counting machine gagged as it sucked the cards in. There was a close race for governor that year, between Adlai E. Stevenson III and the incumbent, James R. Thompson, and the delay in releasing the results prompted angry, though unfounded, charges of ballot-fixing—a practice once traditional in those parts. (Thompson won the race by 9,401 votes, out of 3,616,865 ballots cast.)

VARIOUS OPTICAL-SCANNING systems have been giving punch-card systems a run for the money of late. A handful of companies, led by Airmac Technology Systems, compete for the market. Together they have sold one jurisdiction in ten on the merits of their machines, and the popularity of optical-scanning systems appears to be growing. Perhaps five percent of all U.S. voters will encounter optical scanners this November. With these devices, the voter simply marks up a ballot with a felt-tip pen or a No. 2 pencil, filling in boxes as one might on a standardized test. The ballots are then read and tabulated by a "mark-sensing" computer. One problem with optical-scanning systems is that they are expensive to operate. This is partly because the black bars, or "timing marks," running along the sides of every ballot have to be printed just so, which costs money. Also the counting is still relatively slow—usually no more than 200 ballots a minute. And voters often fill in too many squares ("overvote," as election officials say), thereby disqualifying their ballots. Punch-card systems have that problem too.

Purely electronic systems, which as yet claim a negligible share of the business, do not. They can be programmed to warn the careless citizen: "You have voted for too many candidates. Choose only one for each office." Or, alternatively: "You cast no vote for dogcatcher. Was that your intention?" With electronic systems, the ballot pops up on the screen of a computer terminal; voters are put through their paces contest by contest, and the will of the people is re-

tained on magnetic tapes or discs. No audit trail exists on paper, but elaborate safeguards are built in to deter tampering and protect the tally in the event of, say, a blackout. For example, the state-of-the-art Shouptronic system, manufactured by the R. F. Shoup Corporation, runs on batteries: one set to power the processor (for eighteen hours, without recharging), another to hold the results (if necessary, for several years). Even so, the failure of a system like this could give "losing an election" a whole new meaning. Lever machines, of course, entail a similar risk.

I HAVE SEEN EACH of these voting systems, and I like parts of all of them. I like the impersonality of the electronic method. The idea of my vote's being converted into anonymous, unidentifiable electrons is appealing, especially when I remember some of the people I have voted for. I like lever machines because they are so clunky and because standing behind the curtains makes voting seem wonderfully mysterious. It lends to the act the aura of Confession, and I usually enter the voting booth with the same sense of apprehension and emerge with the same reluctance to discuss what has transpired inside. Also, I often feel that penance is due, especially if I have shamelessly voted my pocketbook. I like the punch cards because punching them is fun, and I always wonder how much space the chads would fill if they were collected nationwide. Would they fill a Buick Skylark? The Albert Hall? I have no idea. I like optical scanners because marking the ballots reminds me of how I lucked out on the Latin Achievement portion of the Scholastic Aptitude Test; maybe I will luck out in my choice of candidates, too. And I like paper ballots because, in a smaller, better world, that is the way we would all vote—at the old schoolhouse, slipping envelopes through the slot in a padlocked hardwood box.

My only regret, I suppose, is that one venerable voting system—the voice vote—is no longer in use. Wouldn't it be nifty if, on Election Day, November 6, let's say at 10:00 A.M. Central Time, every eligible American voter popped outdoors for a second and, in a clear voice, shouted his preference? We could hang a microphone over Kansas.

—Cullen Murphy

Cullen Murphy is a senior editor of The Wilson Quarterly.



If you stay at Glen House on
Scotland's River Tweed, you
won't need a room key. When
the laird, Thomas Renwick, says
it's your home away from home,
he means it. You may rest assured.

The good things in
life stay that way.

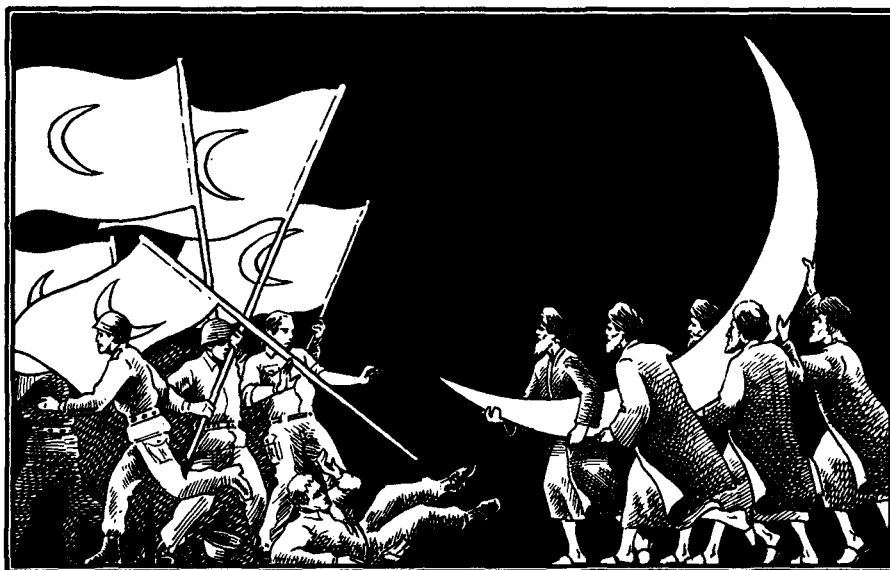


DEWAR'S
"White Label"
never varies.

Authentic.
The Dewar Highlander

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © 1984 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MILITARY STRATEGY THE LESSONS OF CONFLICT

*This "holy crusade" has shown
that men, not machines,
still dominate warfare*

IRAQ'S BITTER four-year war with Iran has developed into the biggest and bloodiest conflict since the Second World War. By August of this year as many as 900,000 Iraqis and Iranians had been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner—a proportion of the local populations equivalent to almost four million casualties in this country. It has been a war of contrasts, in which children have been marched through minefields in the name of a merciful God and human-wave assaults and poison-gas attacks reminiscent of the First World War have so far played a more significant role than all the sophisticated weaponry of the 1980s. The protracted and savage fighting demonstrates once again that wars are inevitably fought in a vast cloud of uncertainty, in which campaigns rarely proceed as planned and assumptions and beliefs about the nature of combat that are stoutly defended in peacetime are often shattered by reality.

When Iraqi President Saddam Hussein launched his largely untested draftee army against Iran, in September of 1980, he was hoping for a quick campaign to seize the oil-rich Iranian province of Khuzestan and to rectify a long-standing border dispute over access to the Shatt-al-Arab waterway and the Per-

sian Gulf. He had good reason to anticipate a brief fight. Every major war in the Middle East in the past thirty years had been decided in six weeks or less, and the Iraqis were counting on their well-equipped forces to roll over the Iranian military, which was still suffering from the upheavals of the Ayatollah Khomeini's revolution.

Hussein's tank columns pushed fifty miles into Iran on the first day. Within a week 30,000 Iraqi troops were poised on the outskirts of their major objectives, the cities of Abadan and Khorramshahr. But Iraqi hopes for quick success were dashed in the brutal house-to-house fighting that ensued. Khomeini declared that both cities would be defended "right to the end" and that the "aggressive Ba'athist [Socialist] infidels" would be reduced to advancing "alley by alley." Determined to take both cities, Saddam Hussein urged his men on with comparable rhetoric—"This is the day of your jihad and glory. . . . The necks you are striking are those of aggressor Magians, collaborators with the lunatic Khomeini." Although the Iraqis took Khorramshahr on November 10, they never took Abadan. Thus the stage was set for the protracted war of attrition that has followed.

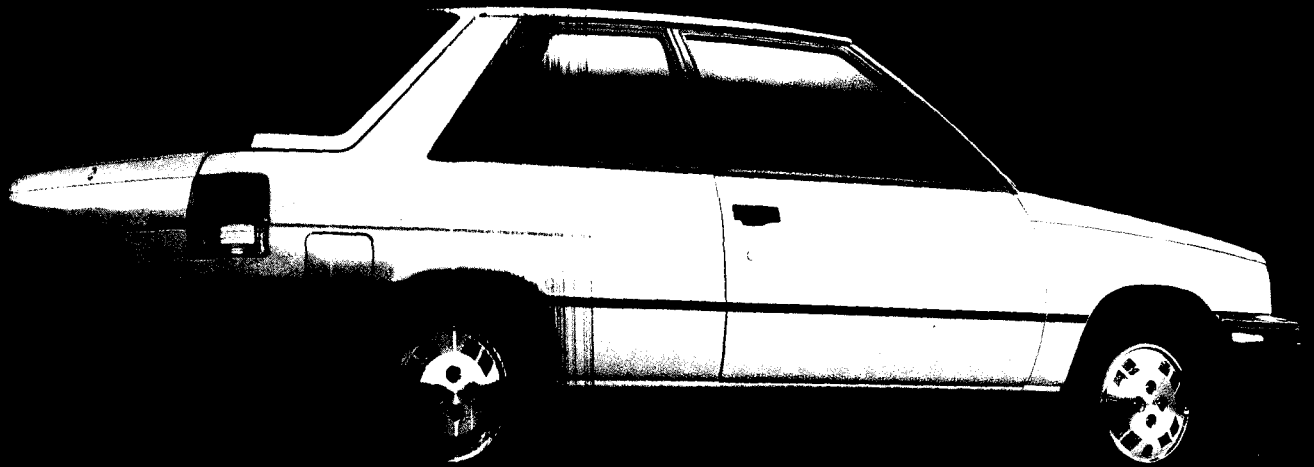
The Iranians, too exhausted to strike back decisively, devoted the next nine months to reorganizing. Ground-forces veterans who had been discharged in 1974 through 1978 were ordered back to the colors. All eighteen- and nineteen-year-old male nationals were ordered to report to military draft boards for dispatch to regular-army training centers, and volunteers for the Revolutionary Guards Corps, a popular militia, were

also actively sought. Tehran radio implored "all beloved brothers who are not students and not over thirty-five years of age . . . to present themselves to the nearest oppressed [sic] mobilization office. . . . After completing the necessary training courses, they will be sent to the scenes of the battle between the forces of truth and the army of falsehood." As it turned out, the "necessary training" was all too frequently little more than rudimentary basic training. Nevertheless, regular-army units were beefed up, and at least 100,000 additional Revolutionary Guardsmen were sent to the front.

While the Iranians regrouped, the Iraqis tried to expand the salient in their line north of Khorramshahr deeper into Iran. As they advanced well beyond their lines of supply, local Iranian counterattacks took an increasingly effective toll. Such minor successes suggested to the Iranians that they could do more than simply defend themselves, so in the spring of 1981 they struck hard, launching a multi-division counteroffensive along a forty-five-mile front. Many of the Iraqi units, caught off guard, tumbled back in disorder; others simply panicked and ran. Widely dispersed and badly shaken, they were finally able to dig in on a line roughly the same as their jumping-off position of a year earlier.

The Iranians pressed the attack. Levies of ill-trained but fervent guardsmen hurled themselves against the Iraqi positions in a series of human-wave attacks, making few attempts to seek cover while advancing through a hail of Iraqi fire. There were even isolated instances of troops going into battle without weapons, intent on claiming the rifles of their fallen comrades. They were cut down by the thousands; but Khomeini had not yet begun to deplete a manpower pool of 20 million, three times the size of his opponent's, and the Iranian mobilization effort continued unabated. By the spring of 1984 more than half a million Iranian troops were mustered on the front, the westernmost point of which was by then a bare hundred miles from the Iraqi capital of Baghdad.

Although the Iraqis held, they were too hard-pressed to mount more than token counterattacks. By September of 1984 dwindling reserves of manpower and cash left Saddam Hussein burdened with a nightmare war he could neither end nor win. How had he come to misjudge his foe so badly?



OPEN WIDE

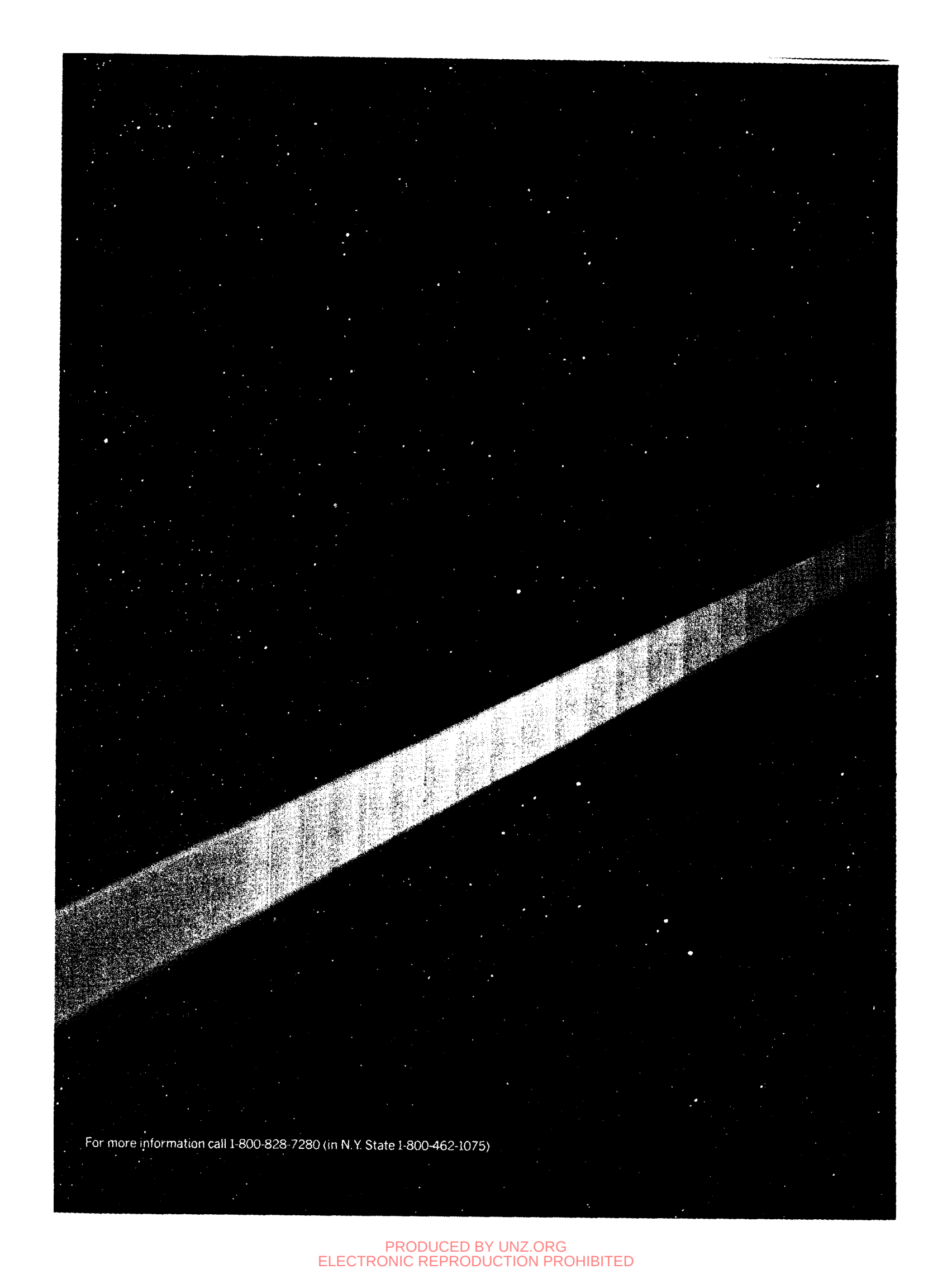


**AND SAY
ENCORE**

100% axial rear torsion bars and power front disc/rear drum brakes results in impressive performance and handling. Your choice of engine, including the optional new 1.7 litre, for increased performance. Electronic fuel injection produces fuel economy that exceeds **40** EST HWY, **34** EPA EST MPG.* The front wheel drive Encore. From Renault, Europe's leading car maker.

For America **\$5959.*** The **RENAULT** **THE ONE TO WATCH** 

*Base model 1.4-litre engine. Use for comparison only. Actual highway figures may vary. Actual fuel economy may vary. Buy or Lease. From \$5959. Safety Belts Save Lives.

A dark, grainy background with a bright, diagonal streak of light running from the bottom left towards the top right. The streak has a textured, almost crystalline appearance.

For more information call 1-800-828-7280 (in N.Y. State 1-800-462-1075)

"Bouncing laser beams
off satellites
to measure shifts
in the earth's surface?
GEE!"

(No, GTE!)

If you could see a picture of the earth two hundred million years ago, you'd barely recognize it.

That's because the earth's surface is constantly shifting. Imperceptibly, perhaps, but shifting all the same.

Well, thanks to GTE, there's a way to measure those shifts. By putting special satellites (they're called geodesic) up in space and beaming an equally special type of GTE high-powered laser beam off them.

By measuring the travel time of the laser beam back and forth, minute movements of the earth's crust can be determined.

This satellite-laser system is one of the most remarkable developments to date in the area of global geophysical investigations. GTE has also pioneered the use of lasers for other applications—fiber optic transmissions, for example.

The laser, obviously, has great potential. And we're trying to make it even greater.



ONE ANSWER is that Hussein and his generals, taken in by the apparent destructiveness of modern weapons, had not given serious consideration to the possibility of a war lasting more than a few weeks. "Smart" weapons such as Soviet and French anti-tank guided missiles, new Soviet tanks, and the latest Russian-built tactical aircraft equipped with laser-guided bombs were thought to be capable of overcoming the thickest armor and the stoutest defenses. In a curious instance of historical amnesia the Iraqis evidently forgot that in the 1973 war the Egyptians had fired about eighty Soviet-made Sagger anti-tank missiles for each Israeli tank they knocked out. Instead the Iraqis chose to believe the "one shot—one kill" rhetoric frequently used to describe the latest guided munitions. They were convinced that firepower and modern technology had become the dominant factors on the ground, and that high-technology weapons, even in the hands of raw troops, could beat a numerically superior foe and achieve decisive results quickly. They disdained stockpiles and plans to support intensive resupply efforts and instead fixed their attention on the glamorous trappings of modern war—tanks, missiles, and high-performance jets.

The Iraqi leadership also assumed that war would be bad news for Khomeini, who was still embroiled in the plots and counterplots of post-revolutionary Iran. Experienced officers trained under the Shah were being purged and replaced by zealots who lacked technical and tactical proficiency. As one Iranian flight lieutenant complained, many commanders were "ineffective" because they were appointed upon the orders of Prime Minister Raja'i, as a challenge to President Bani-Sadr, rather than on merit.

Furthermore, the large-scale logistics and training programs established by the Americans during the Shah's regime had collapsed with the first blast of revolution. After Revolutionary Guardsmen occupied the U.S. Embassy, on Valentine's Day of 1979, all but a handful of the thousands of American military advisers left the country, abandoning the computerized logistics systems on which the Shah had lavished billions of dollars. One consultant familiar with the systems claims that they "were large and complex, but the training in their operation was intentionally superficial—there was a built-in incentive to maintain the Shah's dependency on American

contractor support." Thus, when the Americans departed, Iranian officers had no idea how many spare parts, munitions, and supplies they had on hand. The Iraqis, observing this with great interest, believed that most of the modern tanks and high-performance fighters purchased by the Shah were virtually useless without American support, because the Iranians lacked trained men to maintain and operate them. They were also convinced that the United States, then in the midst of the hostage crisis, would not provide parts and munitions to the new Iranian government.

Khomeini's problems were compounded by regional and ethnic disagreements, which had long been suppressed by the Shah but had once again



broken out. Baluchis and Kurds were striving for autonomy. The middle class viewed the revolution with undisguised alarm. The various ayatollahs were by no means united in support of Khomeini's rigid extremism, and many in the north of Iran were openly declaring their independence. In the eyes of the Iraqis, Khomeini was hanging on to leadership with one hand while fending off with the other a variety of interests clawing for position. They thought that his teetering regime would collapse at the first shock and be quickly replaced by a government that would sue for peace on Iraqi terms.

These basic assumptions, every one of which proved to be wrong, were the seeds of the disaster that the Iraqis confronted as early as the spring of 1981. Unable to deliver a decisive blow quick-

ly, they were left to grapple with the full weight of a fundamentalist Shiite renaissance. The war was anything but a calamity for Khomeini, who claimed that the struggle demonstrated the "strength of the people's unity and their revolutionary attitude" and who used the conflict to divert the Iranian people's attention from his draconian measures to crush internal dissent.

Khomeini categorically rejected any notion of a negotiated settlement. His conditions for ending the war began with the immediate overthrow of Saddam Hussein, nearly \$150 billion in reparations, and the incorporation of Iraq into a greater Islamic hegemony under his tutelage—hardly the conditions of a man ready to talk things out. And in light of his surprising confidence the Iraqi leaders painfully rediscovered one of the primal truths of war: that morale casts a long shadow over all other aspects of fighting power.

ONE OF THE features of Islamic fundamentalism, deeply rooted in a religion spread by the sword, is a fatalistic attitude toward death. The notion of *In-shallah* (roughly translated as "whatever God wills") and the Shiite reverence for martyrdom have made possible military tactics that in the West have been considered obsolete since 1918. For example, this war has demonstrated that mass attacks by thousands of rudely trained infantrymen against fixed defenses featuring modern weapons can be effective; if such assaults are pressed home by troops and commanders unconcerned about even horrific casualties, they can succeed. The Iranians blunted the Iraqi invasion, hurled it back, and forced the Iraqis into a hard-pressed defense of their home territory. The persistence of the Iranians' attacks unnerved the Iraqis, who chose to husband their human resources while pounding Iranian positions with artillery and fire from helicopter gunships.

Perhaps more significant, the war has also demonstrated that mass infantry attacks can fail—at frightful cost—without shattering the attacking army's morale. Late last February the Iraqis claimed to have killed more than 30,000 attacking Iranians in one week. (The United States suffered battle deaths of 33,600 during the entire three years of the Korean War.) In the fighting on the approaches to the Iraqi port of Basra the Iranians lost at least 5,000 soldiers in *one day*, according to reports. Even in the

face of mustard-gas attacks (ineffective "thanks to divine blessing," according to Iranian President Ali Khamenei) they were not deterred. Iranian morale grew stronger, not weaker. The Ayatollah told his young followers that the war with Iraq was a holy crusade of the true faith against corrupted backsliders. He reminded them that they had struck down the Shah and humbled the mighty United States, and he claimed that the Iraqis would suffer the same fate. "Allah wills it," he said; by the hundreds of thousands they believed him and joined the fight.

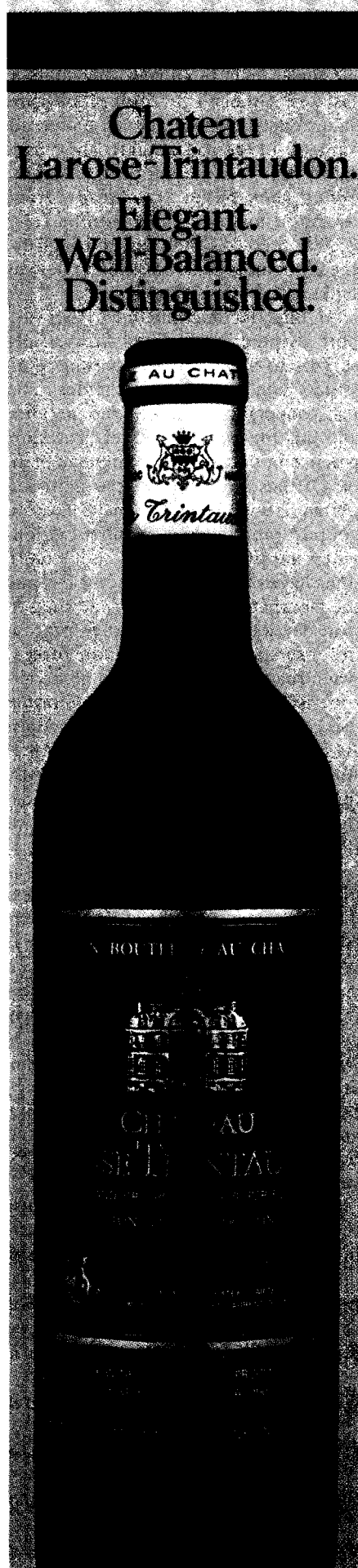
The Iranians have also succeeded in demonstrating a surprising capacity for intelligent improvisation, which has upset the Iraqis' pre-war calculations to an even greater extent. By the early summer of 1984 fewer than half of Iran's 1,700 main battle tanks were in operating condition, so Revolutionary Guardsmen resorted to 50cc Honda mopeds to counterattack Iraqi tank forces. The mopeds were fast enough to run circles around most tanks; leaving almost no dust cloud as they scooted about, they were devilishly hard to spot, especially through tank periscopes. Armed with one or two Soviet-made RPG-7 shoulder-fired rockets, the moped riders were able to sidestep oncoming Iraqi tanks and fire telling shots at close range from the flanks, where tank armor is thinnest. More than one Iraqi tank attack was defeated in this manner.

Despite the U.S. embargo on arms sales to Khomeini's government, the Iranians were able to keep some of their U.S.-made F-4, F-5, and F-14 fighter jets in operation by cannibalizing other planes and by obtaining limited quantities of critical spare parts in the international arms market. There were reports that Iranians used their F-14s as "mini-AWACS" (airborne warning-and-control systems), employing the planes' sophisticated radars to vector less-advanced F-5s toward attacking Iraqi jets. In April of 1981 Iranian pilots flew a number of F-4s in an arc around Iraq's northern border, flying through Turkish and Syrian airspace, where they were refueled en route by two Iranian Air Force 707s. They then attacked the Iraqi airbase at Al Walid from the west, catching the Iraqi planes on the ground. After bombing the airfield the Iranians returned by the same route—a round-trip strike of about 1,600 miles, flown with aircraft able to fly barely a third that distance on one tank of fuel.

These examples underscore the importance not only of human resourcefulness but also of equipment that can be kept working under combat conditions. Despite such extreme efforts, the Iranians have had the greatest difficulty keeping their most complex equipment operational. Before the war their air force included 424 modern jet fighters, but only about 21 percent of the F-5s, 12 percent of the F-4s, and 6 percent of the F-14s were still flyable in mid-1984. Interestingly, if the Shah had purchased 424 F-14s rather than 74 F-14s and 350 of the much-less-complex F-4s and F-5s, the number of usable aircraft in June of 1984 would have been two dozen or so. (This presumes that the 400 other F-14s would have been available for cannibalization.) These figures stand as an object lesson for those Western air forces that plan to generate high wartime sortie rates with limited numbers of very high-complexity aircraft. Such rates are invariably based on the presumption that logistics systems can and will be geared up in wartime, with practically no loss of efficiency, to provide enough spare parts. But as the Iranian example illustrates, a logistics breakdown can be as devastating as heavy battle losses in the air.

Both the Iranians and the Iraqis have discovered that experience counts. With little appreciation of the difficulties of urban combat, the Iraqis committed 30,000 troops to pitched battles in Abadan and Khorramshahr, whereas more experienced leaders might have preferred to encircle and starve the defenders, thereby freeing more troops to support the main thrust into the Iranian interior. The dearth of experienced officers on both sides contributed to the poor use of supporting arms. Air strikes and artillery are most effective when they complement the efforts of front-line units, but neither side devoted much time to practicing the necessary integrating techniques before the war, and consequently neither side has been able to harmonize its air and artillery support to influence the struggle decisively. Throughout the fighting both tactical air forces have been committed to sporadic attacks on cities, refineries, and other so-called high-value targets, and have made only token attempts to deliver close air support to front-line units. Limited aviation resources have been squandered in futile attempts to bomb symbols.

Neither side has yet used its available



air power in an intelligent and coherent fashion. Although by April of 1984 the Iraqis enjoyed about a seven-to-one advantage in tactical aircraft, they have rarely flown close support missions. When they have, Iraqi pilots have dropped most of their bombs from 25,000 feet—24,000 feet too high for the pinpoint accuracy needed to destroy tanks and artillery batteries.

An effective doctrine of close air support also requires trained forward observers to organize and coordinate air strikes with ground units, the desire for real cooperation between the air force and the army, and plenty of peacetime practice in putting the elements together. Of these ingredients, the most important is a willingness to make close air support work, which is most evident when supporting aircraft and ground units have the right equipment. Despite the fact that both the Iraqis and the Iranians lavished fully half of their pre-war defense spending on their air forces, when the war broke out not one jet aircraft on either side carried a radio that was compatible with ground-unit radios. By way of comparison, the United States Air Force's A-10, designed specifically for close support missions, has a radio that allows the pilot to talk directly with the ground unit he is supporting.

A similar problem applies to the unsophisticated use of artillery on both sides. The effectiveness of the U.S. Army's artillery is based not on its weapons, which are adequate for the job, but on a command-and-control system that permits artillery fire to be shifted quickly and massed on critical targets as the opportunity arises. It is simpler to employ artillery in mass barrages against fixed, preplanned targets, and both the Iraqis and the Iranians have expended the bulk of their ammunition in this fashion, with unimpressive results.

Nevertheless, both Iran and Iraq have succeeded in forging armies capable of inflicting and enduring great punishment. Their moves, like those of novice boxers, have frequently been clumsy, their punches ill-timed, but they have fought on.

WHATEVER THE OUTCOME of a war declared by both sides to be a holy crusade, a number of age-old truths about the nature of armed conflict have surfaced. First, generals who plan on short, relatively painless wars all too frequently come to regret their earlier assumptions. So do their political leaders.

Second, the ancient ideas of divide and conquer/attack and unite remain valid. In this respect Khomeini has enjoyed the upper hand in the conflict. He has been able to stress the need for national unity, successfully diverting his restless populace from its domestic troubles.

Third, experience counts, but only if tactical wisdom can be distilled from painful mistakes made in the field. In this war Iraqi and Iranian generals seem to have aped each other's mistakes.

Fourth, the level of performance of military equipment is secondary to its reliability. The experience of this war suggests that planners would do well to optimize ease of operation and ruggedness, rather than reach for a higher level of performance at the cost of reliability. "Wonder weapons" rarely yield the sweeping results advertised to justify their high cost. The French loan to Iraq of five Super Étendard attack jets armed with Exocet missiles, last November, was touted as having the potential to change the course of the war. But in June the war was still being slugged out in the trenches east of Basra.

Fifth, tactical air power, artillery, and ground troops are more effective in concert than separately. This is a simple acknowledgment of the fact that an opponent pinned down by supporting-arms fire is too preoccupied to employ his own weapons effectively.

Sixth, urban combat can be hellish for attackers and defenders alike. Large urban areas occupied by determined troops can hold out against seemingly insurmountable odds, and overcoming stout resistance may require so much of an attacker's force that he cannot advance elsewhere. (In planning for the defense of heavily urbanized Western Europe, the NATO armies might well take this lesson to heart.)

Seventh, attempts to destroy the cohesion of front-line units by interdicting lines of communication and supply require effective targeting and the large-scale, coordinated use of air power. The three words that describe an effective interdiction campaign are *massive*, *sustained*, and *concentrated*, and such attacks should be made against significant targets. This mandates a lot of ready and available airplanes.

Eighth, tactical air power, whether employed to interdict enemy supply lines or to support front-line units, should appear, as one analyst has said, "as a summer thunderstorm rather than

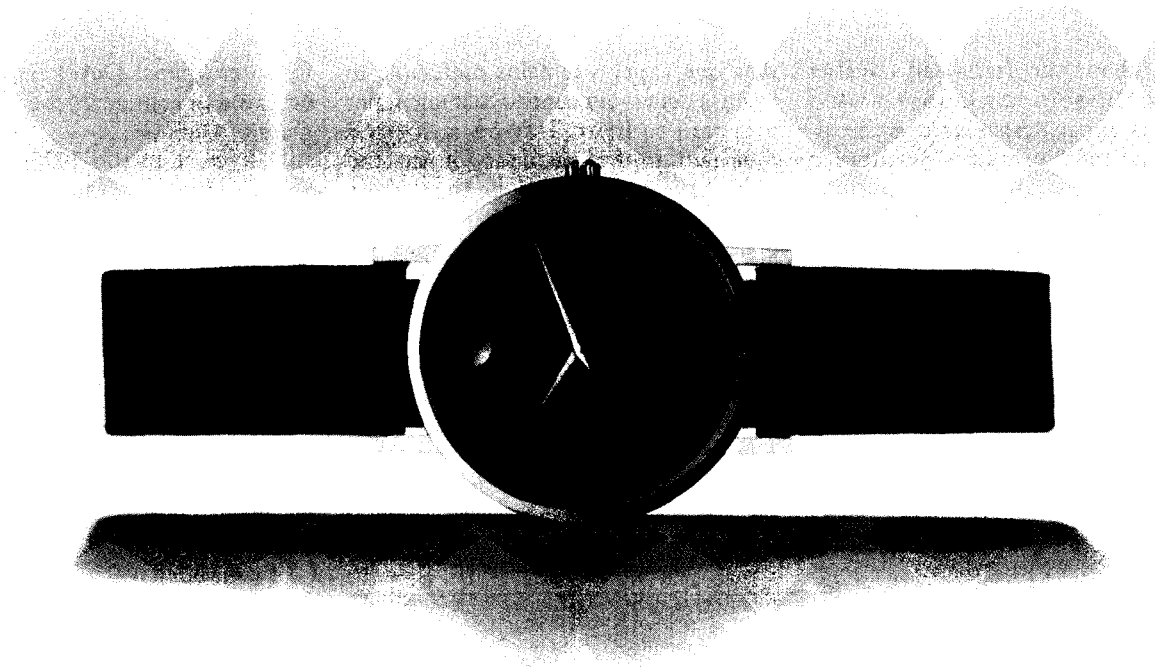
as a light spring rain." Until very recently both Iran and Iraq disregarded this time-tested principle. Now, with their limited number of flyable aircraft, it may be too late for the Iranians.

Ninth, adequate logistical support is critical to the health and functioning of modern armies in the field. Both Iranian and Iraqi units have demonstrated their ability to survive on the barest trickle of supplies, but in many cases they have been too low on fuel, ammunition, water, and spare parts to exploit their opportunities. Shortcomings in logistics, not combat losses, broke the back of the Iranian air force.

EVENTS OF THE Iran-Iraq war have also demonstrated that the Western military tradition is not the only means for solving the problems of modern combat. The Iranians regarded the success of their first major counteroffensive as an "outstanding example of . . . all the principles of war taught by the Koran . . . a noble example of the unison of faith and science." To Western defense planners and strategists, who are trained to view the preparation for and conduct of war as a set of technical problems that can be solved by rational analysis, the Iranians sound like Martians.

In a 1943 letter to his wife, General George Patton commented, "We are fighting fanatics with non-fanatics. Cromwell was faced with the same thing and in answer to it produced the 'New Model Army.' He used religious intolerance. That won't work now." He was right as far as the U.S. Army was concerned, but the Iran-Iraq war has shown that religious intolerance still works.

This leads to perhaps the most important conclusion to be drawn from the Iran-Iraq war: that armed combat on a grand scale remains an endeavor on a very human scale. Men, not machines, still dominate events. All the F-14s and M-60s purchased by the Shah have not had one tenth the impact on the war that the tens of thousands of illiterate young Iranian peasants have. Spending money on the machinery of war—the focus of so much effort and debate in the West—remains secondary; the central issue is the willingness of the troops to fight, their belief in their cause, and their confidence in the officers. There is no substitute for heroic and disciplined troops, competently led by officers who know how to orchestrate violence and take care of their men. The greatest "force multiplier" remains a motivated private.



A legend in modern design: Movado Museum Watch.

It was inspired by the group of international artists who founded the famous Bauhaus School in the mid 1920's.

Simplicity, tastefulness, function was their dictum. And one of its purist expressions was the watch dial distinguished by a single dot, designed a decade later by Nathan George Horwitt.

In the 1950's this wristwatch design was recognized by the Museum of Modern Art and selected for its permanent collection.

Interestingly, it is the only such design ever awarded this distinction.

It seems appropriate that today, the Movado Watch is crafted in Switzerland, the country that gave roots to both watchmaking and the Bauhaus movement of modern design.

The Movado Museum Watch is executed in an 18 karat gold-micron finish. It is water-resistant, with a lizard strap, and has an electronic quartz movement that never needs winding. (Should you prefer, the watch is available in 14 karat gold as well.)

The Movado Museum Watch.
A contemporary classic. A timeless timepiece.

MOVADOTM
The Museum® Watch.

For more information write: Movado, Dept. AM, 650 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Throughout the Iran-Iraq conflict Saddam Hussein has enjoyed what many Western analysts regard as the ultimate tactical advantage: "qualitative superiority in a target-rich environment." He started the war on the presumption that this was a critical and decisive advantage, but he quickly discovered that numbers and staying power count too, and that no army can be beaten until its rank and file has been convinced of the possibility of defeat.

Six-day and six-week wars remain the exception, not the rule. As a hedge against uncertainty, it is still better to plan on a long campaign than on a short one. Winning such a war more quickly

than one expects remains preferable to losing a drawn-out contest that one is not prepared to fight. Having misplaced their faith in the machinery of war, the Iraqis have rediscovered the truth of the oriental aphorism that "the fiercest serpent may be overcome by a swarm of ants."

—David Evans and Richard Campany

David Evans is a Marine Corps infantry lieutenant colonel, and Richard Campany is an Air Force major and Middle East specialist; both are currently staff officers in the Pentagon. This article expresses their personal views and does not reflect the official policy or position of the Defense Department or the U.S. government.



THAILAND

THE DOMINO THAT DIDN'T FALL

Why in a country riven by coups did an apparently robust and growing insurgency collapse?

THIS IS THE story of an insurgency that disappeared. It begins in the mid-1960s, when the Communist Party of Thailand (CPT) initiated an active and violent rebellion in Thailand's poorest and most isolated region—the Northeast. By the late 1960s the hill tribesmen of North Thailand had taken up the fight. In the South insurgents from the CPT joined forces with bandits, Moslem separatists, and some Malaysian Communists, all of whom had

created security problems for many years.

Thailand was swarming with Americans in those days: 45,000 members of the Air Force were manning the air bases, as many as 5,000 soldiers were arriving in Bangkok every five days for R&R, and a small army of people were working for the United States diplomatic mission—nobody was saying how many. The accoutrements of counterinsurgency, financed largely by the United States, were being put in place: a "Communist Suppression Operations Command," special ranger units to patrol the jungles, and psychological-operations teams to promote the government's popularity. There were also many social and economic programs to keep the people loyal, and for six years I was part of that effort. From 1965 to 1967 I served as a Peace Corps volunteer. I spent the better part of the next six years studying the effects of rural-development efforts for two private American research groups, one under contract to the U.S. Agency

for International Development and the other under contract to the U.S. Department of Defense.

Halfway into the 1970s the United States suddenly lost interest. Especially during the slaughter in Kampuchea, not just Thailand but all of Southeast Asia was virtually ignored. By 1976 the Thai insurgency looked as if it might prevail. That year violent incidents occurred at a rate of four per day—up 71 percent from the rate of the year before. The CPT's armed cadre numbered approximately 11,500—almost 7,000 more than in 1970. In some of the northern provinces the insurgents closed roads. The Thai government itself admitted that the CPT controlled 640 villages.

When the CPT began its offensives, in 1965, almost all of its members were disaffected villagers. In 1976 that changed. On October 6 there were riots at Thammasat University, in Bangkok, in which police and army troops killed forty-one students—victims, it now seems clear, of right-wing provocateurs. Soon after, between 700 and 1,000 students fled the city to join the rebellion in the hills. More followed later. For the first time the CPT had a bond with Thailand's urban elites.

Over the same years that the insurgency gained strength, the Thai polity appeared to be coming apart at the seams. In October of 1973 the military regime of Thanom Kittikachorn and Praphas Charasathien fell; the civilian government that replaced it lasted for three years, but then was overthrown as yet another consequence of the 1976 riots in which the students were killed. The succeeding government was so far to the right that even the military couldn't abide it, and it was overthrown in October of 1977. The general who took power, Kriangsak Chamanand, lasted until 1980, when he was replaced by another general, Prem Tinsulanonda, who then narrowly fought off a coup by young military officers.

During these coups and cabals, the royal family entered into political struggles, from which traditionally it had remained aloof. In turn, for the first time, it became a target of the insurgents. In 1976 the CPT's underground radio station began to denounce the royal family. In 1977 an aide to the queen, Princess Vibhavadi Rangsit, was killed by insurgents in the South. In that same year an unsuccessful attempt was made to ambush the crown prince as he toured sensitive provinces.



CHRYSLER FIFTH AVENUE TAKES THE UTMOST RESPECT FOR YOUR MONEY.

Fifth Avenue may cater to the rich, or those in comfortable
... never the foolish. Because with all its inherent luxury,
... more value.

It is the only luxury car at its price that gives you a 5-year/
... Protection Plan.* It also has established an impressive record in
... one that compares favorably with Lincoln and Cadillac.**

... luxury items that come standard is a tale unto itself.

... features crowd the list, but we will not bore you with
... detailing of all 49. Here are a notable few:

... V-8 power • Power features that strip away the
... of driving • Air Conditioning • Anti-noise barriers
... deep inner quiet • Full 6-passenger room with
... plush-pillowed comfort.

... Chrysler Fifth Avenue. It just may be the best luxury
... car value in America today. Buy or

... lease one at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer.

... Buckle up for safety.



... **Chrysler. Best built, best backed American cars.†**

*Whoever comes first. Limited warranties on powertrain and outer body rust-through. Deductible applies. Excludes fleet/leases. Dealer has details. **According to recent NADA reports. †Lowest percent of NHTSA safety recalls for '82 and '83 models designed and built in North America. ‡Best backed based on warranty comparison of competitively priced vehicles.



I'D RATHER BE PLAYING SCRABBLE.®
Brand Crossword Game

Charm someone with Scrabble® De Luxe Edition.

SCRABBLE® is the registered trademark of Selchow & Righter Co., Bay Shore, NY, for its line of word games and entertainment services.

Better than Jogging, Swimming, or Cycling...



NordicTrack

**Jarless Total Body
Aerobic Exerciser**
Duplicates X-C Skiing for the
Best way to Fitness

Cross-country skiing is often cited by physiologists as the most perfect form of cardiovascular exercise for both men and women. Its smooth, fluid, total body motion uniformly exercises more muscles so higher heart rates seem easier to attain than when jogging or cycling. NordicTrack closely simulates the pleasant X-C skiing motion and provides the same cardiovascular endurance-building benefits—right in the convenience of your home, year 'round. Eliminates the usual barriers of time, weather, chance of injury, etc. Also highly effective for weight control.

More Complete Than Running
NordicTrack gives you a more complete work out—conditions both upper body and lower body muscles at the same time. Fluid, jarless motion does not cause joint or back problems.

More Effective Than Exercise Bikes
NordicTrack's stand-up skiing motion more uni-

formly exercises the large leg muscles and also adds important upper body exercise. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because the work is shared by more muscle mass.

Even Better Than Swimming
NordicTrack more effectively exercises the largest muscles in the body, those located in the legs and buttocks. When swimming, the body is supported by the water, thus preventing these muscles from being effectively exercised. The stand up exercising position on the NordicTrack much more effectively exercises these muscles.

A Proven, High Quality Durable Product
NordicTracks have been in production since 1976. NordicTrack is quiet, motorless and has separately adjustable arm and leg resistances. We manufacture and sell direct. Two year warrantee. 30 day trial period with return privilege.

Folds and stands on end to require only 15" x 17" storage space.

Call or write for...
FREE BROCHURE
Toll Free 1-800-328-5888
Minnesota 612-448-6987

PSI, 124R Columbia Crt., Chaska, MN 55318

The insurgency continued to grow through February of 1979, when the number of violent incidents during a single month reached an all-time high. Then it collapsed.

The first public sign of disarray came on July 10, 1979, when the CPT's radio station in southern China closed down. An announcer said, "Dear listeners, we will be temporarily suspending our broadcasts beginning July 11." And with no other explanation the station, which had been transmitting programs to Thailand for seventeen years, went silent. By the end of 1979, all the indices of insurgency—the number of guerrilla incidents, the number of assassinations, and the number of village propaganda meetings—had dropped steeply.

Few foreign observers believed that a turning point had been reached. *The Far Eastern Economic Review*, a respected Hong Kong-based magazine, was still cautioning in early 1980 that the Thai authorities themselves saw "scant cause for optimism," because the drop-off in activity was a matter only of temporary problems within the insurgent camp. More and more people were leaving the ranks of the insurgents, but the *Review* played down those defections by noting that historically "the number of new recruits has always stayed one jump ahead." Elsewhere it was argued that most of the defectors were students and intellectuals who had found that they couldn't take life in the jungle.

Soon, however, it became clear that the government really did have the advantage. Defectors began to come out of the jungle in unprecedented numbers—in 1980 more than 800 (counting dependents) in the Northeast alone surrendered. During the first half of 1981 Thai soldiers cleared out an insurgent stronghold in the North-Central region that had successfully defied government forces for years. By September the CPT's main forces in the Northeast had been scattered. By the end of October the army's director of such operations, Major-General Chaowalit Yongchaiyuth, stated publicly that all but two major CPT bases in the country had been captured. In 1982 Thai counterinsurgency was a mopping-up operation. By then even the leaders of the struggle—senior officials and veterans of ten or more years in the jungle—were defecting.

Unable to gather safely as a single body, the surviving members of the CPT held rump congresses at locations around the country. One dissident group

wanted to retrieve the situation by abandoning the Maoist model in favor of organizing in the cities. The proposal was beaten back, but the central party structure split irrevocably. On December 1, 1982, when 250 armed insurgents and their 750 dependents gave themselves up in Mukdahan Province, the north-eastern insurgency collapsed. The following year saw more mass surrenders in the North and South. Today several hundred guerrillas—the number is hard to pin down—are still in the jungle, but open insurgent activity has stopped except in a few parts of the South.

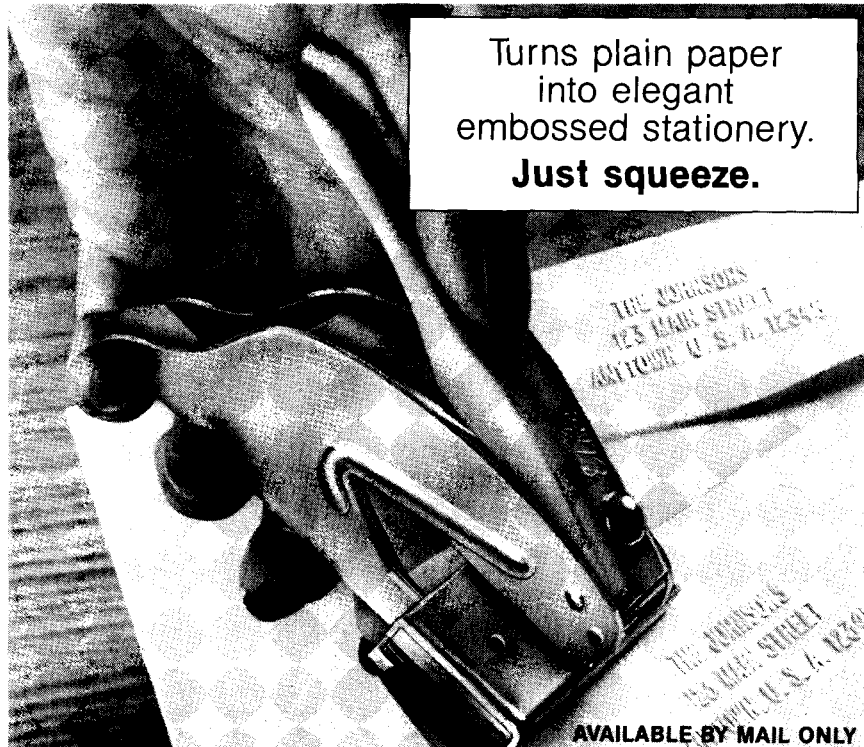
So it is an intriguing puzzle indeed: A country is riven by government coups and counter coups. It is in the midst of a struggle between traditional and modernizing elites. The position of its monarchy, the historical fountainhead of national unity, is shaken. Whereupon an apparently robust and growing insurgency collapses. Last winter, I set out for the Northeast, where the threat had been greatest, to look for some answers.

KHAMPHI NOI, Na Kae District. This village, in what had been perhaps the most notorious Communist-dominated district, was having a New Year's party to welcome 1984 when I arrived. A rickety stage had been set up and five young policemen in matching blue windbreakers were playing Thai pop music very badly over a very loud sound system. Some of their friends on the force were dancing in the dry rice paddy in front of the stage with teenagers from the village. The old folks hunkered on the dikes, watching. A half-dozen Buddhist monks, who had come for the New Year's ceremonies, took shelter beneath an open tent; a buffet line had been set up nearby, and people helped themselves to mounds of rice and curry. The colonel who headed the district's police force had come to open the festival. He was not in uniform, nor was he fussed over or protected. He sat with his wife, who was wearing a Florida State sweat-shirt against the December chill, and they chatted with passers-by.

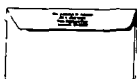
As recently as three years before, Khamphi Noi had been a Communist village. In those days the police did not stop by to play rock music and dance. Instead, a thirty-man combat unit was garrisoned there full time in a bunkered encampment; the men had to dodge sporadic harassing fire even in daylight. Once, a large force of insurgents tried to overrun the camp, killing two policemen

Elegant Embossed Stationery

Make all you want... whenever you want it!



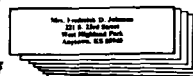
No expensive stationery to re-order.



No messy ink to refill.



No return address labels to run-out-of.



Why spend a lot of money on personalized stationery when you can easily make your own... and never run out? Just squeeze the handle of our compact hand press and instantly convert plain paper into expensive looking embossed stationery.

Unlike others you may have seen, our stationery embosser features a patented reversible plate so you can emboss *both envelope flaps and letterheads*. It's also ideal for personalizing books, magazines and valuable documents.

And to make your personalized stationery even more distinctive, we give you a choice of either *block letters* or *script*. But best of all, our incredibly low sale price for this high quality embosser is only

\$9.95... the lowest price available anywhere! And at that price, you can afford to give them as long lasting gifts to those people on your list.

—Offer good only in continental U.S.A.—

MAIL TO: **Barnes & Noble**
BOOKSTORES
126 Fifth Ave., Dept. M211, New York, N.Y. 10011

please allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery

STYLE #	QTY	PRICE	TOTAL
1160233		\$9.95	
1160241		\$9.95	
		Subtotal	
		N.Y. and N.J. residents add applicable sales tax.	
		Add \$1.75 ship. & ins. for each embosser ordered.	
		TOTAL PAYMENT	

Check one:

- ☐ A check or money order is enclosed
☐ Please charge this to: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Account# _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Please print personalization on lines below.
(Up to 3 lines and 30 spaces per line.)

If ordering more than one embosser please print name and address clearly on a separate sheet of paper

SHIP TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Every item you purchase from Barnes & Noble must meet your standards... If not, return it within 30 days for a full refund.

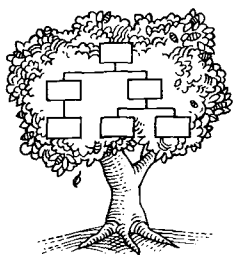
©1984, Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

Susan Johnson #1160241
123 Main Street
Anytown, U.S.A. 12345

William Johnson #1160233
123 Main Street
Anytown, U.S.A. 12345

1/2 PRICE SALE
A \$20.00 VALUE
ONLY \$9.95

THE BEST GIN GROWS ON TREES.



The driest and most delicate gin of all, in fact, comes from the tree at the left: the family tree of James Burrough, a distiller in 19th century London.

Burrough had a basic philosophy: if you want a thing done right, do it yourself. Not a single distillation of his Beefeater Gin left his distillery till it was approved by James himself.

He wasn't much of a delegator, but he made a beautiful gin.

His philosophy has been handed down through succeeding generations of the Burrough family, who still supervise each day's run and approve each batch of Beefeater before it leaves the distillery.

The apple never falls far from the tree. For which gin drinkers to this day are profoundly grateful.

BEEFEATER® GIN.
The Crown Jewel of England.™



IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND CORP. N.Y. 34 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

in the attempt. And there were other casualties over the years, including Khamphi Noi's headman, whom the Communists assassinated. Several of the young men of Khamphi Noi—different people gave me different numbers—went off to join what the villagers called the "jungle soldiers." About a quarter of the villagers had actively supported the jungle soldiers, and many more had been sympathizers.

So where were Khamphi Noi's insurgents now? The villager to whom I addressed this question smiled and pointed to the crowd dancing in front of the stage.

KONG SAWANG, Sakon Nakhon Province. To reach this village, I drove down a rough dirt track to its end, at the foot of the Phu Phan mountains. The Phu Phans are mountains only in comparison with the flat tableland of the Khorat plateau, from which they rise, but everyone calls them mountains, and the scrubby forest on their slopes, which everyone calls jungle, is thick enough to have hidden several thousand insurgents for more than ten years.

A medium-sized village of a hundred households, Kong Sawang looked entirely unexceptional from a distance. Up close, however, the scene was startling. In 1972 I had developed a technique for estimating the economic status of a Thai village: taking an inventory of vehicles and consumer goods. Then, in most places, the job was not daunting; a couple of motorcycles and a few sewing machines were signs of a reasonably rich village. More than ten years later, in Kong Sawang, I realized that the scale would have to be revised. My informal, partial survey of the village turned up one full-sized truck, two pickups, and eight motorcycles. There were two tiny shops, a rice mill, and a roadside restaurant of sorts. There were television aerials, in a part of Thailand where privately owned sets had been nonexistent.

My impression that the rural Northeast was getting richer was no illusion. Indeed, Thailand as a whole is more affluent these days than it used to be. It weathered the economic storms of the 1970s much better than did most of the Third World—and, for that matter, better than did most Western economies. Inflation was a problem in Thailand, as it was everywhere else, running between 10 and 20 percent a year during the second half of the 1970s. But real growth averaged 7.7 percent a year throughout



Make a child's holidays merrier

... order your copy of the new Toys To Grow On catalog. It's brimming with hundreds of unique educational toys, many of which can't be found in neighborhood stores. So whether you spend \$5 for a pair of Count-On-Me Gloves or \$50 for our Hide-Out Bed Tent, you'll receive the perfect gift for any child from infancy to age 12.

To receive your copy of our 36-pg. color catalog, send \$1 to:

TOYS TO GROW ON
Dept. AT11, P.O. Box 17
Long Beach, CA 90801
(213) 603-8890



From our
**Pacific Northwest Coast
Jewelry Collection . . .**

SCOLDING RAVEN

In the mythology of the coastal Indians the Raven was the creator of the world, a shape-changer, and trickster. Shown full size.

No. N178 Scolding Raven

Sterling silver \$48.00

18" sterling chain

14 kt. gold \$485.00

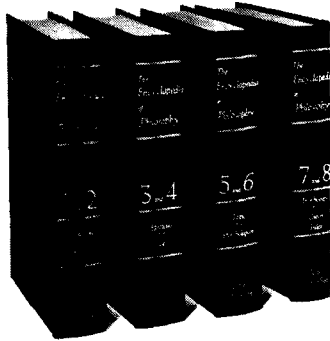
(chain not included)

Check, Mastercard or Visa. Add \$2.00 for shipping
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send for our unique catalog
Visit our Seattle store at 1525 N.W. Ballard Way

David Morgan

Box 70190, Seattle, WA 98107 • (206) 782-7028

Build your library from ours.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **\$24.95** (Pub. price \$175)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses all aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source for home libraries.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **\$24.95** (Pub. price \$175)

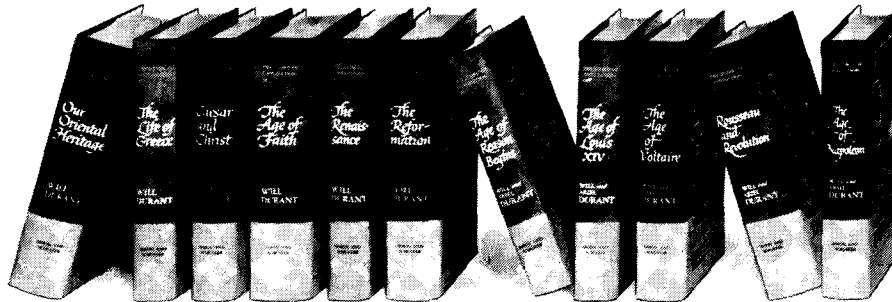
"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Diary of Virginia Woolf

for **\$12** (Pub. prices total \$81.75)

Here, complete for the first time in a five-volume set, is the acclaimed diary that Virginia Woolf kept from 1915, while she was awaiting the publication of her first novel, until just before her death by suicide in 1941. Witty and vivacious, rich in literary gossip and insights into Woolf's creative life, the diary "reads like a novel," said the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

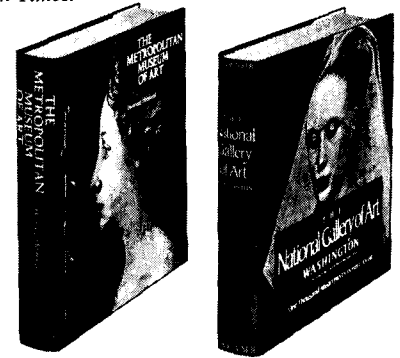


The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **\$29.95** (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and con-

quests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art & The National Gallery of Art

for **\$17.95** (Pub. prices total \$110)

The Metropolitan Museum of Art surveys the Met's entire collection, with more than 1050 plates (602 in full color). *The National Gallery of Art* reproduces the gallery's greatest treasures with 1120 illustrations, including 1028 plates in full color, many printed with gold.

Choose one of these five sets and save up to \$305⁵⁰

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and about 150 other books that we call Alternates, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternates—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return Privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought four additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, no wonder Book-of-the-Month Club is America's Bookstore.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

America's Bookstore* since 1926.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, PA 17012

A8-11

Check one box only.

- ☐ 912. Compact OED **\$24.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **\$29.95**
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy **\$24.95**
- ☐ 939. Museum/Gallery Set **\$17.95**
- ☐ 945. Diary of Virginia Woolf **\$12**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the set I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ 4-64
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher.

the decade. International debt was kept relatively low and the currency remained sound. Perhaps most important, a new loan program made credit readily available to villagers for the first time. Although it is not at all clear that income distribution has changed for the better (the gap between the average incomes in urban and in rural areas may actually be increasing), there is no doubt that the economy in the countryside is improving.

There were 27 million Thai in 1965, and there are about 50 million now. Empty spaces have become rare. Kong Sawang is one of the few places where land is still available. Even as the insurgency was being fought in the hills just beyond the village's perimeter, the word was spreading that a person could get a cheap start in Kong Sawang. As a result, it became a village of newcomers and entrepreneurs. The woman who ran the village's roadside restaurant moved to Kong Sawang with her husband from a village a hundred miles away, where the soil was bad and they couldn't buy any land. She had relatives here who told her that she could rent ten *rai* (about four acres) for only three dollars a month. The restaurant was an afterthought. The man who owned the rice mill moved to Kong Sawang in 1973 (relatives were his source of information too) because land was available. By 1981 he was doing so well that he was able to buy the mill with the help of a \$3,200 loan from the company to which he would sell his rice. A man named Sai, twenty-nine years old and the village's magnate, owned the full-sized truck. He returned to Kong Sawang after fifteen years in Bangkok, where he had saved his salary as a mechanic until he could afford to make the down payment on the truck. He was renting it to villagers for transporting crops and such, and he was farming on the side. Not everyone was faring so well, however. Sai estimated that only about 70 percent of the villagers had enough to get along comfortably. The other 30 percent were "*yak jon*"—so poor that they lived on the edge of subsistence.

What about the insurgency? Everyone agreed that there used to be lots of fighting in the area, with people firing at each other within earshot of the village. The insurgents would come to Kong Sawang to get food, but apart from those contacts the villagers had stayed aloof from both sides and had gone about their own business. Why had the insurgency

stopped? Sai said that he supposed it was because of the amnesty program.

Amnesty had been available to insurgents since the 1960s, but the program had been given a low priority. It was revitalized by Prime Minister Kriangsak and then pursued still more vigorously by Prime Minister Prem. Even as a relatively junior field commander, during the 1960s, Prem had advocated more persuasion and less muscle in dealing with the insurgency. When he became the head of the Thai government, Prem was given the authority to do what he had always said could be done. As one observer puts it, "The government went into the jungle and began to cut deals." Government officials sat down with relatives of known guerrillas and talked over the options. The relatives would pass along the information to the bands in the jungles, clandestine meetings would be arranged, and bit by bit, in peculiarly Thai fashion, a "contract" would be negotiated that might cover one defector or several hundred. The terms varied from one guerrilla to another. Sometimes the defectors wished to go back to their homes, sometimes they preferred to be resettled elsewhere. Sometimes they were given land, sometimes farming implements, sometimes roofing to use in building a house, sometimes cash. Also, the insurgents could sell their weapons to the government, although many found better prices on the black market.

SUWANNAKHOM, Sakon Nakhon Province. It was not just the amnesty, according to Songkha, the headman of Suwannakhom, and he was in a position to know. Ten people from his village had gone over to the insurgents, and two of them had been killed by government soldiers. Teachers and headmen from neighboring villages had been assassinated. The headman told me that from 1965 until 1981 he usually slept where the soldiers were stationed, and only rarely in his own house.

Songkha, who was about sixty years old, was well off by village standards. A television set powered by a car battery sat against one wall of his porch, under a cluster of pictures of the royal family. But he was not an entrepreneur like Sai, or wealthy even in the eyes of his neighbors. Songkha was mostly an idealist—he almost had to be, to have stuck with the job. A headman is elected by the villagers. He receives a token honorarium from the government but no perquisites, and he has unbounded responsibility for

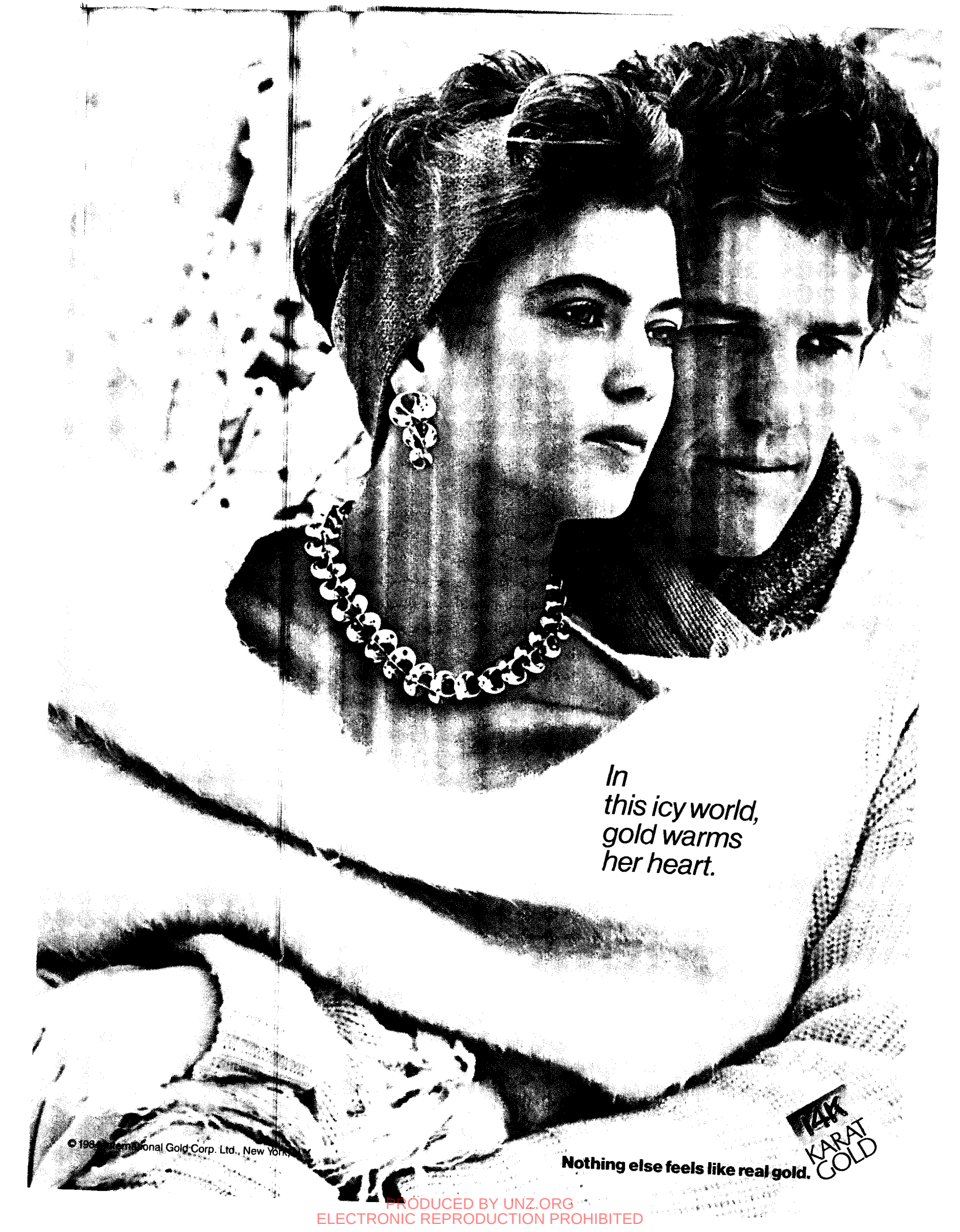
settling disputes, enforcing the law, encouraging economic development, and generally making the village a pleasant place to live. In return, in ordinary times, he is rewarded with a certain amount of prestige. The headman of any village near the Phu Phans had been under constant threat of sudden death during the 1960s and 1970s. I asked Songkha why he had kept the job, and made a small joke about letting someone else be the target for a change. Songkha, like many other elderly headmen, was a man of great dignity, and his answer was quiet and eloquent. He said that he loved his religion. He loved his king. He loved his country. All this would have been lost if the Communists had won. It had been his obligation to do what he did.

But why hadn't the jungle soldiers won? Why had they come home? The headman mentioned the development programs—mentioned the new road that the government built—but he didn't dwell on them. Instead he argued that winning the struggle was a matter of explaining to the insurgents what the real story was. The boys from the village had gone off to the jungle hoping for money, a tractor, and land, and believing that Thailand was becoming a U.S. colony. According to Songkha, since these reasons for joining the insurgents were bad, and since life in the forests was so miserably uncomfortable, all you really had to do was talk to the fighters. It had taken a while before they'd understood, but once they did, they came back.

Now they were living in the village "*choey choey*"—that is, they were just living there, like everyone else. No, Songkha didn't hate them. "We are all Thai," the man next to the headman murmured.

BAN THAT, Nakhon Phanom Province. This was a sentimental journey. I had worked in Ban That for three months in 1968, and the headman then, Sang, was perhaps the most able I ever met. Sang had been my friend. I assumed that he had died long since, but he turned out to be very much alive—just back from a trip to the University of Khon Kaen to see his youngest son (born when Sang was fifty-seven) graduate with a degree in engineering. Sang's boy was the first person from the village ever to go to college, and I looked at album after album of graduation pictures.

The guerrillas had never come to Ban That. The village sits astride what was once one of the infiltration routes from



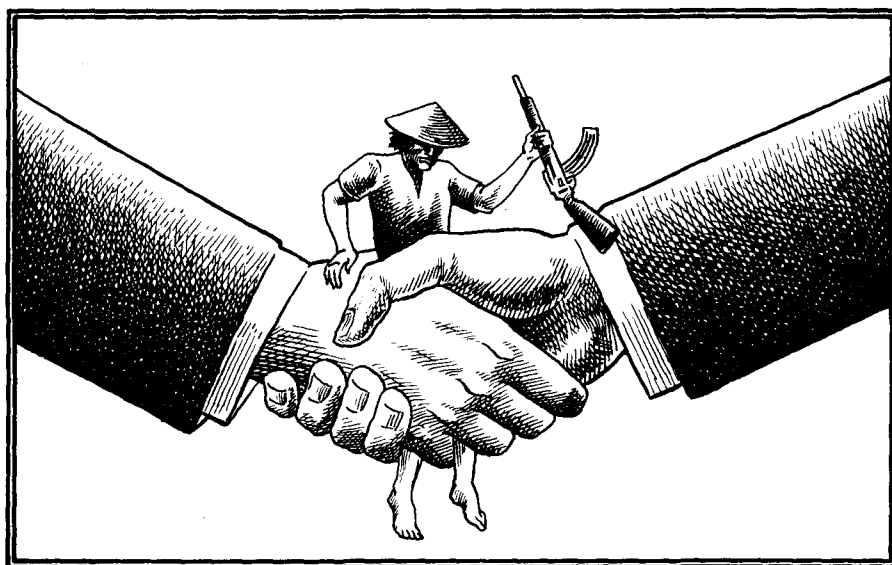
*In
this icy world,
gold warms
her heart.*

© 1988 International Gold Corp. Ltd., New York

Nothing else feels like real gold.

14K
KARAT
GOLD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Laos, but, paradoxically, the village's proximity to Laos had acted as a prophylactic. Most of the villagers have relatives in Laos, and after the Pathet Lao took power, the news from across the river was that life was terrible—nothing like the Communists had promised it would be. At the time, it was Sang's opinion that no one could pay any attention to the Communists after seeing what had happened in Laos.

SAWANG DAEN DIN, Sakon Nakhon Province. Sawang Daen Din is to the Thai revolutionaries what Lexington was to the American colonists. It was there, on May 31, 1961, that a fifty-three-year-old schoolteacher and political activist named Krong Chandawong was taken to an air-force landing strip on the outskirts of town and summarily executed, and it was his death that catalyzed the CPT's decision later on in that year to plan a war of national liberation.

A round-faced, amiably earnest man of thirty-three named Pattana grew up in Sadao, a village a few kilometers from Sawang Daen Din. He joined the insurgency in 1971. He wasn't a Communist at the time, but soldiers of the Thai army had killed five of his friends, and that made him mad. He began his career as a revolutionary by spending two years at a Chinese-staffed training camp in North Vietnam, where he specialized in combat tactics and weaponry. After returning to Thailand he was assigned to a zone that included Sawang Daen Din. When he defected, in 1979, he was the commander of a weapons unit of 105 men.

We talked at a center where guerrillas

who surrendered were brought for "rehabilitation"—a process that would last a few days for the rank and file, a few months for senior cadre. The day I was there, the center housed only soldiers, who were using it as a convenient place to sleep. Pattana himself—a noncommissioned officer in the Thai army—had stopped by on his way back to his post after a visit to his family.

Pattana had surrendered in the first year of the collapse—1979. It hadn't been his family who had brought him back; both his mother and his wife had encouraged him to join the insurgents and had regularly sent supplies to him. It hadn't been the life in the jungle. He had been used to that. The immediate reason for his defection had been broken promises. In the zone where Pattana fought, the CPT's provincial committee had for some time assured the guerrillas that in 1979 the party's goals would be realized. When it became apparent that victory was more distant than ever, Pattana decided that the party had forfeited his allegiance. His conclusion was helped along by the battle lines he saw being drawn throughout Southeast Asia. He still considered himself a Marxist, and proudly showed me a color photograph, taken at a jungle base camp, of himself and his unit—portraits of Marx, Engels, Stalin, and Mao held high. He had been taught that socialist countries are fraternal, but then he had seen Vietnam invade Kampuchea. He had seen China fight a border war with Vietnam. He began to suspect that Vietnam might invade Thailand, too—and, like the headman of Suwannakhom, Pattana was a Thai patriot.

The amnesty program made all these

perceptions easier to act upon. The more Pattana thought about it, the better surrender sounded. So he talked to his relatives and they talked to the district officials. One day Pattana walked out of the forest; a few weeks later he entered the Thai army.

The government's generally forgiving treatment had not been limited to those who surrendered. Pattana and I were joined by a man who was also wearing Thai army fatigues but who had made no deals with anyone.

His name was Chuang. He was a small, fragile-looking man, no more than five feet tall, with an outsized head and a stiff, intense expression. Until two years before, he had been the senior administrative official for the CPT in an area covering Sawang Daen Din and parts of adjacent districts. I asked when he had surrendered, and there was laughter all around. Chuang had not defected. He had been captured. And while he was forthcoming, apparently candid, and pleasant, at no point did he imply that he was pleased with the way things had turned out.

The reason that the insurgency failed was simple, he told us. The Chinese abandoned it. The insurgents were thrown back onto their own resources, and their resources were insufficient to the task.

The Chinese gave no warning of their plans to cut off supplies. As Pattana and Chuang both remembered it, one month everything was the same as always and a few months later the pipeline was dry: no more weapons, ammunition, medicines, tents, uniforms, or tools; no more clandestine radio broadcasting from Yunnan; no more safe havens across the border for resting and regrouping. Suddenly, without explanation, the insurgency's logistical prop of almost twenty years was pulled away.

The reason? Apparently, the Thai government had cut its biggest deal of all not with insurgents but with the Chinese.

THAILAND IS THE only Southeast Asian country to have escaped colonization in the nineteenth century. It did so largely as a result of the efforts of two supremely deft (and, fortunately for Thailand, long-reigning) monarchs who played the various powers off against one another. Thailand escaped devastation in the Second World War by nominally siding with the Japanese while some of the country's highest officials

Hot baths, zinc treatments, and other secrets that prolong life.



Cars, like people, live longer when their bodies are well taken care of.

And few bodies are better prepared to face the years than the body of a Volvo 760 GLE.

The #1 killer of a car's body is rust. So Volvo employs the #1 antidote: zinc. 32 square feet of sheet metal in every Volvo body takes a hot bath in liquid zinc, resulting in a coating three times thicker than you'll find in most other cars.

Then, after a thorough cleansing, an inspection, and a rub down, the Volvo body is ready for painting. (A process so impressive, other manufacturers of imported cars have come to our plant to observe it.)

It starts with another bath, this time in a vat of primer. An electric charge is sent through the car's body, fusing paint to metal. Next comes something most other car makers leave out: a layer of special chip resistant paint is applied to the car where flying stones hurt the most: below the beltline. Then come four more layers of paint, sprayed wet on wet to create a deep, lustrous finish. Next the car is undercoated inside and out.

Finally, a special anti-corrosive gel is injected into closed sections like roof pillars to prevent rusting from within.

As those other car makers will tell you, the whole process is tedious and takes hours.

But when you want a car to last as long as a Volvo, there are no shortcuts.



The 700 Series by Volvo

“We asked for an encore.”



*Ronald J. Cook,
Senior Vice President,
E.F. Hutton & Company Inc.
He helped pioneer the investment
industry's first direct client com-
munication service.*

Lotus gave us a Symphony."



"We've been using 1-2-3™ from Lotus™ almost from the day it was introduced.

"It's the one software program we've tried that meets the analytical needs of almost every department. From Equity Research to Corporate Finance. Right now, we're using 1-2-3 for planning, forecasting, and decision support.

"With the success we're having with 1-2-3, we were naturally excited about new Symphony.™ Symphony's word processing simplifies our preparation of in-house reports and with Symphony's communication capability we can easily access a wide range of information sources.

"We also recommend Symphony to our clients because it's the ideal complement to

Huttonline™—our online service that gives clients direct access to their portfolios, stock quotes and critical investment research. All this right on their own PC's.

"With Symphony, our clients can now get this information in really useable terms, and in exactly the format they want: spreadsheet, graphics, database, or words. And like 1-2-3, Symphony comes with everything in one package.

"In a business where timely information is everything, Symphony clearly meets our needs."

To find out which Lotus product is best for you, visit your authorized Lotus dealer.

 **Lotus**
One great idea after another.™

1-2-3, Lotus and Symphony are trademarks of Lotus Development Corporation.
© 1984, Lotus Development Corporation.
Huttonline is a trademark of E.F. Hutton & Company Inc.

Better than Jogging, Swimming, or Cycling...



NordicTrack

Jarless Total Body
Aerobic Exerciser
Duplicates X-C Skiing for the
Best way to Fitness

Cross-country skiing is often cited by physiologists as the most perfect form of cardiovascular exercise for both men and women. Its smooth, fluid, total body motion uniformly exercises more muscles so higher heart rates seem easier to attain than when jogging or cycling. NordicTrack closely simulates the pleasant X-C skiing motion and provides the same cardiovascular endurance-building benefits—right in the convenience of your home, year round. Eliminates the usual barriers of time, weather, chance of injury, etc. Also highly effective for weight control.

More Complete Than Running

NordicTrack gives you a more complete work out—conditions both upper body and lower body muscles at the same time. Fluid, jarless motion does not cause joint or back problems.

More Effective Than Exercise Bikes

NordicTrack's stand-up skiing motion more uni-

formly exercises the large leg muscles and also adds important upper body exercise. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because the work is shared by more muscle mass.

Even Better Than Swimming

NordicTrack more effectively exercises the largest muscles in the body, those located in the legs and buttocks. When swimming, the body is supported by the water, thus preventing these muscles from being effectively exercised. The stand up exercising position on the NordicTrack much more effectively exercises these muscles.

A Proven, High Quality Durable Product

NordicTracks have been in production since 1976. NordicTrack is quiet, motorless and has separately adjustable arm and leg resistances. We manufacture and sell direct. Two year warranty, 30 day trial period with return privilege.

Folds and stands on end to require only 15" x 17" storage space.

Call or write for...

FREE BROCHURE

Toll Free 1-800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

PSI, 124R Columbia Crt., Chaska, MN 55318



New Sterling Flatware at Ross-Simons' Savings

Call TOLL-FREE 800-556-7376 to place an order or for information

Send \$1 for
New 36-Page
Jewelry/Gift
Catalog



GORHAM 4 Pc. Settings SALE
Rose Tiara, Rondo or Greenbrier \$ **94.95**
Strasbourg, Fairfax, King Edward, Chantilly, Buttercup, Old French or Newport Scroll \$ **98.95**
Melrose, LaScala or Medici \$ **108.95**

REED & BARTON 4 Pc. Settings SALE
Pointed Antique or Tara \$ **89.95**
18th Century, English Chippendale, Hampton Court or Am. Federal \$ **89.95**
Francis I or Savannah \$ **108.95**

TOWLE 4 Pc. Settings SALE
Spanish Provincial or Old Lace \$ **84.95**
Chippendale, French Provincial, Old Master, Candlelight or Silver Plumes \$ **84.95**
Grand Duchess, El Grandedee, King Richard or Queen Elizabeth I \$ **107.95**

LUNT 4 Pc. Settings SALE
Bel Chateau, Modern Victorian or Wm. & Mary \$ **108.95**
Eloquence or Delacourt \$ **129.95**
ONEIDA 4 Pc. Settings SALE
Damask Rose \$ **104.95**

WALLACE 4 Pc. Settings SALE
Rose Point, Shenandoah or Grand Colonial \$ **89.95**
Grand Baroque or Grand Victorian \$ **109.95**

INTERNATIONAL 4 Pc. Settings SALE
Joan of Arc, Prelude or Wild Rose \$ **89.95**
1810, Royal Danish or Rhapsody \$ **114.95**

KIRK-STIEFF 4 Pc. Settings SALE
Old Maryland Engraved \$ **128.95**
Golden Winslow \$ **144.95**
Wmsbg. Shell \$ **144.95**

We try never to be undersold.
Call TOLL-FREE 800-556-7376 For The LOWEST PRICE!



Use Visa, MasterCard, American Express

Call TOLL-FREE 800-556-7376 to check quotations or to place an order. Price subject to change without notice. Money Back Guarantee.

Check Our Sale Prices On China

Lenox	Sale	Wedgwood	Sale	Noritake	Sale
Autumn.....	\$ 83.00	Runnymede.....	\$114.00	Shenandoah..	\$ 36.00
Eternal.....	\$ 46.00	Medici.....	\$ 69.00	Spell Binder..	\$ 50.00
Charleston.....	\$ 37.00	Cavendish.....	\$ 72.00	Magnificence..	\$ 40.00
Monroe.....	\$ 57.00	Royal Doulton		Villeroy & Boch	
Solitaire.....	\$ 44.00	Carlyle.....	\$ 97.00	Amapola.....	\$ 57.00
Lace Point.....	\$ 53.00	Harlow.....	\$ 79.00	Petite Fleur..	\$ 39.00
Maywood.....	\$ 37.00	Diana.....	\$ 32.00	Gorham	
Hayworth.....	\$ 37.00	Minton.....		Rondelle.....	\$ 49.00
Eclipse.....	\$ 90.00	Jasmine.....	\$ 82.00	Black	
Patriot.....	\$ 63.00	Grasmere.....	\$ 82.00	Contessa....	\$ 74.00

ROSS-SIMONS JEWELERS
136 Route 5, Department A11, Warwick, RI 02886

sheltered Allied agents in the Rose Palace in Bangkok.

In the second half of the 1970s, with the unfamiliarly tight Thai-American alliance of the 1960s ended, Thailand's leaders returned to the game that their predecessors had played so skillfully. In 1975 Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj visited Beijing and established diplomatic relations—the beginning of a series of forays by senior Thai officials to Beijing, Hanoi, Vientiane, and even Moscow to work out rapprochements with Thailand's erstwhile enemies.

Until 1979 the contacts with the Chinese produced some commercial arrangements, cultural exchanges, and a boom in Thai tourist excursions to China but did not affect the Chinese Communist Party's support of the Thai insurgency. The Chinese were friendly, but they had agendas of their own to worry about. As China's chairman at the time, Hua Kuo-feng, is reported to have explained to Kriangsak during a visit to China in April of 1978, the Chinese could not afford to shut the door on the CPT, because doing so would only open the door for the Soviets and the Vietnamese.

Then, at the end of December, the Vietnamese invaded Kampuchea. Two months later a war broke out at the Sino-Vietnamese border. The world scarcely noticed the accusations that began coming out of Hanoi that Thailand was allowing the Chinese to supply their Khmer Rouge allies through the island of Koh Kut, in the Gulf of Thailand. The Thai government denied the whole thing, took newspapermen on a tour of the island, and restated its neutrality.

There the official history ends. The underground account (which was repeated to me in virtually identical terms by people in and out of official positions, none of whom was willing to speak for the record) is that Prime Minister Kriangsak and Deng Xiaoping, who was then China's deputy prime minister, reached a quite explicit deal within days of the Vietnamese invasion of Kampuchea: the Chinese would quit supporting the Thai insurgency, in return for which the Thai would permit the Chinese to ship supplies across Thai territory to the Khmer Rouge. One of these observers added drily that the shipments were coming in at the same airbases from which the Americans had directed the bombing of North Vietnam, and were being trucked to the Kampuchean border over highways that had



JUSTICE FOR ALL.

Our civil justice system is in serious trouble.

If total litigation cost exceeds the amount of money received by a plaintiff, something is very wrong. If an injury most people think of as minor brings a higher award than a fatal accident, nothing makes sense. If a simple lawsuit takes years to resolve, everybody loses.

Chief Justice Warren E. Burger has noted, "...there has been a slowly—all too slowly—developing awareness that the traditional litigation process has become too cumbersome, too expensive, and also burdened by many other disadvantages."

Can anything be done? We think it can.

We are the Insurance Information Institute, action and information center for the property and casualty insurance industry.

Our member companies are vitally involved in the issue of civil justice. Their efforts to keep their customers' insurance prices down are hindered by high legal costs and unpredictable court awards.

What the public wants.

We've sponsored a Gallup survey to determine how people feel about civil justice today.

The results show that the public believes considerable delays occur in bringing cases to trial. They think that judges, not juries, should set awards in civil lawsuits. And they oppose punitive damages beyond full compensation for a loss.

Taking positive steps.

To do something about these problems, our industry has joined with others to create coalitions of concerned citizens—including executives, lawyers,

manufacturers, and health care professionals. Working together, they are developing new solutions to the civil justice crisis. In state after state, their ideas are being translated into action.

The ideals of civil justice will be served far better by courts that move more quickly, cost taxpayers less, and decide awards on a more consistent basis.

It's in the interests of everyone.

Our new report, *The Civil Justice Crisis*, examines reforms now being proposed. It tells how you can get involved. We'd like you to have a copy free of charge.



Insurance Information Institute
110 William Street
New York, NY 10038

Please send me a free copy of
The Civil Justice Crisis

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2D



Insurance Information Institute
A nonprofit action and information center

been built as part of the defense against the insurgency.

The Thai government continues to deny such stories. The salient fact is that, for whatever reasons, the Thai insurgents found themselves abandoned by the Chinese within a year of the Vietnamese invasion of Kampuchea.

The Vietnamese did not step in and fill the vacuum, as the Chinese had once feared they would. They couldn't, easily, because they had severed their relationship with the CPT just before the Chinese had. In January of 1979, acting on a decision apparently made by Vietnam before the invasion began, the Laotian government forced two battalions of Thai guerrillas to evacuate safe havens in Laos and return to the northern province of Nan, and it was reported that the Laotians relieved the Thai forces of much of their weaponry as they went. The Chinese supply route through western Laos was closed at about the same time. In February of 1979 Vietnamese forces pushed CPT bands out of their Kampuchean base camps. Why would Vietnam take such harsh measures against a supposedly fraternal revolutionary movement? The reason, in another irony that cannot have been lost on the leaders of the insurgency (nor later, perhaps, on the Vietnamese), was that the CPT had allied itself too closely with the Chinese. The end result: an active insurgency with two natural revolutionary sponsors virtually next door was shunned by both of them.

Once the Chinese withdrew their support, the struggle became very, very hard, Chuang told me. There was too little of everything. The villages resisted the additional levies imposed on them by the insurgents to help make up the difference. As the disarray of the CPT became apparent, the party's influence in the villages began to weaken. The government's incursions into the Phu Phan mountains brought about the destruction of longtime refugees. These forays were successful because former comrades like Pattana, who knew all about the network of guerrilla base camps and the supply arrangements, led the government's patrols. (When Pattana showed me a picture of himself at the head of a Royal Thai Army patrol, he seemed to be as proud of it as he was of the pictures showing him with his guerrilla unit.) It was no longer possible to stay in the jungle. When Chuang, the senior administrative officer for what had once been one of the showcase areas

of the insurgency, was captured, he was pedaling a trishaw in Khon Kaen. His old comrade Pattana had tracked him down and led the police to him.

BUA MU HOK, Sakon Nakhon Province. One last side road on the drive back to Bangkok brought me to this little village at the southern border of the province. Bua Mu Hok is very poor, and extremely isolated. Several villagers told me that I was the first Westerner who had ever come.

At first, conversation took much the same course that it had elsewhere. The village had been in the middle of the fighting; the people had been split between those who supported the government and those who supported the insurgency; now everyone had come home. But as the talk went on, two young men got angry, at different times and for reasons that exemplify the ambiguities of this revolution that died.

One of the two cradled his baby on his lap as he talked. He had joined the local volunteer force three years before to help fight the Communists and had survived a number of fire fights. We talked about the amnesty program for the insurgents. How did he feel about that? His reaction was sudden and intense. "This is an important story," he told me. "Listen. These were people who did evil—Thai who killed other Thai. And then they came back and they got all kinds of help, while the people who stayed in the village haven't gotten much of anything." Was there another way? I asked him. There was a long pause before he answered: No, there was not. The government had had to give assistance. In some cases, before the guerrillas went into the jungle they had sold everything they owned. Sometimes whole families had gone together, and nothing remained for them to return to. So the help had been necessary.

The other young man stood at the edge of the circle of villagers. The conversation turned to the development of the village, the local crops, and the prices the villagers were getting from the middlemen. He finally interrupted. "They're very poor!" he shouted, pointing at the crowd. "Look at their clothes!" He went on, glaring at me, his voice bitter. The help the government has given has been pathetically little, he said. Something has to be done. He broke off as abruptly as he had begun and walked away. I decided not to ask whether he was one of the fighters who

had come out of the jungle. He was the right age and had the right anger. He did not like the government. Probably he did not like rich Americans wandering around his village. And, for the time being, he had nowhere to go.

THOSE WHO OPPOSE intervention by the United States in the internal affairs of its allies might describe the Thai experience as follows: For years the United States gave Thailand an enormous amount of money, services, and advice in order to aid that country in its struggle against insurgency. Then the Americans left and the Thai were free to go their own way. Having discarded much of the Americans' advice, they did quite well for themselves. All this goes to show that a hands-off policy is best for America and best for its friends.

People who see insurgencies as rooted in poverty and oppression would probably present a case like this: Thailand made new economic opportunities available to the people. It improved the responsiveness and evenhandedness of government in the insurgent areas. The Thai strategy for counterinsurgency (especially after the Americans packed up) centered on reconciliation and amnesty. In all of these ways the Thai government wore the white hat and distinguished itself from governments that resort to death squads—and it won.

Finally, those who believe—as every U.S. Administration since Truman's has believed—that a Communist power is behind any insurgency would be inclined to make these points: Thailand's gentle domestic strategies did not quell the rebellion but merely positioned the country to reap the benefits of the deal it struck with the Chinese. The beginning of the collapse of the insurgency coincided not with the withdrawal of American aid or with economic reforms or with amnesty but with the end of support by the Chinese and the Vietnamese. To stop an insurgency, sever it from its sponsors.

You may choose your moral from among a large selection. In the end, perhaps, the most helpful lesson that countries struggling against insurgencies can learn from Thailand is that benevolence and realpolitik can mix.

—Charles Murray

Charles Murray is a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research. His book Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950–1980 has just been published.



Electra. Not just lavishly appointed, lavishly engineered.

Buick Electra. The name alone speaks volumes.

Per tradition, this Electra is very smooth, comfortable, and roomy [for six adults] and very, very luxurious. With supple seats, rich upholstery and a high level of convenience.

But we know that being luxurious isn't enough for a luxury car anymore. So the Electra is engineered with the latest technology: front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension plus an available 3.8-litre V-6 with multi-port fuel injection. [It's standard on the Park Avenue and Electra T Type.]

It is an automobile

with ample performance as well as ample room, and with road manners as sophisticated as its appointments. And the Electra was tested in the heat of Australia and the Alpine hairpins of Germany, to make sure it's ready for the ultimate test: yours.

Buckle up and visit your Buick dealer.

To ask any questions, request a brochure or test drive, call the Buick Product Information Center, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Eastern time, weekdays: 1-800-85-BUICK [1-800-852-8425].



Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buicks are equipped with engines produced at facilities operated by GM car groups, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide.



The ultimate Electra: Buick Park Avenue.

Y

O

I

J

B

M.D. BY D.V.

(or, Diana Vreeland Goes Whaling)

BY POLLY FROST AND MICHAEL SILVERBLATT

HAVE I EVER told you how I discovered the absolute red? I haven't? First let me tell you how I got my outfit.

I was walking in a rather chic neighborhood of Boston when I ran into Ahab. Ahab was quite simply the *most* interesting man I ever met. He was a peasant and a genius. I always say that peasants and geniuses are the only people who count—and he was both.

Ahab was limping about in that wonderfully *déjà* way of his. The way that man wore an ivory leg! Don't think that Ahab wasn't attractive—the peg leg gave him an air of *je ne sais quoi*.

"I won't be seeing you for a while," he said. "I'm going whaling."

"Whaling! What a *divine* idea!" I said. "I'm coming."

"You can't, it's too dangerous. You'd have to be willing to endure danger and deprivation."

Well, *of course*. Does a duck like to swim?

I had a small sailor's cap made and set it off to one side, and found a rakish pair of trousers. I may not have been a sailor, but I *looked* the part.

And then we were off on our mad adventure.

Imagine waking up in the middle of the night to find a cannibal in your bed! I always say that cannibals and geniuses are the only people who count—and Queequeg was both.

I'm crazy about the letter Q, aren't you? Have you ever noticed how many of the really *stylish* characters begin with Q? Quasimodo. Quixote. Queequeg. Well, of course I couldn't give you a *long* list . . . you'll just have to take my word for it.

What style Queequeg had! He would enter the dining room with his harpoon . . . just like that. *Very* cool. Don't think it didn't cause a stir. It did. And while we're on the subject of the dining room, the food was *délicieuse*. As you know, I don't like native cooking, but oh—the bouillon! All of Africa was in it!

Violet is a color I really like. But then I like almost every color. Stubb, you know, was a pale-lobster color. And Starbuck—of the *Maine* Starbucks, of course—was that pinky off-salmon that I loathe. So naturally we snubbed Stubb



and Starbuck, and I took dinner below deck with Tashtego and Queequeg—two simply divine cannibals. You know Tashtego, don't you? He had the coarsest hair, cut in a Mohawk, and the politest way of taking a scalp. I didn't discover him, but I knew who he was. And once I met him, I arranged to have him seen *seen*.

I hate exoticism, it's so silly.

I asked what warpaint they used, where they got it. Most of it turned out to be Revlon, to tell you the truth.

Queequeg was tattooed the loveliest purply-yellow, like a huge, muscled, radiant eggplant. And when he sat with his harpoon in his fist, spearing the hard-tack, he was *violently* attractive . . . So *many* men forget that color decides everything. Everything. *Tout*. I wanted to rush home and paint my pantry that color. Well, not that *exact* color, you understand, but the *idea* of that color. Something between an 1890s Monet and a nasty bruise.

The nights on board the *Pequod*! It was like the Arabian nights—these great big pantaloons with gold and silver brocade, and lamé boleros worn over very clean white shirts. And up on deck the crew rushing about shouting *Avast!* and *Ahoy!* and all those lovely nautical cries—while secretly all they could think about was *sperm*. I mean spermaceti—the best thing for your face. Did

you know they make it into soap? Really . . . my skin never looked so *natural* as on that trip . . . spermaceti—it sounds so like a peasant dish from the South of Italy. Did I ever tell you about Francisco de Cunha's vermicelli? But let's not stray too far afield, or we'll forget where we began!

Ahab *had* to have that whale. The man was *obsessed*. Just like Andy back in the sixties with those *Brillo* boxes.

I think it was because the whale was *white*.

You've been in the Arctic, of course you have. If you're like *me*, you look around at all that white and say, "Fine, but where're the shops?"

Ahab was *mad* for the whiteness of the whale. Frankly, it was the whiteness of the whale that above all things appalled me. Here is my philosophy—white is clever, but it will never be profound. Besides, it wasn't white at all!

It was *cream*-colored!

You simply can't trust men when it comes to color.

At last we're onto a *serious* subject.

Thank God, it wasn't off-white. I can't abide off-white, can you?

THE SAILORS WERE petulant. The prophet of doom on board went listing about with his mournful cry: "*Beware of pearl-gray with pink!*"

Oh, delirium! I find it so *refreshing*, don't you? The men were half mad by this time. Don't think it made them any the less fun to be with. It didn't.

They tried to get me up on deck. I told them I had an appointment at the Royal School of Needlework. The sillies! *Of course* I went up on deck. And what an adventure! There was Ahab, looking desperately out to sea—a woman whaling for her demon lover. What a night! The sky was blue blue blue . . . like the Duke of Windsor's eyes.

Up from the depths rose the Whale.

Ahab was standing right where you are now, with his peg leg in a hole, whirling about like the mad dervish in *Boris Godunov*. So smart! *God!*

Have I told you that I think the sea is God's great tranquilizer? I have? Do you think being made love to by a man who won't take off his gloves is *sexy*? So do I!

"Ka-la! Koo-loo!" Queequeg cried. What was he talking? Porpoise?

The sailors pulled to larboard. The water crashed over the ship and *drenched* us. *Fantastico!*

Ahab and Moby Dick. The two were glorious. But if looks could kill!

While we were all waiting for the White Whale to reappear, the men were on deck singing those *divine* chants—you know. "Sixteen dead men, ho, ho, ho!" It was the "La vie en rose" of the sea! *Everyone* sang it, even the pirates. I *adore* pirates, don't you? They're so . . . *demimondain*.

Sometimes eels and jellyfish would follow the boat like the fringe on my favorite white Vionnet—you just put it over your head and it moved with the natural fluidity of the body—and everywhere we looked we saw the aquamarine ocean, so splashy, the *cold* blue of *hard* enamel . . . it was *to die*.

Whales are the *most* amazing creatures. Very complex and *chic*. Don't ask me *why*, but it's true. Cetology I find *absorbing*. Finding out which whale is related to which—just like the royal families of Europe when some smashing princess introduces hemophilia into the line.

Ahab retained his *fantastic* glamour for me, even after all these days at sea.

"There she blows! —there she blows! A hump like a snow-hill! It is Moby Dick!"

Well, who else *could* it be? Really.

So like an inaugural ball where the guest of honor is the last to arrive. How I kept wishing Diaghilev were there to present it as a ballet, with Nijinsky leaping as the whale.

Well, to make a long story short . . . they threw the harpoons and there was blood blood *blood*. Moby Dick rendered the multitudinous seas incarnadine, as Shakespeare is known to have said. It was disgusting, but *divine*.

I don't like metaphysics. To me they're not . . . enough.

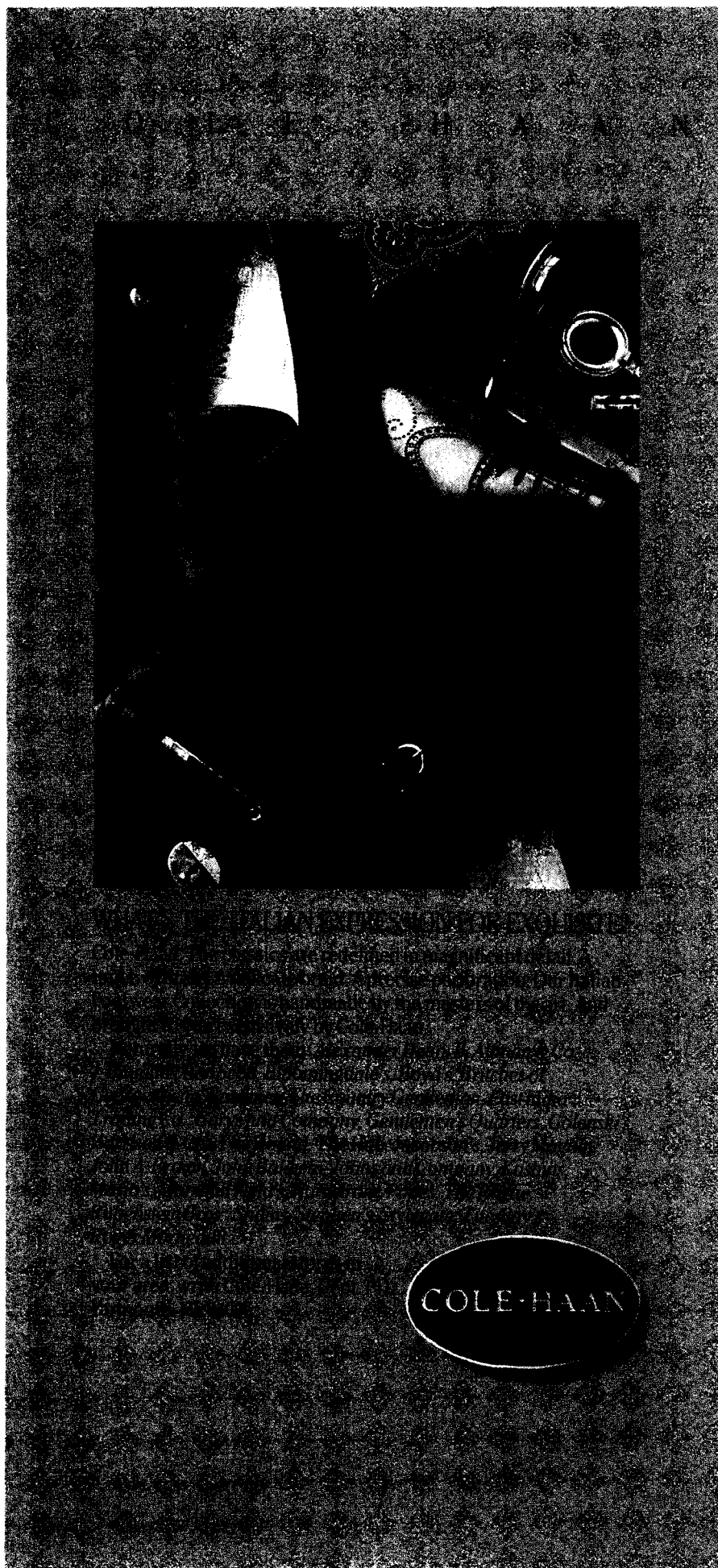
The whale was heaving oceans of shiny red blood. Enameled Chinese red. Red red. Absolute red. Mmm. . .

Enfin, enfin, enfin!

On the one hand, I found my absolute red, but on the other, everyone but Ishmael simply *disappeared* off the face of the earth!

That's what Coco Chanel used to call a *succès d'estime*. □

Polly Frost and Michael Silverblatt are screenwriters who live in Los Angeles.



Just a word about the price of The Glenlivet. Preposterous.

Is the premium we place on The Glenlivet really so outlandish? No more so than the premium placed on great vintage wines and fine champagne cognacs. The reason? Taste. Just one sip and you'll know that The Glenlivet has a taste that's without equal.

The Glenlivet is Scotland's first and finest single malt Scotch, from Scotland's oldest licensed distillery. And, just as it always has been, this 100% Highland malt whisky is distilled from natural spring water and fine malt barley, then aged in oaken casks.

Only The Glenlivet's time-honored methods can achieve this unequaled taste. A taste that sets us apart. Its smoothness, body and bouquet are qualities found only in this unique Scotch.

Of course, some people may still insist that The Glenlivet is too expensive. We have just one word to say about that. Preposterous!

The Glenlivet
12-year-old unblended Scotch.
About \$20 the bottle.



*If the "nuclear winter"
theory is correct, an aggressor would
destroy himself, even if there were no retaliation*

NUCLEAR WINTER AND NUCLEAR STRATEGY

BY THOMAS POWERS

DURING THE OPENING campaigns of the air war against Germany, it didn't take long for the British Bomber Command to realize that the right way to destroy a city is not to break it up with high explosives but to burn it. High-explosive (HE) bombs are purely local affairs. You've got to cube the blast power of the bomb in order to square the area destroyed. Not even a thousand British Lancaster and Halifax bombers, which was the size of the biggest of the fleets raiding Germany by the third year of the war, could carry enough high-explosive bombs to do more than sprinkle cities with holes of destruction. Bomb raids involving HE bombs were terrifying to live through but not very dangerous; casualties were generally few.

But fire is a living thing. Fire consumes and spreads. Fire attacks anything of organic origin the way disease attacks human bodies, and just as epidemics can flash through the crowds of cities, so fire finds a congenial host in the accumulated combustibles—the wood, the paper, and the fabric of cities. In March of 1942 Bomber Command attacked the medieval German city of Lübeck, figuring that its narrow streets of ancient timbered houses meant it would burn well. It did. As the war progressed, the British abandoned daylight attacks on specific industrial targets because too many planes were being shot down and it was too hard to drop bombs accurately. The price was high, the results paltry. So Bomber Command switched to nighttime raids on the sprawling industrial suburbs of German manufacturing centers. Darkness protected the bombers, cities were big enough to find at night, and their size meant that even a miss—and most



bombs fell miles wide of the "target"—was still bound to hit *something*. The adoption of the "bomber stream" helped to concentrate the attack. The bombs were fused to explode not on impact but an instant later, which helped to break up buildings. The bomb-load mix was changed as well. A third of each plane's cargo was devoted to HE bombs, which broke windows, blew open doors, and splintered wood into matchsticks. The rest of the load consisted of incendiary bombs to set the wreckage afire.

But the art of burning cities did not approach full flower until July of 1943, when successive raids on Hamburg brought something new into the world—the firestorm. The worst damage occurred on the night of July 27–28, when nearly 750 British bombers dropped 2,326 tons of bombs, about half of them incendiaries. For some reason the bomb patterns were unusually tight that night. A vast fire was ignited, producing temperatures estimated at nearly 1,000° centigrade at the center of the conflagration. Hurricane-force winds roared in from all sides to feed the fire. People abroad in the streets were actually sucked into the fire. Others were mired in molten asphalt, or they melted outside the steel blast doors of bunkers where they had—too late—sought refuge. When survivors inside opened the doors to emerge after the raid, they found pools of fat on the ground. In other shelters the heat was so intense that people were baked brown, leaving shriveled corpses the size of children, or they died of asphyxiation because the firestorm had sucked the air out of the shelter. A study by the United States Strategic Bombing Survey after the war found that the average number of deaths in an ordinary bombing run on an urban area was 1,850. In Hamburg the death toll was over 40,000. Whether this raid helped to win the war

Thomas Powers is a contributing editor of The Atlantic.

is hard to say. One reason for the attack on Hamburg was its importance as a submarine-building center. Some 400 U-boats were launched by the Hamburg yards during the war, about half before the raid and half after. But the Hamburg raid unnerved the German High Command and convinced Allied strategic-bombing enthusiasts that they had found the key to defeat of an enemy from the air.

As things turned out, creating a firestorm was no easy matter; everything had to work just so. But Bomber Command destroyed Dresden with another in February of 1945, and the Americans under General Curtis LeMay succeeded in creating the biggest of all in Tokyo the next month, when a roaring inferno destroyed sixteen square miles of the city and killed more than 80,000 people. In the late spring of 1945 General H. A. "Hap" Arnold asked LeMay how long he thought the war against Japan would last. LeMay said, "Give me thirty minutes." Then he called in one of his operations officers and did the numbers: so many Japanese cities left to burn, so many planes available to fly, so many flying days to do the job. When there were no more cities to burn, the war would be over. LeMay told Arnold, "The first of September." What was new about Hiroshima was not the firestorm—something well understood by that time—but the fact that its infernal horrors had been achieved by one bomb from one plane. This represented a quantum jump in military efficiency. When LeMay saw the Hiroshima photos a few days later, he told me recently, he realized that "we really had something extraordinary."

Burning cities were one enduring image to come out of the war. It obsessed military men for twenty years, but the general public caught the drift as well. I've often thought that this image had a lot to do with the rapid growth of the suburbs surrounding American cities in the 1950s. The message of Coventry, Hamburg, Berlin, Tokyo, and Hiroshima was hard to miss: War destroys cities. *Get out of the cities.* But my notion is a hard one to prove. Perhaps the growth of suburbia was only the doing of the automobile, or of cheap mortgages.

WHAT IS INTERESTING NOW IS SOMETHING THAT was noticed only as a curiosity then—the vast pillars of smoke that rose over the burning cities and then diffused downwind, creating gorgeous sunsets for days thereafter. Color in the evening sky is a function of slanting sunlight shining through stuff in the air—clouds, dust, volcanic ash, the characteristic smoke and fumes of cities. In Cairo once, a friend and I watched the sun set over the Western Desert after a dust storm. The sky was stupendously aflame. On another occasion I took an air taxi down the length of Long Island toward New York City and watched the sun set through the yellow and purple and violet streaks of gunk suspended over the city. It seemed hard to believe that living creatures could breathe that livid stew. A lot of what we think of as nature is really the doing of man. One of the arguments raised against a

plan to hide MX missiles among thousands of shelters in the deserts of Nevada and Utah was the dust that construction would stir up—thick enough at the Grand Canyon, hundreds of miles away, scientists said, that tourists often wouldn't be able to see one rim of the canyon from the other.

The general phenomenon is well known. Volcanoes pumping ash into the air can add a streak of color to sunsets thousands of miles away. In 1950 a gigantic fire burned over an area of 10,000 square kilometers of forest in Alberta, Canada. The trees, mostly conifers, were rich in tars and resins, which make oily black smoke. The pall covered about half the land area of the United States, spread across the Atlantic, was detected over Great Britain by aircraft as high as 35,000 feet, and actually reduced the amount of visible light reaching the ground in Western Europe. Smoke hangs well in the air, especially dark, sooty smoke. The particles are small. They absorb sunlight and heat up the surrounding air, which tends to linger aloft in a thick layer. Second World War bombers frequently returned to their bases covered with black soot picked up at altitudes of 20,000 or 30,000 feet. The smoke from the firestorm at Hiroshima, which burned five square miles of the city, was pushed high into the troposphere by the combined heat of the fires and the bomb's fireball. Survivors spoke of the awful darkness and the chill in the August air which accompanied the murk and the gloom. Water vapor condensed and fell back to earth as rain, black with the soot it picked up on the way down. A Japanese novelist, Masuji Ibuse, later wrote a fine novel called *Black Rain* about the bombing of Hiroshima. For him the black rain symbolized the ghastliness of what happened.

But to American officials and scientists who studied the bombing after the war, the black rain—an unexpected effect of the unique explosion—was nothing more than a curiosity. Scores of individuals contributed reports for the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey account of the attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but the author of the account, Philip J. Farley, remembers no mention of smoke in the documents he collected. "I thought of the cloud in terms of the scenic effects," Farley said recently in his office at Stanford University, where he now teaches after a long government career spent mostly in the State Department. "Nobody was thinking [of side effects] except in terms of radiation."

Paul Nitze, one of the Survey's two vice-chairmen, took Farley to Japan in August to work on the Survey's study of the Pacific half of the war, and then, in November, assigned him to write the account of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Farley never visited either city, but the reports he saw covered everything imaginable—heat and blast effects, radiation sickness, the durability of various types of construction, the hopeless task that had faced the city's fire-fighting services, and the like—except the smoke. The limits of the fire were mapped in great detail, but smoke was smoke. How much, where it went, how long it lingered in the air—none of that seemed to matter.

But now the question of smoke is very much on the minds of scientists and military men, for the simple reason that nuclear war would mean large numbers of burning cities, all pumping vast quantities of smoke into the air. Last December five scientists published a paper in *Science* magazine claiming that smoke from as few as a thousand fires in a hundred major cities could cast a sooty pall over the Northern Hemisphere thick and lingering enough to bring darkness at noon and radically cool the earth's surface for months, thereby triggering a climatic catastrophe—a “nuclear winter”—that would threaten many plant and animal species, including man, with extinction.

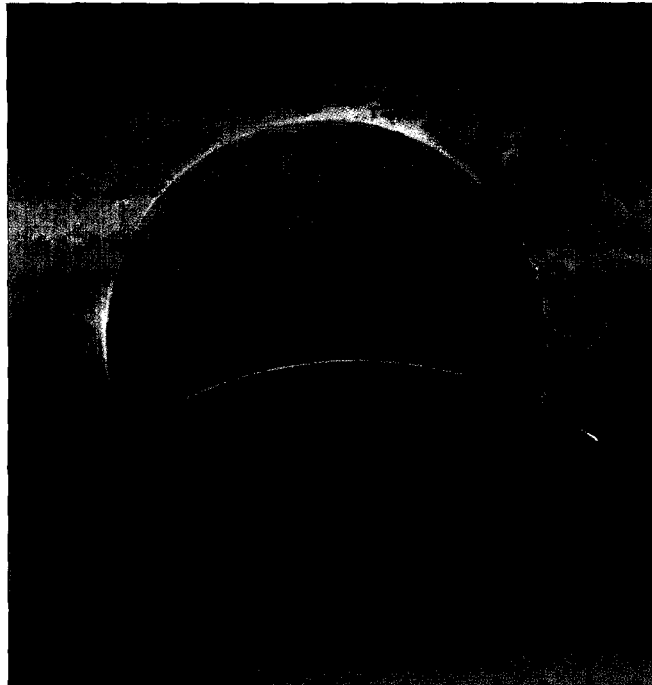
The invention of nuclear weapons has brought dire warnings aplenty in the past few decades, but this one is on an altogether different scale. It's one thing to say that the United States and the Soviet Union would suffer beyond precedent in a nuclear war, even that a nuclear war “would destroy civilization as we know it.” It's our civilization, after all; we built it, and perhaps that gives us the right to destroy it. But we are not our own fathers; we did not create the human race, much less the other forms of life that share the planet with us. A defense policy that threatens life itself on such a scale is simply too crazy to stand.

In a sense, the bad news about nuclear winter is *so* bad that it might even be taken as grounds for a perverse optimism. If we finally admit that we can't fight a nuclear war without destroying ourselves—*really* destroying ourselves—then perhaps the time has come to quit preparing to fight one. Even deterrence—preventing war through fear of the consequences—demands a credible threat. Can it be credible to threaten attacks on Soviet cities that would expose both nations—even without Soviet retaliation—to nuclear winter? Thus the problem of burning cities has introduced a wild card into the calculations of American (and presumably of Soviet) war planners.

Of course, many technical uncertainties remain. The authors of the nuclear-winter paper stopped short of claiming to know that a nuclear war would shroud the earth in a long, freezing night and kill everybody. Much scientific work remains to be done. But the preliminary findings are not encouraging; the prospect of smoke from hundreds of burning cities poses a real problem for defense planners. Even military men, normally skeptical of apocalyptic claims, are worried—especially the ones who draw up the plans for targeting nuclear weapons in the event of war.

Some of the ones I've talked to—a retired admiral, for example, who was in charge of war planning for the Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS) in the early 1970s—look rueful, smile ironically, and give vague waves of the hand and shakes of the head when they respond to claims that a thousand large fires in a hundred major cities could mean big trouble worldwide. The targeting experts know we're planning to do worse than that to the Russians. But if you take the cities out of the war plan, there's no plan left. It's an either/or proposition: either we stick to the plan and court ecological catastrophe, or we get rid of the plan and try to think of something else to do with

the 9,500 strategic nuclear warheads in the American arsenal. What that might be is hard to imagine. Nuclear weapons are good for igniting fires over hundreds of square kilometers and obliterating downtowns. If cities are off limits, there's not much to use the weapons on. The public is having a hard time trying to grasp just how uncompromising the choice is, but the war planners got the point right away: if the smoke of burning cities is really a problem, then our current plans for fighting a nuclear war amount to literal suicide for the country that strikes first, even if there is no retaliation.



In the popular mind, at least, nuclear war has always meant the end of the world. Numerous public-opinion surveys have shown that the average American *expects* to die if there is a nuclear war; many even hope that they will die. Until recently military officials, and probably most scientists who take an interest in nuclear strategy, have not shared these apocalyptic fears. Indeed, one badge of the weapons fraternity has been a hardheaded knowledge of how bad nuclear war isn't. But ordinary citizens are difficult to reassure. They're convinced that we passed the point of overkill long ago, not just in rhetoric but in fact. Perhaps the toughest thing for the public to understand is why the military wants more nuclear weapons when “we've already got more than we need to kill everybody ten times over.” Anyone who writes or speaks professionally about these matters hears this question again and again. The answer is that the world's nuclear arsenal of perhaps 50,000 weapons would certainly be big enough to kill everybody if people would gather together conveniently in exposed places, but not otherwise—or so the experts have thought. To “blow up the world” in the popular sense of the phrase would take far more nuclear weap-

ons than we've got, probably even more than we could make. "There's just not enough fissionable material," Richard Turco, a scientist specializing in atmospheric studies at R & D Associates, in Marina del Rey, California, told me recently. Turco has been studying the effects of nuclear weapons on the atmosphere for years, and he was one of the five authors of the nuclear-winter paper—the phrase is Turco's coinage—published last December. Turco believes that a nuclear war could threaten man and many of his fellow creatures with utter disaster, but, like most technically minded men, he hates imprecision, and he is particularly irritated by popular fears that imagine disaster of the wrong sort. He once did some calculations to see what it would take to blow down all the world's buildings with blast waves, to ignite all the combustible materials on the surface of the earth with thermal pulse, or to expose everyone on earth to a dose of a thousand rads (units of radiation) within an eighteen-hour period. The first two would take about two million megatons of explosive power (that is, the equivalent of two trillion tons of TNT) and the third about a quarter of that amount. "Blowing up the world" in the literal sense is beyond us.

But there is more than one way to skin a cat. The late Herman Kahn, who made his reputation with a huge tome, published in 1960, titled *On Thermonuclear War*, speculated in that book on the feasibility of an ultimate deterrent, a "doomsday machine" that could destroy the planet in the event that the side in control of the trigger felt that it had been pushed into an untenable corner. Kahn could be something of an intellectual rascal; it amused him to carry rationality to extremes, outraging the tenderer hearts of traditional humanists. But also he had a serious purpose in mind. He felt that atomic weapons were a fact of modern life, and had to be considered rationally; they weren't something just to be brandished with wild threats of an apocalyptic *or else*. Kahn put the war plans of the late 1950s into that category. These plans were hard to execute but simple in theory—obliteration of the Soviet Union. In 1953 the Joint Chiefs of Staff approved a plan named Offtackle, devised by the Strategic Air Command (SAC) under LeMay, which called for opening with attacks on Moscow (twenty bombs) and Leningrad (twelve) and then delivering the rest of the arsenal (about 900 weapons in all) to targets in other Soviet and East European cities. Another plan, named Reaper, adopted the following year, called for dropping 1,500 bombs on Soviet targets. Kahn thought this *all-or-nothing* approach was crazy, and he attacked it obliquely with his doomsday speculations.

The idea behind Kahn's proposal for a doomsday machine, dreamed up pretty much off the top of his head, was simple: pack the deepest hole that could be dug or found with thousands of megatons of nuclear weapons, thereby threatening to shatter the crust of the earth and literally break the planet apart. He concluded that such a project was feasible but dumb. It might blow up the world, all right, but it wouldn't deter, because the other side

wouldn't believe anyone was crazy enough to trigger the machine. In a footnote, interestingly, Kahn wondered if we might not create a doomsday machine inadvertently. He decided not: the planet was too tough; you couldn't kill it without really trying.

Kahn worked for the Rand Corporation in 1960; he had high-level security clearances and was privy to a broad range of the nation's nuclear secrets. But like everyone else at the time, he failed to sense the ecological fragility of the earth; he overlooked the potential importance of the humblest of the side effects of nuclear war—the smoke of burning cities; and it never occurred to him that the United States had already built a doomsday machine and had been preparing since the approval of Reaper, in 1954, to use that machine, in complete ignorance of the possible result.

THE THREAT TO THE WORLD'S CLIMATE THAT THE smoke of burning cities poses was a long time sinking in. It was like Edgar Allan Poe's "Purloined Letter"—hidden in plain sight. One strand of discovery goes back to a 1980 theory that the mass extinctions of dinosaur species at the boundary of the Cretaceous and Tertiary periods, about 65 million years ago, were the doing of a large asteroid, perhaps six or seven miles in diameter, which slammed into the earth with tremendous impact. The dust and debris blown up into the atmosphere by the collision would have darkened the sky for months, cooling the surface of the earth and reducing ambient light—that is, the average visible light at the surface of the earth—below the level at which photosynthesis could keep green things alive. Each of these effects was lethal in its own right, but coming together they precipitated a downward spiral—a kind of unraveling of life systems a bit like an economic crash, in which the failure of one business or industry immediately threatens another, until all lie in ruins. The dinosaur-extinction theory was substantially revised over the following few years, but one point was established pretty thoroughly—junk in the upper atmosphere could have a significant darkening and cooling effect on the earth's surface.

A second strand of discovery began in 1971, when the *Mariner 9* space probe went into orbit around Mars and began transmitting photographs of the planet entirely surrounded by dust from a vast Martian storm. Carl Sagan, the well-known Cornell University astronomer, and other scientists monitoring the probe spent three months studying Martian dust storms, because there was nothing much else to do while they waited for the Martian atmosphere to clear. One thing they learned was that dust in the upper atmosphere tends to absorb sunlight and heat up, while the surface of the planet, in semidarkness, tends to cool down. The models they devised to describe the behavior of Martian dust storms seem to work equally well for the effects of volcanic eruptions on Earth.

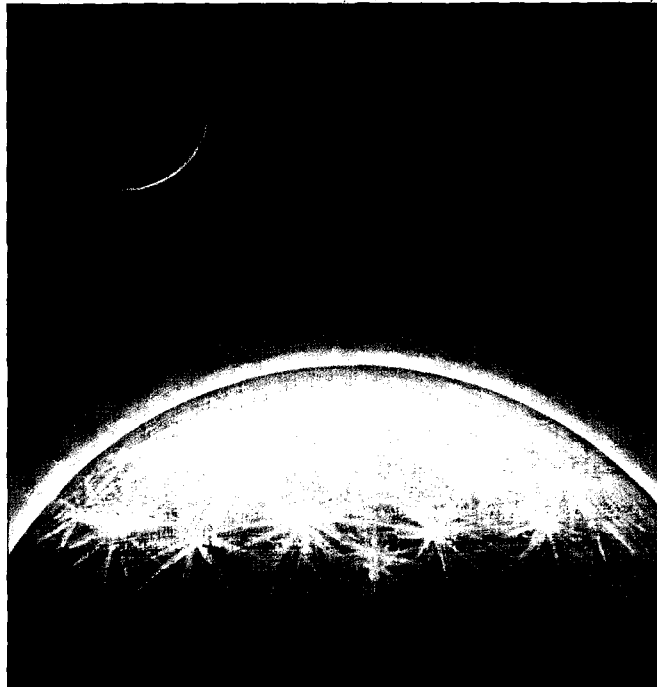
The biggest of these, according to a study by the Smith-

sonian Institution, occurred in April of 1815, on the island of Sumbawa, in the Indonesian archipelago. Days of earth tremors and mighty rumbling like the sound of cannon culminated in a single tremendous explosion that blew off the top 4,200 feet of Mount Tambora and cast up some twenty-five cubic miles of earth and rock into the atmosphere—roughly a hundred times the stuff spewed up by Mount St. Helens or by the eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii in A.D. 79. So dense was the dust, smoke, and ash in the air that the Tambora eruption was followed by three days of total darkness over an area 400 miles across. The volcano's plume carried debris into the stratosphere—the cold, rainless, slowly swirling blanket of thin air above the troposphere—where it circled the earth for a year or two before settling out. Scientists have estimated that the dust cloud generated by Tambora resulted in a cooling of the earth's surface that averaged about sixth tenths of one degree centigrade. That may not sound like much, but the result in New England has been remembered ever since as "the year there was no summer." Killing frosts in every month of the year in northern New England, and cold throughout the region, severely damaged crops and led to wheat

prices so high that they weren't equalled for more than 150 years, until 1972. Similar weather in Europe caused outright famine in many areas, probably triggered a typhus epidemic that spread from Ireland to England, and may have contributed in a roundabout way to the arrival of cholera in Europe in the 1830s.

Another strand of discovery emerged in the early 1970s, when scientists demonstrated that the fluorocarbons used to provide the pressure in aerosol cans of everything from shaving cream to oven cleaner and deodorant could break down ozone. Ozone is only a minor component of the earth's atmosphere, but it is nevertheless important. A belt of the gas surrounds the planet and shields it from a good part of the sun's ultraviolet rays, mild doses of which cause sunburn, and strong, direct doses of which can cause skin cancer and blindness. The fluorocarbon controversy, typically, resulted in a broad range of scientific studies demonstrating that fluorocarbons do indeed drift into the upper atmosphere, where they break down ozone. Whether pressurized aerosol cans could release enough fluorocarbons to endanger the ozone layer was never conclusively established, but the controversy directed attention to an-

other problem—the tendency of nuclear detonations in the megaton range to produce large quantities of nitrous oxides and to carry them up into the stratosphere, where, like fluorocarbons, they break down ozone. In 1975 the National Academy of Sciences published a major study titled *Long-term Worldwide Effects of Multiple Nuclear-Weapon Detonations*, which concluded that a major nuclear war would deplete the ozone layer, that this would increase the amount of ultraviolet light reaching the surface of the earth to a serious but not catastrophic degree, and that this effect would persist for several years before the ozone layer replenished itself naturally.



THROUGHOUT THE 1970s the pieces were coming together: the controversy over dinosaur extinctions, the Martian-dust-storm studies, climatologists' increasingly sophisticated understanding of the effects of volcanic eruptions on weather, and the work by the National Academy of Sciences on ozone depletion prepared the way for illumination of the biggest light bulb of all—the realization that smoke, if there were enough of it, and if it reached high enough, had the capacity to plunge the globe into freezing darkness.

The first serious study of the smoke that would be generated by nuclear warfare, by Paul Crutzen, a West German scientist, and John Birks, an American, was published in a special issue of *Ambio*, the journal of Sweden's Royal Academy of Sciences, in June of 1982. Crutzen and Birks assumed that a major nuclear war would ignite about five percent of the 20 million square kilometers of forest in the world's temperate regions. Their calculations showed that the smoke from these vast fires, like the dust generated by volcanic eruptions, but on a much greater scale, would threaten the climate through heating of the upper atmosphere and cooling of the earth's surface.

An early preprint of the *Ambio* article circulated among scientists at a meeting in Santa Barbara, California, in early 1982, where Richard Turco, who had worked on the ozone problem, read it. He started to crunch numbers on his own to see what would happen. Eventually he and four other scientists—Brian Toon, Thomas Ackerman, James Pollack, and Carl Sagan—wrote a detailed, 127-page scientific paper called the Blue Book (the group were also the authors of the article published in *Science* last December; this was basically a condensed and corrected version of the

Blue Book), and this was reviewed in detail by about a hundred scientists at a four-day meeting held in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in April of 1983. The Blue Book estimated the ozone and radiation effects of nuclear war along with the smoke problem, and went another step beyond the Crutzen and Birks study by accounting for the smoke from burning cities—a threat to the earth's climate much greater than forest fires, because there is more to burn in cities, and because the nature of the fires would help push smoke high into the atmosphere. By this time the nuclear-winter thesis was a subject of wide discussion throughout military and scientific circles in the United States. Technical objections were numerous, and every aspect of the paper's data base, methodology, climate modeling, and results was scrutinized rigorously at the Cambridge meeting. The TTAPS authors (the acronym is formed from the initials of their last names, and is pronounced as if there were only one T) were the first to admit that their work contained numerous uncertainties, but their science held up with sufficient "robustness" (scientific argot meaning that an answer to a question tends to come out the same even if you fiddle with the assumptions) to make any sober investigator recognize that this problem could not be lightly dismissed.

Available only in mimeographed form, the Blue Book makes hard reading for a layman. It is filled with the names of unfamiliar chemical compounds like peroxyacetyl nitrate, hard-to-imagine numbers like 10^9 , numerous technical terms like *entrainment* and *hygroscopic*, and mathematical symbols like $\sim$, $<$, $>$, ℓ , and $\lesssim$. There are seventeen graphs, some of which have more ups and downs than a comb has teeth, and eighteen pages of references to more than 200 published scientific studies, which start with Aandahl, A.R., *Soils of the Great Plains*, and wind up with Yokoyama, I., "A Geophysical Interpretation of the 1883 Krakatoa Eruption." The Blue Book's authors studied several dozen imaginary nuclear wars, ranging from an all-out, 25,000-megaton exchange of the sort Herman Kahn used to refer to as a "spasm war," down to a relatively small (and improbable, as we shall see), 100-megaton war involving a thousand detonations entirely on cities. Keeping these wars straight as one reads is no easy task. The Blue Book frankly confesses, "The overall uncertainty in the present calculations is quite large. It arises from a lack of knowledge of the number, yields and types of nuclear bursts which might be detonated in a war, of the basic physical properties of nuclear dust and smoke, of the causes and characteristics of mass nuclear fires in cities and forests, and of the response of the atmosphere to enormous particle injections."

Nevertheless, few readers would have difficulty in grasping the disquieting central message of the Blue Book. Nuclear weapons, especially when detonated in the air, produce an intense thermal pulse that can ignite fires simultaneously over vast areas. Any city attacked with nuclear weapons will burn, and many of these burning cities will generate firestorms whose gigantic smoke columns

will carry soot particles into the upper atmosphere, where they might linger for months before settling out. The pall of smoke from burning cities would rapidly diffuse over the mid-latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere and might circulate into the tropical regions around the equator, which, for complex reasons, would be even more sensitive to changes in ambient light and temperature. Darkness at the earth's surface would bring a decline in mean annual temperatures of as much as 40° centigrade for months. If the war took place in spring or early summer, temperatures might fall well below zero throughout July, August, and September. For months it might be as dark at midday as it normally is on a moonlit night. The effects of this long, cold "night" on plant ecology—and everything that lives is ultimately dependent on the photosynthesis of plants—are hard to predict in detail but would almost certainly be catastrophic.

The science in the Blue Book may be complex, but it describes a simple mechanism. Think of the relief that comes on a hot, clear day in July when you pass from the brutal glare of the midday sun to the deep shade of a maple tree, or even a beach umbrella. Under normal conditions the heat absorbed from sunlight during the day escapes at night—but slowly, because the earth's atmosphere serves as a kind of blanket. The longer the night, the more heat escapes. In a "night" lasting months, heat would go on escaping and temperatures would go on dropping. In trying to calculate the smoke effects of a nuclear war, the first and most important question is: How many fires would be ignited? The answer is a military secret. It is contained in the war plans for targeting nuclear weapons which have been drawn up by military men in the United States and the Soviet Union.

THE EARLIEST AND THE MOST PERSISTENT CRITICISMS of the nuclear-winter thesis have focused on scenarios—imaginary nuclear wars devised as a tool for predicting effects. When Richard Turco briefed his colleagues at R & D Associates on an early version of the Blue Book, some of them were quick to point out that he was trying to calculate the effects of wars that would never happen. One scenario, for example, describes a 100-megaton war in which 1,000 warheads of 100 kilotons each are detonated over 1,000 urban targets. Such a war would certainly produce a lot of smoke, but it is not anything we have to worry about. It contradicts too many principles of nuclear strategy, which call for wars of extreme caution or reckless extravagance—nothing in between. If American war planners elected to "limit" a war to 100 megatons, they would stay away from cities, which are generally targeted only in the final, all-out phases of war plans. If the planners decided to hit 1,000 urban targets (an attack virtually certain to bring an all-out response), they would use a lot more than 100 megatons and would target a lot of other things as well.

Academic defense analysts have often faulted the

TTAPS study for worrying about the wrong sorts of wars, but the Pentagon has not joined them. When the TTAPS group presented its findings at a highly publicized conference in Washington, a year ago October, the response from the White House and the Pentagon was virtual silence. Many skeptical outsiders (including me, at first) interpreted this silence as indifference, as just one more bit of evidence, if any were needed, that the military was narrowly focused on its own obsessions—what the Russians had, and what we had that could destroy what the Russians had. But in fact something deeper was at work. In early December the assistant secretary of Defense for atomic energy, Richard Wagner, arranged for a briefing of Pentagon officials on the nuclear-winter findings. One of those who took part was Michael May, a former director of the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, which, like Los Alamos, is mainly concerned with the design and development of nuclear weapons. May, who is still active at the Livermore Lab, and his colleagues—especially Michael MacCracken, an expert on climate—had already studied the nuclear-winter thesis in detail, and they told the assembled Pentagon officials that the problem was a serious one. Although they disagreed with some of the assumptions, they found no obvious faults in the science. The smoke of burning cities posed a serious threat to the earth's climate.

May has spent most of his life in weapons work. The Livermore Lab, founded largely through the efforts of Edward Teller, specialized early in advanced warheads and has designed perhaps half of those in the current American arsenal. The people who work at Livermore believe in deterrence, believe in making good weapons better, and believe that much public criticism of their work is based on misinformation and hysteria. If the nuclear-winter thesis had been full of holes, May and his colleagues would not have hesitated to say so. The briefing—which was gloomy not only from a broadly human but also from a narrow military point of view—resulted in the Pentagon's public silence and its private support for further research. The reason was simple: the nuclear-winter thesis, if valid, threatens to make nonsense of every notion the planners have managed to come up with, in forty years of trying to devise a sensible way to fight a nuclear war.

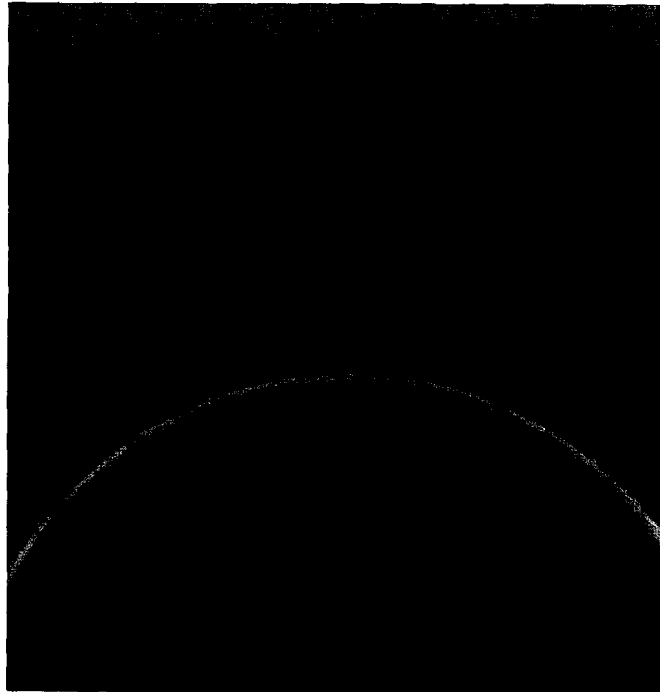
Theories of how to fight a nuclear war come in two styles—one that is abstract and analytical, often referred

to by professionals as metaphysics or theology, and another that is severely concrete and practical, called war planning. Most of what the public knows about these matters comes from listening in on the debates of theologians, who construct elaborate chains of "if-then" reasoning—if the enemy does X, then we do Y. The theologians are mainly concerned with demonstrating that nuclear weapons are safe to have, because they are too dangerous to use. Nuclear theology is a cottage industry providing gainful employment to many hundreds of academic defense specialists. A cynic might be forgiven for concluding that the Pentagon is willing to pay for so much theology to maintain

a kind of smokescreen, behind which the real work is conducted by the war planners—the middle-ranking officers, mostly in the Air Force, who are responsible for the nuts-and-bolts details of running a nuclear war.

War planning is a very different sort of enterprise. Theologians talk about "an opponent" or "the enemy." War planners talk about the Russians. The planners begin with a courtly bow to deterrence—if we're ready, it won't happen—but that's the end of it. All the rest is deciding what to shoot at and when to shoot at it. The fundamental thing to grasp about war planning is that we *plan* to do what we *can* do.

For the past forty years the American nuclear arsenal has been in constant flux, becoming steadily more lethal through increases in the number of weapons, greater versatility in firing and retargeting, and improved accuracy. In the early plans weapons were targeted on the center of Moscow; now they might be targeted on the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, or on the main entrance to a blast shelter intended for top officials of GOSPLAN, the central Soviet economic-planning office, or on a point calculated to include three or more targets—say, a truck plant, a power station, and a local office of the KGB—within the lethal radius of a single warhead. As the weapons grow more numerous, the targets tend to divide, and the number of aiming points, or desired ground zeros (DGZs), always seems to be a jump ahead of the weapons available to attack them. Consider, for example, the problem facing planners who hope to cripple Soviet rail transport. With only a few weapons available for the task, they would limit targets to major switching yards. Given more weapons, the planners would add locomotive production plants and repair facilities to the list of targets. Eventually, with a big inventory of weapons available, minor bridges, rural sidings, tele-



graph offices, steel-rolling mills for the production of rails, and the central pension office for retired rail workers might all be included in the plan. The Harvard biochemist Paul Doty, long active as a consultant on defense issues, once asked the planners what was the smallest target on the list. The answer was an open field that might be used as a landing strip by returning Soviet bombers.

The dominant tone of the military mind is cautious. War may be hell, as General William Tecumseh Sherman characterized it, after cutting a swath of destruction through the South during the Civil War, but for the men who prepare to fight wars there is something worse than the horrors of battle: losing. From their point of view, too much is barely enough. Thus American planning for nuclear war—and no doubt Soviet planning as well—has always relied on overkill, an attempt to achieve certainty of result through overwhelming strength. General LeMay's theory of war was brutally simple. Back in 1953 he told Sam Cohen, a young defense consultant and weapons designer now best known for his invention of the neutron bomb, "I'll tell you what war is all about—you've got to kill people, and when you've killed enough they stop fighting." LeMay wanted the biggest warheads he could get. Eventually he loaded his planes with 20-megaton bombs, and his staff worked up plans for the virtual annihilation of the Soviet Union. A Navy captain who received a SAC briefing on war plans in early 1954 reported to a superior, "The final impression was that virtually all of Russia would be nothing but a smoking, radiating ruin at the end of two hours."

But it is still hard to say what LeMay's plans called for, because he wouldn't tell anybody—not the White House,

not the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and certainly not Sam Cohen, who'd been sent out to SAC headquarters, in Omaha, to find that out, among other things. "This involves our secret war plans," LeMay told him. "I'm not going to tell you what they are." There is even some evidence that LeMay thought it was up to him to decide *when* to go to war.

But for all LeMay's secrecy the war plans were really very simple—hit 'em with everything we have. By 1960 we had a lot. In November of that year President Eisenhower sent a three-man team headed by his science adviser, George Kistiakowsky, to Offutt Air Force Base, in Omaha, to check up on the war plans being devised by the newly established Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff (JSTPS). Eisenhower was afraid that SAC was fiddling with the figures as a way of building pressure for more planes and bombs—for example, insisting that it would take several large nuclear weapons to destroy a hydroelectric dam with 100 percent certainty, when a single small one might do the job with 96 percent certainty. Kistiakowsky was accompanied by two young assistants, George Rathjens, a scientist now teaching at MIT, and Herbert Scoville, a former deputy director for science and technology at the CIA who is now a leading arms-control advocate.

The three men got a royal runaround at SAC headquarters from Air Force briefing officers under instructions to reveal as little as possible as slowly as possible. But they persisted, and eventually got a good idea of what was going into the first Single Integrated Operational Plan (SIOP). They were horrified to discover that the plan would almost entirely ignore the collateral effects of nuclear weapons. With few exceptions, SAC intended to destroy targets by blast pressure alone. If the prevailing winds on D-day were blowing from Leningrad toward Finland, then warheads targeted on the city would be fused to detonate in the air, to avoid the fallout characteristic of ground bursts, but that was about the only concession the JSTPS made to radioactivity. The tendency toward overkill was compounded by establishing a "very high certainty of kill against all these targets," according to Rathjens. That meant using more than one warhead, or warheads with very large yields, or both. The first SIOP, officially approved in December of 1960, called for an all-out attack on Russia with 4,000 weapons fired in "one flush"—everything we had.

THE DETAILS OF THE SIOP HAVE CHANGED A GREAT deal since 1960. The U.S. strategic arsenal now includes twice as many warheads, and many of them are extremely accurate. For our purpose here, one point is of overriding importance: all versions of the SIOP include plans for a society-destroying attack on Soviet "recovery targets"—the Soviet institutions that make Russia strong—and thousands of these targets are in Soviet cities.

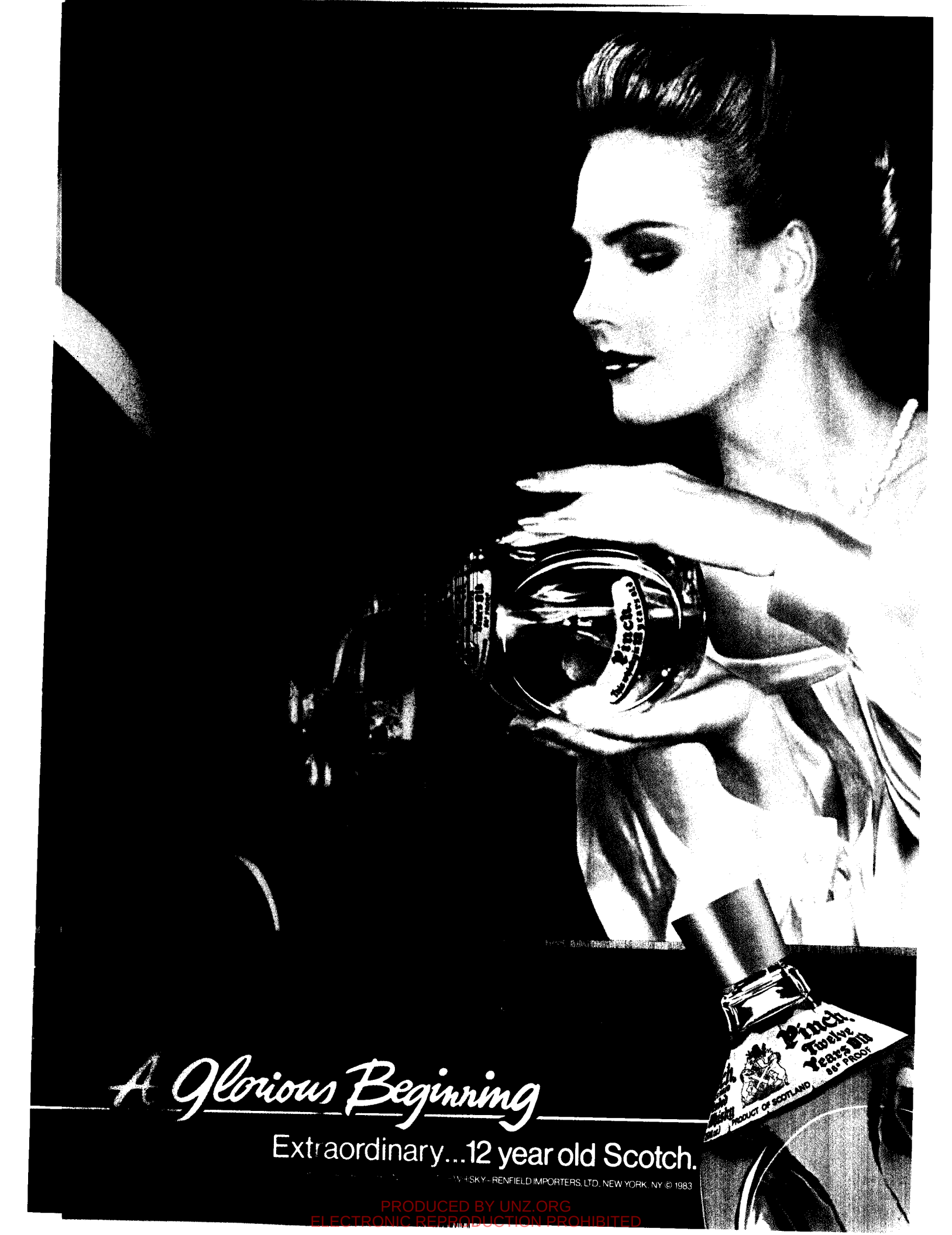
We have always insisted that we do not plan to attack Soviet cities or the population per se, but the point is an academic one. Soviet cities are rich in targets—communi-

THE PATH INTO NIGHT

Two drawn out
calls of birds
falling in fifths
in early evening,
and now the tree frogs
start to throb.

If one's whole life
were to be this
solitary would the
true notes
start to sound:
repeated bird song
measuring darkness?

—Kathleen Spivack



A Glorious Beginning

Extraordinary...12 year old Scotch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A world of flavor in a low tar.

MERIT



Low Tar
'Enriched Flavor'
Kings & 100's.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Men: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cations and transportation centers, offices of leading institutions of Soviet society like the Communist Party and the KGB, military command posts, blast shelters for the leadership, factories that make war materials, and so on. Even attacks on airfields—a staple of all war plans since the early 1950s—would threaten vast urban areas with fire. A 1978 study by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA) suggests the magnitude of the problem. In order to estimate the effectiveness of Soviet civil-defense planning (a subject of much contention in Washington at the time), ACDA outlined a typical American second strike, to follow a full-fledged Soviet counterforce attack on the United States (the purpose of which would be not destruction pure and simple but the elimination of things identified as the source of military and economic strength). Moscow alone would be struck with about sixty warheads, Leningrad with more than forty, the next eight largest cities with an average of thirteen warheads each. The next forty largest cities would receive an average of 14.4 warheads per million population and the 150 cities after that an average of 25.7 per million; 80 percent of all Soviet cities over 25,000 in population would be struck with nuclear weapons. All of these would burn. The United States could expect to suffer similar damage in return. Such attacks are integral to American theories of how to fight a nuclear war. “There’s never been one of those plans that didn’t have cities in it,” William Kaufmann, a defense expert, says. “I don’t care if it’s the 1961 SIOP, or the ’73 or the ’78. The main difference now is that the set of non-urban targets has been expanded.” At the Livermore Lab, Michael May said recently that he wasn’t sure whether the nuclear-winter thesis would stand up, but that he very much doubted the war planners would be willing to leave cities out of the targeting line-up. “You can say, Don’t shoot at the cities—that’s fine,” he said. “But are they [the Russians] going to leave all our airfields alone and let the B-52s and [midair-refueling] tankers land at them? Think of the aerospace targets in Los Angeles. Are they going to leave those alone even if they have the best of intentions for the Angelenos? It’s not hard to come up with five hundred high-priority targets associated with cities, not hard at all.”

If those targets are attacked, the cities will burn. If those targets are spared, we have no theory of how to fight a nuclear war. As a result the war planners are now faced with an extraordinary dilemma: either we stick to the theory and plan to run the risk of plunging the Northern Hemisphere into a nuclear winter triggered by the smoke of burning cities, or we abandon the theory and finally admit we simply cannot fight a war with nuclear weapons.

NOT LONG AGO A FRIEND TOLD ME A STORY THAT HE said had been told to him by someone who had heard it from a staff member on Jimmy Carter’s National Security Council. It goes like this: When Carter and President-elect Ronald Reagan met after the election in 1980 to discuss the transition, Carter chose to use his

time to tell Reagan what “pushing the button” would actually mean. According to the staffer, Carter really laid it out—the numbers of weapons and where they would go, the impossible difficulties involved in trying to keep track of the progress of the war, the excellent chance that the President would find himself aloft in his command plane with nowhere to land and nothing but static coming over the radios. The ghastliness sank in. When Reagan left the meeting, he was ashen and subdued. He finally *knew*.

It’s an appealing story. I’m sure we all hope it’s true, but it’s almost certainly apocryphal. I’ve heard variants of it many times about other Presidents and high officials. I’ve come to think of these stories collectively as the Myth of the Frightened President. The drift of the stories is always the same: A man reaches high office, full of insouciant confidence. He gets “the briefing.” He comes away sober and shaken. It’s as if the collective unconscious of Washington, where these stories are mainly told, needs to be reassured that the men at the top really understand the danger we face.

The evidence suggests that the reality is quite different. With the possible exception of Jimmy Carter, who had an enormous appetite for technical detail, no postwar American President has really understood precisely what we intend to do in the event of nuclear war.

Everything Eisenhower knew about the first SIOP came from George Kistiakowsky’s ninety-minute briefing after his trip to Omaha in November of 1960. Four thousand targets in ninety minutes is pretty cursory. President Kennedy was urged to ask for a look at the SIOP early in his Administration, but the JCS discouraged him. They told him it was too technical—routes, refueling schedules, target coordinates, times on target, overlapping E-95 circles, and the like. Lyndon Johnson was bored by nuclear strategy and obsessed by Vietnam. According to people who were there, Richard Nixon’s mind wandered when war plans were discussed. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, the chief of naval operations during the Nixon Administration, describes in his memoirs a National Security Council briefing held shortly after Nixon had signed National Security Decision Memorandum 242, in January of 1974. This was the first of the so-called “war-fighting” documents that have marked a gradual sea change in American nuclear strategy over the past ten years. Before it was signed, the SIOP contained four basic war plans, or options, the smallest of which called for the use of 2,500 warheads. Afterward the JSTPS devised many new options, ranging from the delivery of a “few score” warheads on up to furious salvos intended to annihilate Soviet society—always the last stage of U.S. war plans. Many cities feel that the countervailing strategy adopted in 242 makes nuclear war more likely. Whether they are right is hard to say. But according to Zumwalt, Nixon had no idea what was implied by the new strategy.

Gerald Ford signed a similar document affecting strategy on his last day in office without—according to several National Security Council staffers—any clear idea of what

he was doing. Carter was the exception: he drilled himself with frequent command-post exercises and fully grasped the importance of his own strategy document, Presidential Directive 59, which carried the war-fighting approach a step further and dwelt on the need for enhanced command, control, communications, and intelligence facilities to keep track of a war. Ronald Reagan represents a reversion to the traditional presidential approach: leaving the details to aides.

For the first ten years of its existence the JSTPS was pretty much on its own in coming up with a strategy on which to base its war plans. Guidance from the White House and the Pentagon was limited. Richard Garwin, who helped design the first hydrogen bombs and who has long been an adviser to the Air Force on targeting, told me not long ago that the men who picked targets used to read the public speeches of the President and his principal advisers for an idea of how to proceed. Since 1970 the war-planning process has been rationalized. Now it typically begins with a brief presidential document, perhaps ten pages in length—Nixon's was NSDM 242, Carter's was PD 59, Reagan's is National Security Decision Directive 13. With this as a guide the Office of the Secretary of Defense drafts a somewhat longer Nuclear Weapons Employment Policy (NUWEP), which is further elaborated by the office of the JCS and then forwarded to the JSTPS in Omaha for its twice-a-year revision of the SIOP.

When the revised plan is ready, officers from the JSTPS brief the staff of the Joint Chiefs, who brief the Joint Chiefs, who brief the secretary of Defense, who may or may not brief the President—but the extent of the briefing drops off sharply as it rises up through the Pentagon. Ninety minutes seems to be the outside limit at the upper levels. It is highly unlikely that anyone above the Joint Chiefs of Staff level really understands what is in the SIOP. According to many sources, there is no independent review of the SIOP at any stage in the planning process; the size of the U.S. arsenal provides the only limit to the size of a major projected war; and no one involved in drawing up the SIOP is authorized to consider the gross environmental effects of carrying out the plan. As a practical matter, if the nuclear-winter thesis is confirmed, then participation in the war-planning process, at all levels, will have to be broadened, current theories of how to fight a nuclear war will have to be jettisoned, and a whole new generation of weaponry, designed to implement a whole new strategy, will have to be developed and deployed. All of these things would be difficult, but none would be impossible. The military "solution" to the nuclear-winter problem is

particularly clear—a much larger number of much smaller, extremely accurate weapons that would allow targets in cities to be destroyed without burning down the cities around them.

A Pentagon planner recently told William Arkin, a Washington journalist and defense specialist, "I wouldn't mind having twenty-five thousand Pershing IIs with forty-kiloton warheads, if they told me I had to have a hundred-megaton force." The nuclear-winter problem does not end the possibility of a big war with Russia, but it does push planners in a new direction, away from apocalypse. Nothing stands in the way of this change except habit, inertia, and the quite staggering cost in money of building a whole new arsenal.

THE OFFICIAL RESPONSE TO THE NUCLEAR-WINTER problem has been reticence in public combined with funding for more study. Just about everybody, including the TTAPS authors, agrees that more study is required. The National Academy of Sciences is sponsoring a major new research effort, and other projects have been started at Livermore and Los Alamos and in the Pentagon's own Defense Nuclear Agency (DNA), which has been commissioning studies on the effects of nuclear weapons for years. The target planners in Omaha use DNA handbooks for estimating collateral damage, for example, but the current work is probably the first that will come up with guidelines for an overall limit—an admission that there is such a thing as a level of damage too great for the planet to handle.

"More study" will serve by way of response for a year or two, but what then? Pentagon officials are plainly worried about the nuclear-winter problem, and plainly at a loss over what to do about it. In conversation with officials at the nuts-and-bolts level one picks up interesting nuances of reaction: a wistful hope that "more study" will make the nuclear-winter problem go away, embarrassment at having overlooked it for nearly forty years, resentment that the peacenik doom-mongers might have been right all these years, even if they didn't know why they were. Above all, one finds frank dismay at what the nuclear-winter problem does to a defense policy heavily based on nuclear weapons. Being only human, officials are probably hoping to turn up uncertainties enough to justify more study forever, or at least until the next Administration. But to me, recognition of the nuclear-winter problem, awful as it is, seems a piece of immense good fortune at the eleventh hour, and a sign that Providence hasn't given up on us yet. □

Atlantic

INTER-TRAVEL
PLANNER

NOVEMBER 1934

Atlantic
Inter-Travel
Planner
November 1934

"The music, the dance, the art. That's what I love about Holland!"

"I love the cafes, too!"



Every year at this time, Holland blooms indoors with a treat for your eyes and ears. You'll find great orchestras to listen to, famous ballets to see and 700 museums to enjoy.

After a day of walking about, relax in one of our cafes. You'll find sharing a drink and a laugh with the friendly Dutch another rich cultural experience.

Spending time in Holland right now also means spending less money. This year your dollar goes even further. With Holland's Tourist Menu, a 3-course meal in 600 fine restaurants costs less than \$6.00.

Low-priced tours of Holland and Europe.

Now KLM offers low air fares to Amsterdam and you can choose from a wide variety of low-priced tours of Holland and Europe that start in Amsterdam. Some include rental car and city sightseeing tours. Plus a valuable *Holland Culture Card*, your passport to free admission to over 250 museums and discounts to many of Holland's other attractions.

For information, return this coupon for the KLM/Holland Vacation Value Kit. Then see your travel agent.

EMALKOO

Where Europe flowers

Holland/KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
P.O. Box 2698, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787

Please rush my *Vacation Value Kit*.

Name

Address

City

State Zip



The Reliable Airline.

KLM
Royal Dutch Airlines

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic WINTER TRAVEL PLANNER

The Atlantic's 1984 Winter Travel Planner, written by Brenda Hirsch, is a practical guide to the best winter vacation spots in the world—for skiing, sailing, swimming, sunning, trekking, losing weight, letting loose, and unwinding. Please send us your thoughts on these spots and on ones we've left out. We may include your ideas in next year's Winter Travel Planner. Bon voyage!

TOURS & TREKS

EUROPE

December through April, the height of the cultural season in most European cities, is an ideal time to travel because there are few tourists. Enjoy the wealth of opera, ballet, theater, symphonies, and art museums.

In **Belgium**, see the Brussels New Modern Museum, which opened in October; the Lenten Carnival in Binche on February 19; the Grand Flower Market in Tournai on April 5; and new opera and ballet performances. Going to **England** can be a real bargain if you take advantage of the theater tours offered by TWA and British Airways to London, which include hotels and tickets. Attractions in **Ger-**

many include Christmas markets in Nuremberg and Munich, and festivities in February connected with Fasching (or Carnival) in Cologne, Düsseldorf, Mainz, and Munich. KLM Royal Dutch Airlines and the **Netherlands** National Tourist Office offer "Holland Heart of the Arts" packages with special hotel and car rates, sightseeing discounts, museum admissions, and concert and theater reservations. In **Spain**, in addition to the many concerts and operas in Madrid and Barcelona, you can visit the Costa del Sol and the Canary Islands, warm places in winter. Some recommended tours are described be-

low. The tour operators' addresses are listed in the directory.

CARNIVAL IN VENICE, February 14–20. Leisurely visits to cultural treasures in Venice, as well as private parties given by Venetian citizens. Opera and concerts at La Fenice. Accommodations at the Danieli. Contact Dailey-Thorp.

REOPENING OF THE OPERA HOUSE, Dresden, East Germany. A cultural week in Dresden in February or March, celebrating the reopened Staatsoper, staying in new deluxe hotel across the River Elbe, and viewing art treasures of Dresden, Leipzig, Weimar, and Meissen. Contact Dailey-Thorp.

VIENNA OPERA BALL tour, departing February 4 for 13 days, includes 4 nights in Salzburg at Hotel Goldener Hirsch, sleigh ride in Saalbach, Schlosskonzert performance, train to Vienna for 7 nights at Imperial Hotel, opera or ballet at Volksoper, excursion to Vienna Woods, evening performance at Vienna State Opera, Spanish

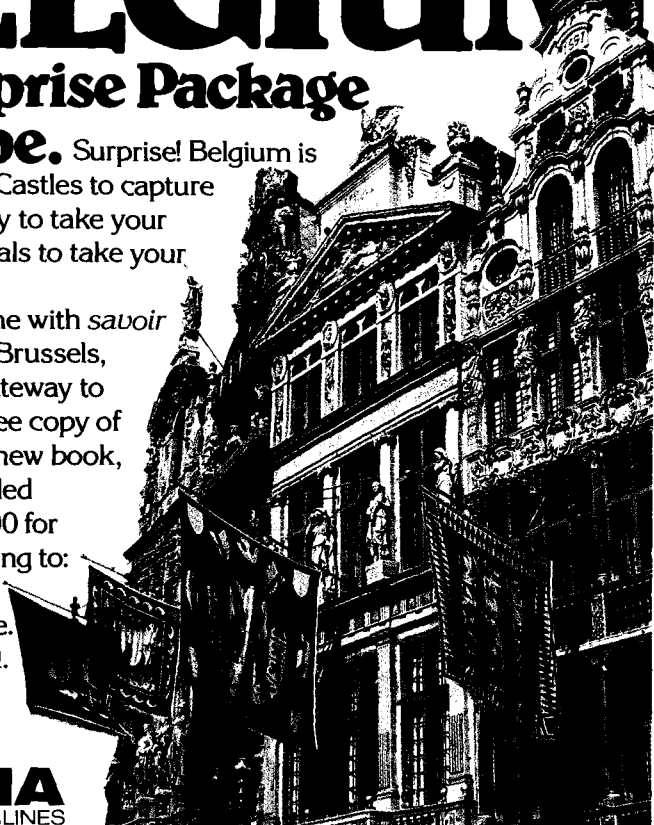


BELGIUM

The Surprise Package of Europe.

Surprise! Belgium is food to rival Paris. Castles to capture your heart. Scenery to take your breath away. Festivals to take your inhibitions away.

SABENA, the airline with *savoir faire*, takes you to Brussels, capital and ideal gateway to all Europe. For a free copy of Arthur Frommer's new book, "A Masterpiece Called Belgium", send \$2.00 for postage and handling to: Belgian Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave. New York, NY 10151.



SABENA
BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES

Riding School, Vienna Opera Ball. Contact Maupintour.

ROYAL BALLET in London and Copenhagen, an 8-day tour departing often throughout the winter, offers 3 nights in London and 3 nights in Copenhagen, including sightseeing, visiting theaters backstage, and 2 performances of ballet or opera in each city. Contact Maupintour.

ART TREASURES TOUR OF SOUTHERN ITALY, April 8-23, visiting Naples, Caserta, Pompeii, Bari, Salerno, Amalfi, Herculaneum, Lecce, Matera. Swan Hellenic tours are accompanied by guest lecturers, authorities in their fields, usually connected with British universities or museums. Contact Swan Hellenic.

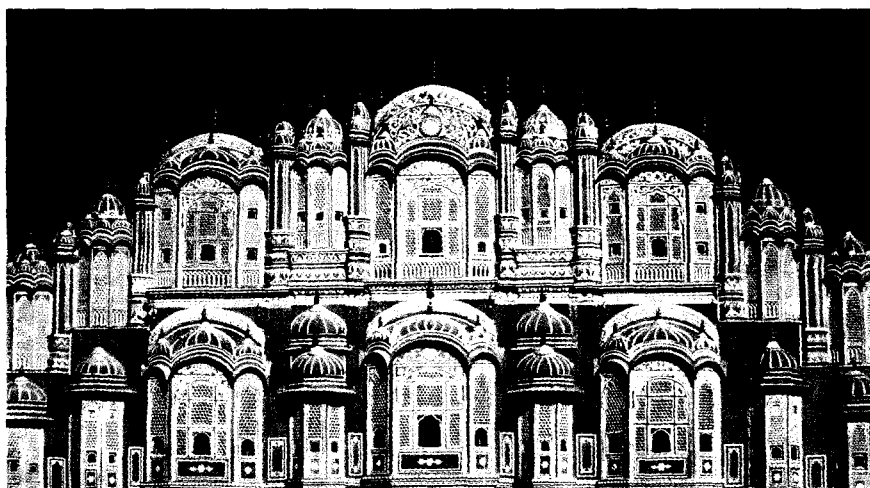
CHRISTMAS IN EUROPE'S CAPITALS departs from New York December 20 for 16 days in London, Rome, Budapest, Vienna, and Paris. In London, stay at the Savoy Hotel, dine at Mirabelle, and attend theater; in Rome, stay at the Excelsior and eat a special Christmas dinner; in Paris, stay at Meurice, spend New Year's Eve at the Moulin Rouge, enjoy a farewell dinner at the Tour d'Argent. Contact Hemphill Harris Travel Corp.

SETTLING ANCIENT IRELAND, an archaeology project in Waterford County, southeast Ireland, March 16-30, April 13-27. Collect artifacts by day, relax in a pub at night as you participate in this study of ancient hunter-gatherer societies. A tax-deductible vacation as you volunteer to help university scholars with their field work. Contact Earthwatch.

SCANDINAVIA ALIVE, an 11-day deluxe tour, leaves weekly for Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, including guided tours of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Oslo, cruise from Copenhagen to Oslo, 2 nights at Geilo (mountain resort in Norway) with akvavit party and sleigh ride, 2 evening cultural performances (concert, opera, ballet, or folk dances), and \$50 discount at participating stores. Deluxe hotels and restaurants. Contact Four Winds.

RUSSIA/FINLAND HOLIDAY, a 10-day trip, leaves weekly to Moscow, Leningrad and Helsinki, with guided tours of each city, 2 theater performances, excursions to Pushkin and Pavlovsk, deluxe accommodations, and gourmet dining. Contact Four Winds.

CHINA AND RUSSIA, a 16-day tour visiting Leningrad, Novgorod, Moscow, Peking, and Shanghai. Deluxe and



INDIA

India is ancient. India is now. The majestic Himalayas still surround us with misty beauty. And the art, the architecture, the fabulous bazaars remain unchanged.

India's dynamic present and future also include air-conditioned hotels, excellent transportation, delicious cuisine. Beautiful beaches, mountain resorts, even golf and skiing.

See your travel agent or the Government of India Tourist Office nearest you.

Come to India and see the old and the new.

THE FESTIVAL OF INDIA IS COMING TO THE U.S.A.
1985-1986



GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10112 (212) 586-4901. 3550 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010 (213) 380-8855
523 37th Ave., San Francisco, CA (415) 386-8284; 230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601 (312) 236-6899
Post Box 342 T.D. Centre, Toronto, Canada (416) 362-3188; Miami, Fla. (305) 944-7039; Dallas, Texas (214) 458-2444
Washington, D.C. (202) 758-8770



Cruise Glorious Europe

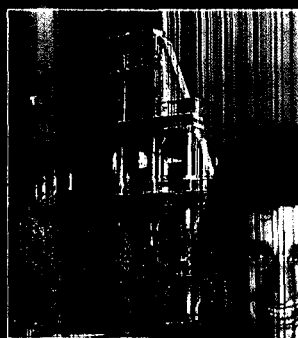
And Enjoy America's Greatest Air/Sea Cruise Value.

From the Pyramids to Paris, Tivoli to the Tower of Pisa, Royal Cruise Line brings you the incomparable world of Europe, Scandinavia, and the Mediterranean—at the *absolutely lowest air/sea fares in all of luxury cruising.*

The Very Best of the Best of Europe

As the romance, color, and glory of the world's most fabulous ports-of-call make for unforgettable cruises in the Grand Tradition. Choose from six or nine Two-Week air/sea itineraries and 32 Prime Season departure dates. Experience the magnificent Mediterranean, the Golden Greek Isles, the awe-inspiring Holy Land, Scandinavia, Russia and the fantastic Fjords, and so much more. Each cruise is the travel event of a lifetime.

Sail Away on an Odyssey The elegant *Golden Odyssey* and *Royal Odyssey*, our two top-rated, exquisitely appointed cruise



ships, are world renowned for their exceptional cuisine, impeccable service, and the warm, relaxed, and friendly atmosphere that is their own unique hallmark. Sail Away on an Odyssey in 1985, and let Royal Cruise Line bring you the world of glorious Europe—where civilization met history, and fell in love.

Ask Your Travel Agent For Our 1985 Brochure.

**Royal
Cruise
Line**



50 PROOF IMPORTED BY C. W. TAYLOR & CO. MIAMI, FLORIDA 1984



COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic WINTER TRAVEL PLANNER

NOVEMBER 1984

Compiler: Brenda Hirsch
Art Director: Terry Brown
Editor: Liz Duvall
Research Assistant: Lori Mougalian
Production Director: Joe O'Connell
Advertising Directors: Susannah Pask
James Sheridan
Travel Manager: Ann Wallace

The Atlantic
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10170
212-687-2424

For further information about resorts in the Caribbean and Europe, contact the appropriate national tourist office in New York City or ask your local travel agent. Details about tours, spas, and cruises can also be obtained from your travel agent.

Photos for the Winter Travel Planner were provided by Barbara Baumann, Bob and Ira Spring, Exploration Cruise Lines, Gil Lange, David Madison, Brenda Hirsch, Satour, the Italian Government Tourist Office, and the Government of India Tourist Office. Cover photo by Marvullo.



first-class hotels, in-depth sightseeing, American tour manager, English-speaking guides. A good way to compare these very different countries. Contact General Tours.

THE HOLY LAND

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOLY LAND, a 23-day tour, departs December 11 from New York for Egypt, Jordan, Israel, and Greece. Cruise the Nile; visit the rose-red city of Petra, Jordan; spend Christmas in Jerusalem and New Year's Eve in Athens. Contact Hemphill Harris.

THE HOLY LAND AND THE NILE are explored in 17-day tours departing almost weekly from New York, visiting Jerusalem, the River Jordan, the Dead Sea, Masada, and Cairo, and cruising the Nile. Contact Lindblad Travel.

THE BEST OF THE MIDDLE EAST tour departs February 22 and March 22, beginning in Zurich and going on to Egypt (5-day Nile cruise), Jordan, Israel, and Turkey. Rooms have views of the Nile in Cairo, the Bosphorus in Istanbul. Contact Olson-Travelworld.

AFRICA

THE CAPE TO CAIRO EXPRESS, a 39-day trip departing from London monthly, will take you by railroad, ship, and plane to Cairo, the Nile, Khartoum, Dar es Salaam, Kilimanjaro, Arusha National Park, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Hwange Game Reserve, Botswana, Johannesburg, and Cape Town. Contact P & O Holidays, c/o Exprinter.

CHRISTMAS IN AFRICA, a 26-day tour, departs December 7 from New York for Kenya, Zimbabwe, and South Africa. Travel to the grasslands of the Masai Mara, the game herds at Samburu, Treetops, and Mt. Kenya Safari Club. Spend Christmas Eve on South Africa's luxury express, the Blue Train, between Johannesburg and Cape Town. Celebrate New Year's Eve dining beneath a giant ebony tree at the Mala Mala Game Lodge in South Africa. Contact Hemphill Harris.

MOROCCAN TREASURES, a 15-day tour year-round, goes to Casablanca, Rabat, Tangier, Fez, Marrakesh, Ouarzazate, the Middle Atlas route, and the edge of the Sahara. Browse the casbahs, enjoy a Moroccan feast. Contact Maupintour.

EGYPT AND KENYA SAFARI, an 18-day tour, goes to Cairo, Aswan, Luxor, Kom Ombo, Kitchener Island, and Abu Simbel, and cruises the Nile for 4 days. On the 7-day Kenya safari, pur-

ADVERTISEMENT

HEMPHILL HARRIS AFRICA



AFRICAN ADVENTURE

25 DAYS - Departs

January to October 1985

Visit Johannesburg, see the "mine dance" and travel overnight on the luxurious "Blue Train" to Cape Town. Enjoy a "braaivleis" (barbecue) at a private home in Cape Town. Observe Zulu life in Durban. See mighty Victoria Falls. Participate in exciting game drives at Samburu and Masai Mara Game Reserves. Stay at Treetops and Mt. Kenya Safari Club. 13 exciting itineraries from 15 to 44 days.

EGYPT EXPLORED

12 DAYS - Departs

January to November 1985

Explore Cairo and Memphis. See the Alabaster Sphinx, the statue of Ramses II and the Step Pyramid of Zoser. Ride a camel at the 4,000 year old Great Pyramid of Cheops. Wander the streets of Khan el-Khalil bazaars. Fly to Aswan and Abu Simbel. Sail a felucca (sailboat) to the Mausoleum of Aga Khan. Enjoy a 5-day cruise aboard the Sheraton's H.S. ANNI. Visit the Valley of the Kings and Temple of Karnak in Edfu. 5 deluxe itineraries from 12 to 25 days.

Details in Middle East Brochure.

WORLD TOURING AT ITS FINEST SINCE 1928

All Hemphill Harris programs include the world's finest hotels, a la carte dining, sightseeing, native entertainment, special events, and all gratuities. Each departure is professionally escorted and limited to 25 guests.

Ask for our 1985 brochures

- Orient & China
- South America
- China (only)
- Middle East
- Private Jet Cruise
- South Pacific
- Africa
- Europe
- India/Himalayas
- World Discoverer

**hemphill
harris**
TRAVEL CORPORATION

16000 Ventura Blvd. (TP)
Encino, California 91436
Toll Free (800) 421-0454
In Calif. (800) 252-2103

The Manila Hotel.

It fails to live up to its reputation in only one respect.

To a world of famous, royal and sophisticated travelers, The Manila Hotel is synonymous with luxurious service, luxurious accommodation, luxurious ambiance.

And luxury prices.

The one reputation we don't deserve.

Because, surprisingly, staying at the same hotel as President Eisenhower, Douglas Fairbanks, John D. Rockefeller and the Duke of Windsor — perhaps even getting the same spectacular view General MacArthur

commanded — can cost you as little as \$70 a night. Yet you'll still enjoy the pampered status other hotels reserve only for guests in royal suites.

Staying at The Manila Hotel. It's one luxury you simply can't afford to pass up.

Telephone: 470011
Cable: MANILHOTEL
Telex Nos.:
ITT 40537 MHotel PM
ETPI 63496 MHotel PN
RCA 22479 MHC PH

The Manila Hotel
Philippines

There are perhaps a dozen incredible places you must see in the Orient. One of them is a hotel.



IS AFRICA'S WILDLIFE VANISHING?

Will you witness the spectacle of the great thundering herds of plains animals once common across the continent and now threatened?

Join us to explore the problems and possible solutions to these questions of vital importance to all Citizens of the World.

Safaris, Treks and Expeditions throughout Africa with special emphasis on the conservation of its wealth of wild creatures.



**SAFARICENTRE
INTERNATIONAL**

9720 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 208
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

(800) 223-6046 U.S.
(800) 624-5342 CA



Buy Your Car Direct From Europe Save up to \$20,000

Latest European Factory Prices:

MERCEDES 300 D	\$12,905
MERCEDES 190 E (U.S. Model)	\$18,980
MERCEDES 500 SL	\$29,969
MERCEDES 500 SEL	\$28,548
AUDI 5000 S (U.S. Model)	\$14,498
SAAB 900 Turbo (U.S. Model)	\$14,390
VOLVO GLT (U.S. Model)	\$15,470
FERRARI 308GTSi	\$37,480
PORSCHE 911 Carrera Targa	\$24,490
BMW318i (U.S. Model)	\$12,990

Shipment from Europe \$490-970

- An incredible selection of options and colours.
- We import ALL models of ALL manufacturers (34 models of Mercedes Benz, 21 models of BMW etc.)
- Prices are guaranteed to be the lowest in the U.S.A.

For complete 120 page catalogue, price list of over 800 models and order form, send \$34.55 (refundable against purchase of the car) to:

EMAR INTERNATIONAL
1 Penn Plaza Suite 3300
New York, NY 10119

For Visa and MC orders
call 212-714-0600
Money Back Guarantee

sue wildlife for photos in game parks at Ngulia, Tsavo, and Amboseli, and stay at luxurious game lodges. Contact General Tours.

THE NATURAL WONDERS OF KENYA, a 20-day photographic safari, leaves New York approximately every other week for Nairobi, Amboseli National Park (to view Mt. Kilimanjaro), Tsavo West National Park, Masai Mara Game Reserve (famous for lions and cheetahs), Lake Nakuru (to observe a great variety of birds), Mt. Kenya (walk up the mountain if you wish), Shaba and Samburu Game Reserves. Stay in hotels, lodges, and tented camps; view game from safari vehicles with roof hatches. Contact International Expeditions, Inc.

WALKING SAFARI AND KILIMANJARO CLIMB, a 19-day, physically demanding trek in January and February. This walking safari from the crater highlands across the Serengeti Plain, combined with an ascent of Kilimanjaro, features camping, providing for yourself, living among the Masai tribe; 75 miles of trekking to Kilimanjaro. Contact Overseas Adventure Travel.

AMONG THE GREAT HERDS, a 19-day safari in Tanzania and Kenya, leaving January 16 and 30, February 13 and 27, follows the great Serengeti migration of 2 million wildebeest and zebra. Visit Lake Manyara National Park, Ngorongoro Crater, Samburu and Masai Mara Game Reserves. Maximum 15 people. Contact Special Expeditions.

CHINA

CHINA-INDIA tours depart monthly for 23 days, visiting Beijing, Guangzhou, Guilin, Shanghai, and Xian in China and Agra, Bombay, Delhi, Jaipur, and Varanasi in India, plus Hong Kong. Contact Inter Pacific Tours International.

HIGHLIGHTS OF CHINA PLUS

TAIWAN AND JAPAN, a 25-day tour departing monthly, visits Tokyo, Hakone, Kamakura, Kyoto, Taipei, Taroko Gorges; Hong Kong, Guangzhou, Guilin, Shanghai, Suzhou, Xian, and Beijing. Contact Lindblad Travel.

SPRING SPECTACULAR COUNTRY, a 22-day tour leaving San Francisco April 6, emphasizes unusual destinations. In Xishuangbanna, near China's border with Laos and Burma, you'll visit local tribes, walk in the rain forest, and go on an excursion on the Mekong River. The railway between Kunming, with its Stone Forest, and Chengdu, capital of Sichuan Province, passes through a remote and rugged

ADVERTISEMENT

TWA Getaway® Vacations.

Prices even Ripley wouldn't believe.

These uncommonly low prices look too good to be true. But seeing is believing. And seeing Europe this time of year is seeing Europe at its best.

Summer crowds have moved out. A true continental spirit has moved in, as seasoned travellers know. And, if you act before December 1, 1984, you'll get a \$50 rebate. Then you'll see Europe for the prices you see here. Prices are per person, double occupancy, excluding airfare.

LONDON. 8 DAYS, \$108



A most unusual price when you think about it. Because included in this is a top-notch hotel, continental breakfast every morning and a half-day sightseeing tour. Plus, you'll get free theatre tickets to two West End shows. Eight days from only \$108 to \$307. Jolly good show.

PARIS. 8 DAYS, \$129



Truly a one-of-a-kind city. Exciting. Romantic. You'll enjoy our Getaway cruise down the Seine. Shop in Paris boutiques and art galleries at our discounted prices. From cozy bistros to the noble Notre Dame Cathedral. Paris. Eight days from only \$129 to \$239. C'est magnifique.

MADRID. 10 DAYS, \$89



It's two Getaway Vacations in one. First, we'll take you to Costa del Sol, Spain's sunny playground, for a few days of relaxation. Then, we're off to Madrid, home of the Prado Museum and vibrant flamenco night life. First Class hotels, all the way. The country and the city. Ten days from only \$89 to \$148. Olé.

ROME. 8 DAYS, \$89



An intriguing blend of ancient and modern wonders. We'll take you to St. Peter's in the Vatican. The Colosseum. The Roman Forum. And you'll still have ample time to stroll the Via Veneto and pick your favorite cafe. Eight days from only \$89 to \$139. Perfectly wonderful.

\$50 REBATE

There are more incredible Getaway Vacations. All at incredibly low prices. And if you make your reservations before December 1, 1984, for travel between November 1, 1984, and March 31, 1985, we'll give you a \$50 rebate on all hosted or escorted tours to Europe. (That's \$100 per couple.) Prices vary according to departure dates.

So call your travel agent or TWA at 1-800-G-E-T-A-W-A-Y. Or mail the coupon below.

We'll make a believer out of you.

I still can't believe it. Please send my free TWA Getaway® Europe Fall-Winter-Spring 1984/5 brochure immediately. Mail to: Trans World Airlines, P.O. Box 2690, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

TWA GETAWAY
EUROPE
FALL-WINTER-SPRING 1984/5



TWA GETAWAY VACATIONS
EASILY THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

KMALKOO

region of spectacular valleys, forests, and canyons inaccessible by air. Other highlights: Hong Kong, Guangzhou, Guilin, Mt. Emei, Leshan, Xian, and Beijing. Tour limited to 15 people. Contact Tiller International, Inc.

INDIA

HIGHLIGHTS OF INDIA AND NEPAL, a 16-day "price-saver" tour leaving every 2 weeks, promises you'll see the same sights as passengers on far more expensive tours without sacrificing such features as first-class hotels, sightseeing, and English-speaking guides. Bombay, Delhi, Taj Mahal, Jaipur, Varanasi, and Nepal. Contact General Tours.

PALACE ON WHEELS ADVENTURE, a 17-day trip departing from New York on December 15 and January 26, provides travel on restored vintage rail carriages pulled by a steam engine, stopping at Jaipur, Udaipur, Jaisalmer, Jodhpur, and Agra. Visit Delhi, Aurangabad, and Bombay. Contact Percival Tours.

THE RAJ EXPRESS leaves twice monthly on a 44-day train journey across India, from the Khyber Pass in

northern Pakistan to Ceylon, stopping at fascinating cities such as Lahore, Amritsar, Varanasi, and Darjeeling (to view Mt. Everest). Contact P & O Air Holidays.

NEPAL

MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, AND JUNGLES, an 18-day expedition for the more adventurous, departs monthly from the U.S. From Kathmandu, trek for 5 days in the foothills of the Annapurna Range, spend 3 days rafting down the Trisula River through white water to subtropical jungles of the Chitwan and to the Tiger Tops Jungle Lodge. Ride on an elephant in search of the great one-horned rhinoceros, wild boar, and royal Bengal tiger. End in Delhi. Contact Abercrombie & Kent.

THE PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA, a music tour in February, will include the biennial music festival in Tasmania, opera in Sydney, music in Melbourne, and a train across Australia to Perth for an arts festival with classical music and Australian jazz. Contact Dailey-Thorp.

SOUTH PACIFIC HERITAGE, a 26-day tour departing from Los Angeles on January 22, February 5, and February 19, takes you first to New Zealand—Auckland, scenic Tongariro National Park, Maori villages, Rotorua, Queenstown, Milford Sound ringed by majestic snowy-peaked mountains,

TOUR & TREK AGENCIES

Abercrombie & Kent International, Inc., 1000 Oak Brook Rd., Oak Brook, IL 60521; 800-323-7308, 312-687-7766

Dailey-Thorp, Inc., 315 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019; 212-307-1555

Earthwatch, Box 127, 10 Juniper Rd., Belmont, MA 02178; 617-489-3030

Four Winds, 178 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010; 800-248-4444

General Tours, 711 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017; 212-687-7400

Hemphill Harris Travel Corp., 16000 Venture Blvd., #200, Encino, CA 91436; 818-906-8088

Inter Pacific Tours International, 485 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017; 800-221-3594

International Expeditions, Inc., 1776 Independence Court, Suite 104, Birmingham, AL 35216; 800-833-4734

Lindblad Travel, Inc., P.O. Box 912, Westport, CT 06881; 203-228-8531

Maupintour, 1515 St. Andrews Drive, Lawrence, KA 66044; 800-255-4266

Mountain Travel, Inc., 1398 Solano Ave., Albany, CA 94706; 415-527-8100

Olson-Travelworld Ltd., 5855 Green Valley Circle, Culver City, CA 90230; 213-670-7100

Overseas Adventure Travel, 10 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, MA 02138; 617-876-0533

Percival Tours, Inc., One Tandy Center Plaza, Fort Worth, TX 76102

P & O Air Holidays, c/o Exprintex, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110

Salen Lindblad Cruising, 133 East 55th St., New York, NY 10022; 212-751-2300

Sierra Club, Outing Dept., 530 Bush St., San Francisco, CA 94108; 800-227-2364; 415-981-8634

SOBEK Expeditions, Inc., Angels Camp, CA 95222; 800-344-3284

Society Expeditions, 723 Broadway East, Seattle, WA 98102

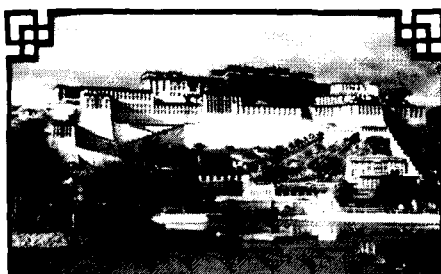
Special Expeditions, 133 East 55th St., New York, NY 10022; 800-762-0003

Swan Hellenic, c/o Exprintex, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110

Tauk Tours, 475 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017; 212-689-9115

Tiller International, Inc., 209 Post St., Suite 1015, San Francisco, CA 94108; 415-397-1966

Wilderness Travel, 1760 Solano Ave., Berkeley, CA 94707; 415-524-5111



CHINA CULTURAL TOURS

**TIBET, CENTRAL ASIA, YELLOW RIVER
BASIN, INNER MONGOLIA, MANCHURIA,
XISHUANGBANNA ON MEKONG,
YANGTSE/GRAND CANAL CRUISES**

Travel to China's interior. Visit the bazaars and monasteries in Lhasa, Xigaze & Gyangze in Tibet. See great treasures on the Ancient Silk Route, and Kashgar — once the crossroad between East & West. Travel to exciting medieval capitals in the remote Yellow River Basin. Take a rail journey across Inner Mongolia, or through its most scenic region. Meet ethnic tribes in the exotic rainforest of Xishuangbanna. In-depth cruises on the mighty Yangtse and the 6th century Grand Canal.

Small groups, accompanied by expert tour directors. For information, reservations, or on private travel to China, please call or write to:

TILLER INTERNATIONAL, INC.
209 Post Street, Suite 1015
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 397-1966

Mt. Cook, and Christchurch. Then to Australia—Melbourne; the rugged outback, with a magnificent sunset on Ayers Rock; Alice Springs; Townsville, in Queensland; Heron Island, to explore the Great Barrier Reef; Sydney, with its famous Opera House. Contact Hemphill Harris.

TAHITI

LOST ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC, expedition on the M/S Lindblad Explorer, travels from the Chilean coast to Easter Island, French Polynesia, Society Islands, Tahiti, Bora Bora, and Melanesia. Observe fascinating ceremonies and rituals. The trip is in 4 segments, departing February 19 and 25, March 15 and 24. Contact Salen Lindblad Cruising.

MEXICO & SOUTH AMERICA

ACROSS MEXICO/YUCATAN, a 15-day tour of Mexico's antiquities, departing weekly, goes to Teotihuacan, La Venta, Palenque, Uxmal, Chichen Itza, Mexico City, Oaxaca, and Cozumel. Visit Mayan ruins, Olmec sculptures, baroque churches, and Indian burial grounds. End trip on the beaches of Cozumel. Contact Four Winds.

STUDY WHALES IN BAJA. An 11-day nature study expedition leaving San Diego January 10, February 2, 14, and 25, and March 9 and 30. Study gray whales, elephant seals, pelagic birds, porpoises, and other wildlife as you cruise Baja accompanied by naturalist guides. Observe flora and fauna in cactus-dominated desert and tropical jungles of western Mexico. Stop at Cabo San Lucas, Isla Isabela, and San Blas en route to Puerto Vallarta. Contact International Expeditions, Inc.

GALAPAGOS ISLANDS AND MACHU PICCHU, a 14-day trip, leaves regularly October to May and includes a 5-day cruise of the Galapagos Islands, which inspired Darwin's *Origin of Species*; see unusual birds, sea lions, iguanas, marine lizards, and tortoises. Visit Ecuador's Quito and Guayaquil, Peru's Lima, the ancient Inca city of Cuzco, and the magnificent "lost city" of Machu Picchu, hidden for 4 centuries on a mountaintop. Contact Maupintour.

PROJECT EASTER ISLAND expeditions, limited to 20 participants, depart from New York or Miami on December 21 and February 25. After flying to Santiago, Chile, study Easter Island, the most remote inhabited island in the world, which lies between Chile and

the major Polynesian islands. Ponder the mystery of the monumental stone statues built by ancient islanders, who believed that supernatural powers were projected through the statues' eyes. Then visit the Chilean countryside and vineyards. Contact Society Expeditions.

AMAZON, FLORA AND FAUNA, an 8-day nature expedition leaving from Miami almost weekly during the winter, brings you to the Peruvian Amazon, where almost half of the world's 8600 species of birds and more than 2000 species of fish (more than in the entire Atlantic Ocean) are found. Over 4000 species of butterflies, the richest collection in the world, live here and in the nearby Andean foothills. A wide variety of amphibians and reptiles, such as tree frogs and iguanas, make excellent photographic subjects. Contact International Expeditions, Inc.

CHILEAN TREKS are 9-day trips leaving monthly to the southern extremity of Chile, Punta Arenas on the Strait of Magellan, gateway to Torres del Paine National Park. Take gentle strolls and challenging treks into the wilds to see the famous granite Towers of Paine, glaciers, rivers, and fjords. Contact SOBEK Expeditions.

Only #1 gives you 3 ways to save in Europe this winter.



Low winter car rental rates in 19 countries.



Discounts at over 1,700 hotels.



Up to 2,000 bonus miles on your Frequent Flyer Program.

There have always been a lot of advantages to renting from the #1 car rental company in Europe.

Now there are three more.

First, you get terrific low winter rates on a Hertz car. Second, you get low rates at 1,700 fine European hotels. (Some rates start at an unbelievably low \$16 per person, per night.) You can even get up to 2,000 miles on your Pan Am and TWA frequent flyer programs.

WEEKLY RATES*	U.S.	LOCAL CURRENCY
Belgium	\$75	4,340 Francs
Germany	\$97	280 Marks
U.K.	\$112	84 Pounds
Spain	\$90	14,500 Pesetas

*Economy car

What's more, when you pick up and return your car in the same country (or between the eight major gateway cities of Europe), there's

no drop-off charge. You also get free mileage and guaranteed rates.

So if you want to save a bundle when you visit Europe this winter, make sure you visit Hertz first.

For details and reservations, call your travel consultant or Hertz at 1-800-654-3001.

Please send me more information on how Hertz can save me money in Europe.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Send to: Hertz Affordable Europe
 c/o Jacobson-Wallace
 516 Fifth Avenue
 New York, New York 10036

AM-2

Hertz

The #1 way to rent a car.™

Hertz rents Fords and other fine cars.



Affordable Europe®

Car must be reserved in the U.S. at least seven days in advance. Car must be kept at least seven days or a higher weekly or daily rate will apply. Rates guaranteed in local currency through March 31, 1985. Approximate dollar equivalents are for guidance only, are based on exchange rates as of July 20, 1984 and will fluctuate with exchange rates. Refueling service charge, taxes, optional CDW, PAI and drop-off charges where applicable not included. Hertz standard age, credit and driver qualifications apply. Reservations for first night's lodging must be made in the U.S. Quality of service and facilities of participating hotels are not the responsibility of Hertz. Holiday or seasonal surcharges will apply. Rates are non-discountable.

* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © HERTZ SYSTEM INC. 1984

SUNSPOTS & SPAS

SUNSPOTS IN THE UNITED STATES

ALABAMA

MARRIOTT'S GRAND HOTEL, Point Clear, AL 36564; 205-928-9201 or 800-228-9290. The 650-acre resort features deep-sea fishing in Gulf, beautiful 27-hole golf course, and one of world's largest swimming pools. Tennis, boating, polo, and horseback riding.

ARIZONA

JOHN GARDINER'S TENNIS RANCH ON CAMELBACK, 5700 E. McDonald Drive, Scottsdale, AZ 85253; 602-948-2100. Best known for "tennis week" on 24 championship courts, group and private tennis instruction.

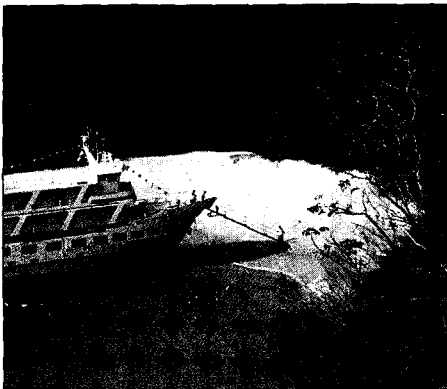
THE WIGWAM, Litchfield Park, AZ 85340; 602-935-3811. A 225-room, 75-acre resort; only resort in the Southwest with 3 championship golf courses. Also has 8 tennis courts and 4 practice lanes with pitching machines.

CALIFORNIA

LA QUINTA HOTEL GOLF & TENNIS RESORT, La Quinta, CA 92253; 800-854-1271. A 230-room resort on 800 acres just outside Palm Springs, with 13 hard-surface and 4 grass tennis courts, 2 18-hole Pete Dye golf courses.

FLORIDA

BOCA RATON HOTEL & CLUB, 501 E. Camino Real, Boca Raton, FL 33432; 800-327-0101. An elegant resort with 1000 rooms, suites, and apartments. Guests use the Boca West Resort & Club; 56 clay tennis courts, 5 championship golf courses, 4 swimming pools, deep-sea fishing, and sailing.



THE BREAKERS, South County Rd., Palm Beach, FL 33480; 305-665-6611. This grand old hotel in the elegant Palm Beach tradition offers 2 18-hole golf courses, 14 tennis courts, private beach, outdoor saltwater pool, elegant shops, an award-winning wine list.

GRAND CYPRESS RESORT, 1111 South Orange Ave., Orlando, FL 32806; 305-239-4600. A new resort on 730 acres; features Jack Nicklaus-designed golf course, huge swimming pool with 12 waterfalls and a water slide, 10 tennis courts, and 21-acre lake.

LONGBOAT KEY CLUB, 301 Gulf of Mexico Drive, Longboat Key, Florida 33548; 800-237-8821. An Arvida Resort Community on island across bay from Sarasota. The Inn on the Beach has 221 suites, 2 18-hole championship golf courses, 20 Har-Tru tennis courts, full marina facilities, fishing, scuba diving, and beach.

GEORGIA

THE CLOISTER, Sea Island, GA 31561; 800-841-3223. A 264-room resort famous for its 36-hole Sea Island Golf Course along the Atlantic shore, with spectacular vistas. Tennis is also excellent, with 26 clay-type courts at 2 clubs.

HAWAII

KAHALA HILTON, 5000 Kahala Ave., Honolulu, HI 96816; 808-734-2211. A luxurious, prestigious resort located beyond Diamond Head. 370 rooms and suites, beach, snorkeling, kayaks, pedalboats, pool and ocean swimming.



MAUNA KEA BEACH HOTEL, Kamuela, HI 96743; 800-228-3000. The oldest and most famous luxury resort on Hawaii. 310-room hotel features Robert Trent Jones golf course, 9 championship tennis courts, crescent beach, water sports, sailing, horseback riding, and art treasures.

MAUNA LANI BAY HOTEL, P.O. Box 4000, Kawaihae, HI 96743; 800-367-2323. The newest luxury hotel on Hawaii, the 351-room Mauna Lani has a beautiful 18-hole championship golf course and 10 championship tennis courts.

PRINCEVILLE MAKAI, P.O. Box 121, Hanalei, Kauai, HI 96714; 800-367-7090, 808-826-6561. 57 units, and a 27-hole golf course judged among best in the U.S. Tennis, snorkeling, windsurfing, sailing, deep-sea fishing, and helicopter along the Na Pali coast.

THE KAPALUA VILLAS, One Bay Drive, Kapalua, Maui, HI 96761; 800-545-4000. 116 elegant 2-story private villas overlook the Pacific and Molokai. Golf on 2 18-hole championship courses designed by Arnold Palmer; 3 beaches and 10 tennis courts.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SEA PINES PLANTATION, Hilton Head Island, SC 29928; 800-845-6131 or 803-785-3333. One of the largest tennis and golf resorts in the world. Comprehensive tennis program on 75 courts; golf on 3 championship courses. Nearly 5 miles of Atlantic Ocean beach and a 605-acre forest preserve with nature trails; swimming from April to November.

KIAWAH ISLAND RESORT, P.O. Box 12910, Charleston, SC 29412; 800-845-2771. Nestled in 10,000 acres of wilderness, with 10 miles of beach, the resort consists of 2 villages containing 2 golf courses designed by Gary Player and Jack Nicklaus. There are 28 tennis courts, an oceanfront pool complex, 12 miles of paved bike trails, jeep safaris,



Come to South Africa, where you can expect the unexpected.



There's a lot more to South Africa than safaris. Where else can you tour a gold mine in the morning, watch tribal dancing in the afternoon, dine at a five-star restaurant in the evening, and swing into a nightlife that doesn't stop until you do? Or relax at dazzling resorts with more sunshine than Bermuda, the Riviera or Florida? South Africa: A world in one country. Come on down and get some of our sand in your shoes.



Even the price is unexpected: From only \$1699!

Includes round-trip airfare from U.S., flights between Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban, sightseeing including cable car ride up Table Mountain or visit to Cape of Good Hope, tour of gold mine. 10 days in luxurious hotels, 3 day safari in Kruger National Park. Send coupon or call for details.

South African Tourism Board, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017
Please send your "Expect the Unexpected" Vacation Kit.



Name _____ AT-11/84

Address _____

City _____

satur

State _____ Zip _____

Offices also located in Chicago and Beverly Hills

For immediate information, see your travel agent or call one of these toll-free numbers.

Abercrombie & Kent International
800-323-1012

African Travel Inc.
800-722-7755





and river safaris. Also featured are trips to Charleston to see historic buildings and gardens.

SUNSPOTS IN THE CARIBBEAN

ANTIGUA

GALLEY BAY, P.O. Box 305, St. John's, Antigua, W.I. A small resort with 28 rooms in secluded thatched huts; beach, sailing, fishing, snorkeling, tennis, and horseback riding.

HALF MOON BAY HOTEL, P.O. Box 144, Antigua, W.I.; 32101. A 150-acre resort with 100 oceanfront rooms facing Half Moon Bay. World-class professional tennis tournaments in January; golf, boating, water sports, pool.

ST. JAMES'S CLUB ANTIGUA, P.O. Box 63, Mamora Bay, Antigua, W.I.; 800-235-3505; New York 212-689-3048. Opening Dec. 21; an offshoot of the St. James's Club in London. 90 studios and suites; 100 yachts can anchor in private marina. Two private beaches, pool, water sports, deep-sea fishing, 5 tennis courts, horseback riding, 9-hole golf course nearby, casino.

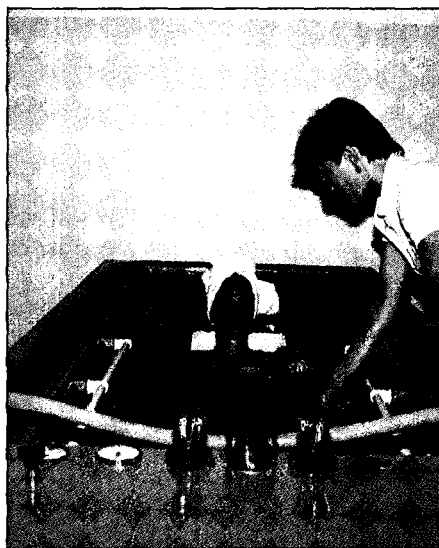
ARUBA

DIVI DIVI BEACH HOTEL, Tel.: Aruba 23300; 800-847-7198; New York State 800-252-6323. A low-rise hotel noted for its lovely foliage and Red Parrot restaurant; 152 rooms, pool, tennis, water sports, entertainment.

DUTCH VILLAGE, Tel.: Aruba 24150; 800-847-7198. 14 luxury apartments in lovely setting; satellite TV, private Jacuzzi, pool, tennis, shops.

THE BAHAMAS

TREASURE CAY BEACH HOTEL AND VILLAS, Box TC-4183, Treasure Cay, Abaco, Bahamas; 305-444-8381, 809-36-72847. 122 rooms, garden villas, and apartments; 18-hole golf



course, marina, scuba, tennis, beach, 4 pools, and deep-sea fishing.

COTTON BAY BEACH GOLF AND TENNIS RESORT, P.O. Box 28, Eleuthera, Bahamas; 809-33-42101. 77 rooms in cottages, a Robert Trent Jones-designed 18-hole golf course, tennis, beach, pool, water sports, boating, sailing, and deep-sea fishing.

WINDERMERE ISLAND CLUB, Box 25, Rock Sound, Windermere Island, Eleuthera, Bahamas; 809-33-22566, Robert Reid Associates 203-661-3171. 22 rooms on 5-mile beach; sailing, windsurfing, deep-sea fishing, tennis, and swimming. Very exclusive.

BAHAMAS PRINCESS HOTEL, Box F-207, Freeport, Grand Bahama, Bahamas; 809-35-26721. Large resort with 565 rooms, 36-hole golf complex, 6 tennis courts, drift fishing, charter boats, scuba, beach, and horseback riding. Travel package with Bahamas Air.

RUM CAY DIVING CLUB, Rum Cay, Bahamas, or 701 S.W. 48th St., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33315; 305-467-8355. Isolated 19-room scuba-diving resort with snorkeling, sailing, catamarans, windsurfers, and fishing.

BARBADOS

COBBLERS COVE HOTEL, c/o Robert Reid Associates, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022; 212-832-2277. 38 private suites in lush tropical garden overlooking sea. Beach, deep-sea fishing, water sports; golf and tennis nearby.

MARRIOTT'S SAM LORD'S CASTLE RESORT, Barbados, W.I.; 800-228-9290. Resort built around 19th-century Sam Lord's Castle, with 1-mile beach. 259 rooms, suites, and cottages; 3 pools, 7 tennis courts, riding, health club.



SANDY LANE HOTEL, St. James, Barbados, W.I.; 21311. 115-room luxury hotel featuring 18-hole golf course, 5 tennis courts, pool, beautiful beach, water sports, sailing, snorkeling, scuba, fishing.

BERMUDA

THE PRINCESS HOTEL, Pembroke Parish, P.O. Box 837, Hamilton 5, Bermuda; 809-295-3000. Regal hotel (942 guests) full of real Bermuda character. 2 oceanside pools, transportation to beach club and private 18-hole golf course, shopping, entertainment.

SONESTA BEACH HOTEL, Southampton Parish, P.O. Box 1070, Hamilton 5, Bermuda; 809-298-8122. Luxury resort hotel on 25 acres at ocean's edge; 726 guests. Beach in sheltered bay, 2 heated pools, skin diving, tennis, 3 golf courses nearby.

NEWSTEAD, Paget Parish, P.O. Box 196, Paget 6, Bermuda; 809-296-6060. Old English manor house for 100 guests in rooms and deluxe cottages on edge of Hamilton Harbour. Quiet and peaceful. Heated pool, sauna; near beach, tennis, golf, and dancing.

POMPANO BEACH CLUB, Southampton Parish, Middle Rd., Southampton 8-01, Bermuda; 809-294-0222. A small club located on cliff over ocean. 102 guests; large pool and terrace, private beach, skin diving, boating.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

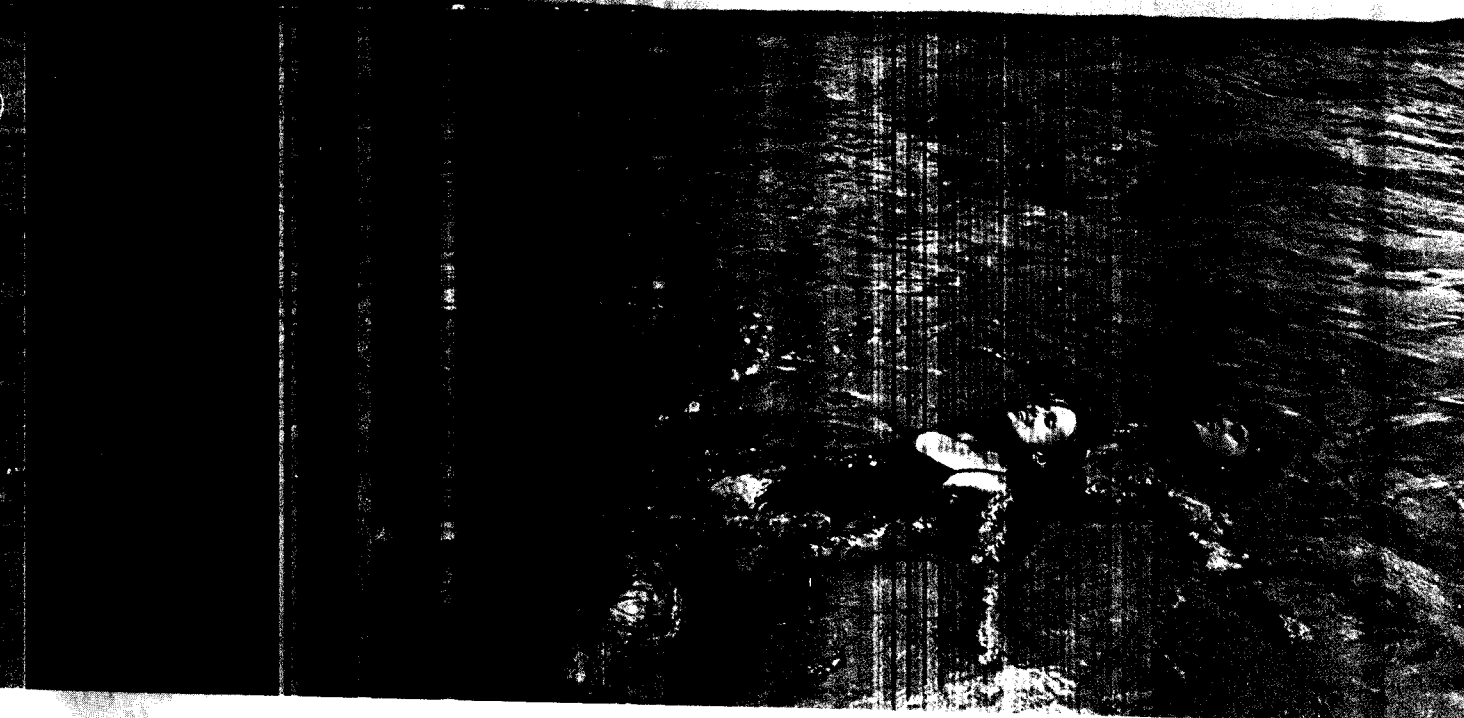
CASA DE CAMPO HOTEL, VILLAS AND COUNTRY CLUB, P.O. Box 140, La Romana, Dominican Republic; 809-532-1511, 800-223-6620. 325 rooms on 7000 acres. Golf on 2 Pete Dye courses, separate tennis village, polo, horseback riding, Oscar de la Renta-designed guestrooms, and 9 specialty restaurants.

GUADELOUPE

THE HAMAK, 97118 St. François, Guadeloupe, F.W.I.; 84-41-80, 800-431-



ESCAPE TO a LAND OF GIFTS



In The Bahamas, you never run out of things to do. Until you want to. Tour the world for treasures at Freeport's International Bazaar. Make a date with Lady Luck at a casino. Become a believer in scuba. Feel how warm a smile can be. Walk along a sugar-white beach where the only footsteps are yours. Or just sit, and feel sorry for the people you send postcards to.

The Bahamas and the price are within easy reach.

For example, three nights, including hotel and airfare from New York, starts under \$200. For reservations or a brochure, see your travel agent or call toll free 800-327-0787. In Dade County, 443-3821.

It's Better In The Bahamas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Florida
Freeport
Bimini
Nassau
Exumas
Andros
Eleuthera
Abacos

1650 ACRES OF FUN AND GAMES. \$460 A WEEK*



Championship golf! John Gardiner Tennis!
Polo! Riding! Croquet! Gourmet dining!
Private studio villa!

Palm Beach Polo and Country Club is
America's most sporting country club com-
munity. Come play like a millionaire for as
little as \$460 a week! *CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-327-4204. IN FLORIDA,
1-800-432-4151.

*Per person, double occupancy based on an eight day/seven
night golf package.

Come live it up at
**Palm Beach Polo
and Country Club**

13198 Forest Hill Blvd.,
West Palm Beach, Florida 33414 • (305) 793-1113 Telex: 803489

Searching?



For a Tropical Villa... Mountain
Chalet... Luxury Condo... Yacht
Charter... Quaint Inn?
HIDEAWAYS® shows the way!
Write for free brochure. To join call,
800-843-4433

Hideaways International
PO Box 1459 AT Concord, MA 01742

VILLAS • CONDOMINIUMS

Vacation Rentals in Luxury Homes

**JAMAICA • MEXICO • CARIBBEAN
TRAVEL RESOURCES
800-327-5039**

3314 Virginia St • Coconut Grove, FL 33133

LONG ISLAND MAY SEDUCE YOU

Just 28 guest rooms
on a private 300-acre island
two miles by boat from the
Antigua, West Indies mainland.

Sailing, tennis, waterskiing.
Remote, relaxed, seductive.

See your travel agent or call
Resorts Management, Inc., at
(800) 225-4255, in New York
(212) 696-4566.

LONG ISLAND
Resort
Antigua • West Indies



7177. Deluxe 56-room resort with bun-
galows, Robert Trent Jones golf
course, and water sports.

LA CREOLE BEACH HOTEL, Pointe de
la Verdure, B.P. 19-97190 Le Gosier,
Guadeloupe, F.W.I.; 84-15-00, New York
212-757-2981, 800-223-9868. Newly
renovated, family-oriented hotel with
156 rooms, right on beach; water
sports, scuba, boating, tennis.

JAMAICA

THE HALF MOON CLUB, Montego
Bay, Jamaica, W.I.; 212-832-2227; 800-
223-6510. 191 rooms on 360 acres of
gardens with private beach, 18-hole
Robert Trent Jones golf course, 13 ten-
nis courts, 4 squash courts, saunas,
snorkeling, fishing, riding, sailing.

TRIDENT VILLAS AND HOTEL, P.O.
Box 119, Port Antonio, Jamaica; 800-
235-3505. Elegant, quiet, and relaxed
resort on 14 acres; 27 accommodations
with sea views. Private beach, riding,
rafting, water skiing, tennis.

MARTINIQUE

THE BAKOUA BEACH HOTEL, Pointe
du Bout, Martinique; 800-743-7177.
98-room hotel on beach, with marina,
sailing, snorkeling, fishing.

LEYRITZ PLANTATION, Basse-Pointe/
97-2, 18 Martinique, F.W.I.; 800-223-
1510, 212-334-9188. Unique restored
18th-century manor house with only
25 rooms, antique furniture, swim-
ming, tennis, and horseback riding.

MEXICO

LAS BRISAS, Carr. Escenica 5255, P.O.
Box 281, Acapulco, Gro., Mexico. Pri-
vate, luxurious resort overlooking Pa-
cific. 300 secluded villas with pools;
water sports, tennis, golf.

LAS CRUCES PALMILLA, c/o P.O.
Box 1775, La Jolla, CA 92038; 714-454-
0600. Located on cliff overlooking Sea
of Cortez. Exclusive resort has private
landing strip and fleet of fishing
boats. Villas and suites with Mexican
decor. Snorkeling, fishing, swimming.

EL PRESIDENTE OAXACA, Calle 5 de
Mayo No. 300, Col. Centro, Oaxaca
68000, Mexico. Peaceful, charming, for-
mer Dominican convent is now a 91-
room hotel with courtyards, archways,
stone floors, and wood furnishings.
Short walk to main square of Oaxaca;
swimming pool, superb dining.

CLUB MED GUAYMAS, 800-528-3100.
Opened in June; accommodates 750
ADVERTISEMENTS

guests. Desert landscape and beach on
eastern shore of Sea of Cortez. 30 ten-
nis courts, 18-hole golf course, water
sports, and deep-sea diving.

PUERTO RICO

CERROMAR BEACH HOTEL, Dorado
Beach, Puerto Rico; 212-935-4950.
This 508-room resort boasts 36 holes of
golf on 2 courses designed by Robert
Trent Jones under direction of Juan
"Chi Chi" Rodriguez. Private airfield,
14 tennis courts, playground, day camp
at Christmas, casino.

PALMAS DEL MAR, P.O. Box 2020,
Humacao, Puerto Rico 00661; 212-889-
0628, 809-726-6132. 325 rooms in ho-
tel and villas, 23 rooms in inn, or sepa-
rate villas. 2700-acre resort has 18-
hole golf course, 20 tennis courts, all
water sports, 4 pools, beach, and
equestrian center.

ST. LUCIA

ANSE CHASTANET BEACH HOTEL,
P.O. Box 216, Soufrière, St. Lucia,
W.I.; 809-454-7354/5, 800-223-5581
(nationwide). 20 chalets with veran-
dahs overlooking Chastanet Bay and Pi-
ton mountains. Scuba center, fishing,
snorkeling, boating, Creole cooking.

CUNARD LA TOC HOTEL & VILLAS,
Castries, St. Lucia, W.I.; call Cunard,
212-661-7036. 100-acre beachfront re-
sort with 164 rooms and 60 villas; 9-
hole golf course, tennis, 2 pools, water
sports, deep-sea fishing, scuba, sailing.

DASHEENE RESORT, Soufrière, St. Lu-
cia, W.I.; contact Kinnebrew Design Col-
laborative, 616-897-5938. 22 deluxe
suites and villas perched on mountain-
side 1000 feet above sea, with spec-
tacular views of Pitons and Caribbean.
Beautiful swimming pool on ridge.

TRINIDAD & TOBAGO

ARNOS VALE HOTEL, P.O. Box 208,
Tobago. Small jewel in lush 400-acre
estate near coral reef with tropical fish,
underwater gardens, and flower ar-
cades. Fishing, tennis, pool; English
and Tobagan cuisine.

MT. IRVINE BAY HOTEL, P.O. Box 222,
Tobago, W.I. 110-room resort with hotel
and cottages; 18-hole golf course, res-
taurant built around old sugar mill, pool,
beach, water sports, and tennis.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

LITTLE DIX BAY, Box 70, Virgin Gorda,
B.V.I.; 800-223-7637 for reservations,
800-442-8198 (New York State), 212-
586-4459 (New York City). An 84-

room Rockresort on 500 acres, with beautiful crescent beach. Snorkeling, scuba, sailing, deep-sea fishing, horseback riding, and tennis. Package with Caneel Bay on St. John is available.

THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix; 212-586-3070, 800-223-1108. 142-room resort with 3 beaches, 18-hole golf course, 8 tennis courts, health club. Waterskiing, windsurfing, snorkeling, scuba diving, sport fishing, and sunset sails.

CLUB COMANCHE, St. Croix; 809-773-0210. Unusual hotel building dates back to the 1700s. Most rooms have four-poster beds and harbor views. Old windmill tower, pool, and excellent Comanche Restaurant.

SPRAT HALL, St. Croix; 809-772-0305. A former plantation; 4 colonial rooms in great house, 6 rooms in the modernized slave quarters next door. Riding stable; beach across the street.

CANEEL BAY, Virgin Islands National Park, St. John; 800-223-7637, 800-442-8198 (New York State). A 156-room Rockresort adjoining Virgin Islands National Park. Ultra-deluxe: 170 acres, 7 beaches, snorkeling, scuba, yachting, fishing charters, and tennis.

MAHOGANY RUN GOLF AND TENNIS RESORT, P.O. Box 7517, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. 00801; 800-524-2129, 212-696-1323. Deluxe 315-acre resort with 220 villas containing kitchen facilities; all rooms have terraces and views. Championship 18-hole golf course designed by George and Tom Fazio is world-famous for foliage, tight mountain passes, and dramatic views—especially the 14th hole. Swimming pool, shuttle to beach; excellent cuisine.

HOTEL 1829, St. Thomas, 809-774-1829. Inn with Old World charm. 17 rooms and 3 suites with canopied beds, mahogany walls, and harbor views. Charming bar with backgammon tables; wonderful restaurant.

SPAS IN THE UNITED STATES

THE AURORA HOUSE SPA, 35 E. Garfield Rd., Aurora, OH 44202; 216-562-9171. Housed in a 29-room Victorian manor, offers full range of therapies, wraps, facials, stress-reducing exercise regime. 6-day program from \$1539.

THE CANYON RANCH SPA, 8600 E. Rockcliff Rd., Tucson, AZ 85715; 602-749-9000. Nestled in foothills of Santa Catalina mountains, offers hiking, tennis, swimming, health diet, exercise classes, golf, whirlpool, massage, skin care. \$1460 per week.

THE GOLDEN DOOR, P.O. Box 1567, Escondido, CA 92025; 619-744-5777. Japanese-style retreat with exercise classes, relaxing beauty treatments and massages. Low-calorie gourmet meals. Approximately \$2500 per week.

THE GREENHOUSE, P.O. Box 1144, Arlington, TX 76010; 817-640-4000. For women only. Exercise, diet, beauty care. Guests are chauffeured weekly to Neiman-Marcus. \$2450 per week.

LA COSTA HOTEL & SPA, Costa del Mar Rd., Carlsbad, CA 92008; 619-438-9111. Personalized program: nutritional and skin analysis, exercise classes, beauty programs. Golf on Dick Wilson-designed 27-hole course with lessons from Tommy Jacobs. Tennis on 25 courts with lessons from Pancho Segura. Approximately \$200 per day.

RANCHO LA PUERTA, Tecate, CA 92080; 619-478-5341. Beautiful location in Sierra Madre foothills. Vigorous exercise, mountain hiking, jogging, yoga, water sports, Golden Door program, tennis. \$700–\$1500 per week.

THE SPA AT SONOMA MISSION INN, Boyes Hot Springs, CA 95416; 800-358-9022. Mainly for women, although men's sessions scheduled periodically. Elegant California mission-style hotel and spa in wine country, 40 miles north of San Francisco. European-style spa with 3 tennis courts, Olympic pool, wine shop, body conditioning and beauty treatments. Approximately \$1800 for 5 days.

SPAS IN EUROPE

BADGASTEIN, a charming Austrian Alpine village, has famous hot springs to which people have flocked for centuries. Nearby are skiing and cultural events in the Gastein Valley. Contact Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110.

BADEN-BADEN in Germany offers good hotels, restaurants, and the famous spa treatment for people suffering from stress. Roman baths dating back 2000 years are under Market Square. The salt springs are among the hottest and most potent in Europe. Contact German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017.

THE CALIFORNIA TERRACE, Hotel de Paris, 2, avenue de Monte-Carlo, M.C. 98000, Monaco. The first American spa in Europe; opened this year. On cliff overlooking old city, spa has American trainers and equipment, French ambience, and regional cooking. Approximately \$1800 per week.

ADVERTISEMENT

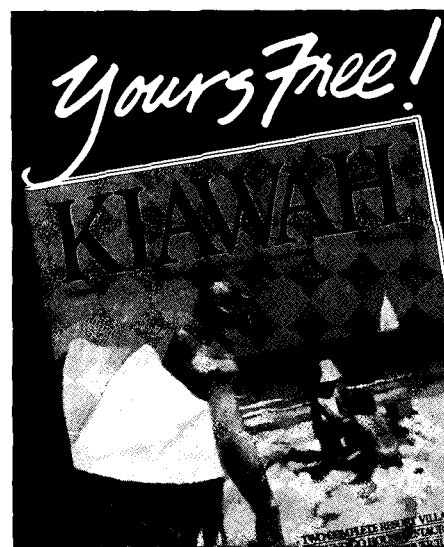


Quite Simply The Best.

Of the world's great resorts there is but one that is—in the quality of its heritage, precision of its service, perfection of its cuisine, and splendor of its amenities—truly noble: The Boca Raton Hotel and Club. For reservations, see your travel agent or call toll free 800-432-0150.

Understandably, we are a Mobil Five-Star, AAA Five-Diamond resort.

The Boca Raton Hotel and Club
P.O. Box 225
Boca Raton, Florida 33429-0379



32-Page Island Vacation Guide

Send for our colorful magazine, because this year Kiawah offers more island than ever. Enjoy twice the golf on our Player and Nicklaus courses, twice the tennis at our two world class clubs and twice the dining and shopping in our two complete villages. Discover ten miles of beach, plus nearby historic Charleston. For reservations and details on special Fall Escape packages, call us or your travel agent.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Kiawah Island
Dept. VMAC1
P.O. Box 12910
Charleston, SC 29412
1-803-768-2121

Call TOLL FREE 1-800-845-2471

SKIING

DOWNHILL IN THE UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA

HEAVENLY VALLEY, a 12,500-acre mountain at Lake Tahoe, offers variety of terrain and gambling. Information: Box AT, South Lake Tahoe, CA 95705; 916-541-1330.

MAMMOTH MOUNTAIN, the biggest ski area in the U.S., in southern California, can accommodate 20,000 skiers. Information: Box 24, Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546; 619-934-2571.

COLORADO

ASPEN, a former silver-mining boom town, attracts an international clientele with its art, music, drama, and excellent skiing. Information on Aspen Mountain, Buttermilk, and Snowmass: Aspen Skiing Co., Box 1248, Aspen, CO 81612; 303-925-1220. Information on Aspen Highlands: Box T, Aspen, CO 81612; 303-925-5300.

COPPER MOUNTAIN RESORT has deluxe condos and Club Med's only U.S. ski village. Recently opened \$3 million indoor athletic facility. Host of U.S. Alpine Championships. Information: Box 3001, Copper Mountain, CO 80443; 303-668-2882.

CRESTED BUTTE is a charming century-old mining town, 3 miles from ski area. Offers everything from wide, gentle slopes to steep, expert runs. Information: Box A, Mt. Crested Butte, CO 81225; 303-349-2333.

STEAMBOAT, 157 miles from Denver, is noted for genuine Old West flavor and casual attire. Information: P.O. Box 773377, Steamboat Springs, CO 80477; 303-879-0740, 800-332-3204 in Col.



VAIL, 100 miles west of Denver, is famous for powder that stays in the "back bowls." World Cup races held here. Town offers variety of restaurants, shopping, and nightlife. Information: Vail Associates, Inc., Box 7, Vail, CO 81658; 800-525-3875.

BEAVER CREEK, a Vail-owned satellite 10 miles west of Vail, is exciting new area with no long waits at lift lines. Tickets interchangeable with Vail; free shuttle buses. Information: Box 7, Vail, CO 81658; 303-949-5750.

IDAHO

SUN VALLEY is former haunt of movie stars and has always attracted a worldly clientele. Ski "Baldy," with its well-groomed trails and powder bowls, then enjoy après-ski in nearby Ketchum or at elegant Lodge. Information: Sun Valley Co., Sun Valley, ID 83353; 208-622-4111, 800-635-8261.

NEW MEXICO

TAOS SKI VALLEY, 147 miles north of Albuquerque, is famous for sunshine, light snow, powder, and great accommodations at the base. Recommended: Edelweiss, Thunderbird, St. Bernard. Information: Taos Ski Valley, NM 87571; 505-776-2291.

UTAH

ALTA, the oldest, most rustic resort in Utah, maintains rugged spirit of old mining town. Alta's powder is world-famous, its slopes and bowls challenge intermediate as well as advanced skiers, and its accommodations are quiet



and charming. Information: Alta, UT 84092; 801-742-3333.

SNOWBIRD, 3 miles from Alta, welcomes advanced skiers who thrive on powder and moguls. Lodges and private clubs offer après-ski amenities. Information: Snowbird, UT 84092; 800-453-3000.

PARK CITY is a historic mining town that mixes Utah's best skiing with Old West charm, great restaurants, and plenty of après-ski. Information: Box 39-UP83, Park City, UT 84060. **Park City**, largest resort, hosts intermediate skiers on challenging slopes and bowls accessible by modern chairs and gondola; **Park West** has long, wide, powder-packed shoots and prides itself on Old West ambience; **Deer Valley**, the country club of ski resorts, welcomes skiers who want challenge but not intimidation. Olympic gold medalist Stein Eriksen hosts guests at the Stein Eriksen Lodge. Information: Deer Valley, UT 84060; 801-649-1000.

VERMONT

MT. MANSFIELD/STOWE is one of the great ski areas in the East. The wonderful Trapp Family Lodge, just reopened, is the best place to stay. Information: 106 Mountain Rd., Stowe, VT 05672; 802-253-7311.

HAWK MOUNTAIN RESORT, 15 minutes from Killington, consists of 90 luxury chalets available for rent, 24-hour concierge service, and a Hawk/Killington ski package. Information: Box H-120, Route 100, Pittsfield, VT 05762; 800-451-4109.

STRATTON is in the Green Mountains of southern Vermont, 3 hours' drive from Boston. Site of 1978 World Cup competition, Stratton has 57 trails and slopes for all ability levels on 340 acres of skiing terrain, including 20 miles of groomed cross-country trails. Extensive snowmaking allows skiing from November through May. Information: Stratton Corp., Stratton Mountain, VT 05155; 802-297-2200.



WYOMING

JACKSON HOLE is now easier to get to—Western Airlines flies from Salt Lake City to Jackson. This giant mountain has the largest vertical drop in the U.S. (4139 feet) and more beginner and intermediate terrain than 90% of U.S. ski areas. Stay at the Lodge in Teton Village. Information: Jackson Hole Ski Corp., Teton Village, WY 83025; 307-733-2292.

DOWNHILL IN EUROPE

AUSTRIA

KITZBUHEL's large "old town" dates back to the 13th century. Over 50 lifts on 5 different mountains. Fabulous skiing and après-ski activities.

ST. ANTON, Europe's first ski resort, dating to the early 1900s, is the home of the Arlberg technique and is known for its ski school.

ZURS is small, elegant, expensive, and exclusive. Zurs guests have special cards that enable them to go to the front of the lift line. There's guaranteed snow and no trees in this high-altitude area.

FRANCE

CHAMONIX lies below Mt. Blanc, highest peak in the Alps (15,771 feet). It has the greatest vertical descent (9097 feet) and the longest run (12 miles) in Europe, and glacier skiing.

COURCHEVEL is the world's largest ski area, with 140 lifts linking more than 350 miles of runs and virgin powder. The area consists of 5 separate villages in 5 tiers in a vast bowl.

VAL D'ISÈRE, home of Jean-Claude Killy, is linked to Tignes; together they offer 118 lifts and 200 miles of runs in 25,000 acres. For true skiing enthusiasts, not après-skiers.

ITALY

CORTINA is famous for its well-dressed, elegant, sophisticated skiers and celebrities as well as its Olympic runs, speed-skating rink, and bobsled run. Skiing is in 4 areas with 87 miles of runs, a 5828-foot vertical drop, 31 miles of groomed cross-country trails, and 180 instructors at 3 ski schools.

SPAIN

SOLYNIEVE, overlooking the Mediterranean, is so far south there's a long-

SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS...



AIRLINE TO LIFT LINE TO FALL LINE... the fastest way to the slopes is through Utah. Salt Lake International is less than an hour away from *Seven* world-class resorts! Take-off in the morning and experience Utah snow in the afternoon. Get to know Utah snow with the *Ski Utah Planner*, a profile of the state's resorts plus details on transportation, lodging and more!

Utah!

MAKE TRACKS TO UTAH TODAY!

Send me my **FREE** copy of the 1984-85 *Ski Utah Planner*.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE, ZIP

**Mail to: Utah Travel Council
Council Hall/Capitol Hill
Salt Lake City, Utah 84114
(801) 533-5681**

Stratton Special

LIFTS, LODGING AND LUNCH. \$55 DAY*

Get in the middle of great skiing excitement—midweek at Stratton! Enjoy luxurious on-the-mountain accommodations, plus all-day lift tickets, and lots more, from as little as \$55 a day!

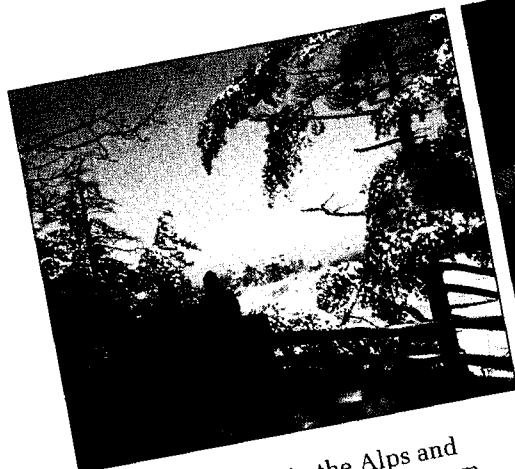
Stratton's midweek special includes:

- Luxurious accommodations
- All day lift tickets
- Free lunch
- Free Sports Center pass
- Free NASTAR race (for all levels)
- Free cross country rentals and trail use
- Nightly entertainment

Lessons only \$10 extra! And special weekend packages are also available. For reservations 1-800-222-1300, in VT. 1-802-297-2200.

*U.S. dollars, per person; 3 night min. (min. 2 persons per bedroom.) For information on area lodging call 1-802-824-6915.

Stratton
WHERE VERMONT IS ALWAYS IN SEASON



er skiing day than in the Alps and spring conditions all winter. Recommended: Hotel Solynieve; the English bar, Hotel Melia Sierra Nevada.

SWITZERLAND

DAVOS, one of Europe's oldest, largest, and finest ski resorts, consists of 7 areas. Davos offers just about everything on and off the slopes.

ST. MORITZ is the most elegant and expensive resort of all. The international jet set loves it for the skiing, horse racing on the frozen lake, skating, curling, bobsled runs, shopping, restaurants, and entertainment. The Palace Hotel offers the most luxurious accommodations in the Alps.

ZERMATT, a small town at the base of the Matterhorn, offers virgin powder, heli-skiing, and a run over to Cervinia, Italy, which any intermediate can ski. The charming town doesn't allow cars, so you travel by horse-drawn sleigh.

CROSS-COUNTRY IN THE UNITED STATES

COLORADO

CROOKED CREEK SKI TOURING operates on the 10th Mountain Trail and Hut System between Aspen and Vail. Two certified guides lead groups of no more than 10 intermediate skiers. The 40-mile trek of backcountry trails connects 8 huts and lodges. Information: Crooked Creek Ski Touring Center, Box 3142, Vail, CO 81658; 303-949-5682.

MONTANA

LONE MOUNTAIN RANCH leads guided trips over 35 miles of Montana's backcountry and overnight trips to Yellowstone's Old Faithful. Helicopters take skiers to remote alpine terrain for rugged day trips. Log cabins are home; hearty meals. Information: Lone Mountain Ranch, Box 145, Big Sky, MT 59716; 406-995-4644.

T-20 ADVERTISEMENT



NEW HAMPSHIRE

BRETTON WOODS RESORT, 155 miles north of Boston in the White Mountains, is one of the major cross-country facilities in the East. Over 100 km of groomed trails wind through the National Forest and give skiers some of the most spectacular views in the Northeast. Three major trail systems. Information: Bretton Woods Resort, Route 302, NH 03575; 800-253-0330, 603-278-1100 (in N.H. and groups).

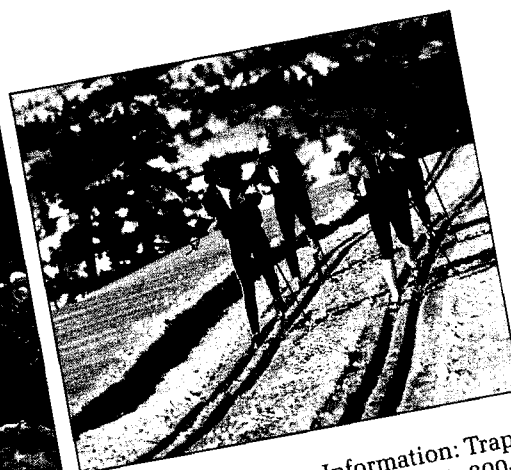
NEW YORK

LAKE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE, less than 100 miles from New York, returns vacationers to the 19th century. The 115-year-old Mountain House welcomes as many as 500 guests with the same charm enjoyed by Victorian vacationers. The resort offers more than 20 miles of groomed cross-country trails, winter hiking, horse-drawn sleigh rides, outdoor ice-skating, and platform tennis. Information: Mohonk Mountain House, New Paltz, NY 12561; 914-255-1000.

THE POINT, on Upper Saranac Lake, was built by William Rockefeller in the 1930s to entertain visiting royalty. Today it hosts 16 houseguests in rustic but grand style. None of the activities, which include cross-country and downhill skiing, tobogganing, and snowshoeing, is organized. Gourmet dinners are served in the style of a private dinner party. Information: The Point, Saranac Lake, NY 12983; 518-891-5674.

VERMONT

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE in Stowe reopened in 1983 with 73 rooms. The lodge offers 60 miles of trails and



spectacular scenery. Information: Trapp Family Lodge, Stowe, VT 05672; 800-826-7000, 802-253-8511 in Vt.

WOODSTOCK INN & RESORT continues a New England tradition that began in 1793. A 3-hour drive from Boston, it offers 75 km of well-groomed trails and all the amenities associated with Rockresorts: comfortable lodging, fine dining. Free equipment and trail passes Monday through Friday. Information: The Woodstock Inn & Resort, Fourteen the Green, Woodstock, VT 05091; 802-457-1100.

CROSS-COUNTRY IN EUROPE

FINLAND

FINLANDIA SKI RACE takes place on February 23 and 24. The 47-mile competition, which attracts skiers from all over the world, ends in Lahti, a well-known ski center.

NORWAY

GEILO and **VOSS** are situated on the Oslo-Bergen railroad, which provides a spectacular train ride. Geilo is more attractive for cross-country skiing.

LILLEHAMMER, 120 miles from Oslo, is one of the largest tourist resorts in Norway. It offers a 400 km network of trails, some floodlit at night.

NORDIC SKI TRIP, leaving Oslo March 10 for 16 days, will take 20 physically fit skiers to remote areas. Comfortable lodging, hearty food. Information: Mountain Travel, 1398 Solano Ave., Albany, CA 94706; 800-227-2384.

SWITZERLAND

SKI THE JURA MOUNTAINS on a 10-day tour for beginners and advanced skiers. Lodging in comfortable country hotels with delicious food. Information: Mountain Travel, 1398 Solano Ave., Albany, CA 94706; 800-227-2384.

1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
* 0 □

ALL IT TAKES IS SUCCESS

The ultimate recognition from your banker. A gold MasterCard card.

CRUISES & CHARTERS

CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

COSTA CRUISES: A 96-day luxury cruise aboard the *Danae*, sailing from Genoa Dec. 21, returning Mar. 27, visiting 33 cities in 20 countries. Segments: Genoa to Ft. Lauderdale, Ft. Lauderdale to Los Angeles, Los Angeles to Hong Kong, and Hong Kong to Genoa. Round-trip airfare included.

CUNARD LINE: The QE2 Golden Route Cruise sails from New York on Jan. 13 and returns Apr. 18, circling the globe westward for the first time and visiting 31 ports. Passengers may choose from a variety of tours and can transfer to *Sagafjord's* Circle Pacific and Orient Cruise in Sydney. 20 segments; free airfare or allowances.

HOLLAND AMERICA LINE: The *Rotterdam* leaves New York Jan. 6 and Ft. Lauderdale Jan. 8, returning Apr. 3 and Apr. 5. Traversing the Panama and Suez Canals, the luxury liner visits 27 ports. Segments: Ft. Lauderdale to Los Angeles, Los Angeles to Hong Kong, Hong Kong to Haifa, and Haifa to New York. An attractively priced alternative is a 72-day world cruise from Los Angeles to New York.

CRUISES IN THE AMERICAS

CARIBBEAN & SOUTH AMERICA

CLIPPER CRUISE LINE: "Ultra-Yachting" through the Virgin Islands on 7-day cruises leaving St. Thomas every Sunday. The *Newport Clipper* and *Nantucket Clipper*, carrying no more than 100 passengers, have shallow drafts which allow them to enter secluded bays and islands.

COSTA CRUISES: Beginning with a gala Inaugural Christmas/New Year's Cruise on December 22, the *Daphne* will depart from Ft. Lauderdale every other Saturday through April on 14-day cruises to San Juan, St. Croix, Antigua, St. Lucia, Barbados, Martinique, St. Kitts, St. Maarten, and St. Thomas.

CUNARD LINE: The 5-plus-star *Vista fjord*, carrying 600 passengers, offers two 14-day itineraries, alternating from Ft. Lauderdale Jan. through Mar.; combine for a 28-day cruise of 16 Caribbean ports. Free airfare from 68 cities.

EPIROTIKI LINES: Departing from Barbados Dec. 22, Jan. 13, Feb. 4, and Feb. 26, the *Jason* sails the "Caribazon," combining the Caribbean and the Amazon in a 12-day cruise. After stops at Tobago and Devil's Island, the ship cruises up the Amazon, exploring tributaries, deltas, rain forests, jungles, and ruins of Inca villages, Guest lecturers.

HERITAGE CRUISES: The *Sea Cloud*, luxurious former private yacht, holds 75 passengers. This elegant ship, with 4 masts and 30 sails, offers 7-day cruises from Jan. to Mar., beginning in Antigua and sailing to St. Maarten, Saba, Martinique, and Iles des Saintes.

HOLLAND AMERICA LINE: The *Rotterdam* offers a 17-day Christmas Cruise leaving from New York (Dec. 19) and Norfolk (Dec. 18), sailing to San Juan, St. John, Curaçao, and La Guaira, Venezuela. Return via Barbados, Guadeloupe, and St. Thomas.

PAQUET FRENCH CRUISES: The 27th Music Festival at Sea will take place

aboard the *Rhapsody*, sailing from Miami Jan. 2-13. Musicians: Isaac Stern, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Keith Jarrett, James Galway, the English Chamber Orchestra, and others. Itinerary: San Juan, St. Croix, Santo Domingo, Montego Bay, and Playa del Carmen. Shore excursions.

ROYAL CARIBBEAN CRUISE LINE: Every Sunday year-round, the *Song of America* leaves Miami on a 7-day cruise to Nassau, San Juan, and St. Thomas, with sightseeing excursions in each port. The *Song of America* boasts twin swimming pools, an acre of sun-deck, and a new glass-enclosed lounge high above the water.

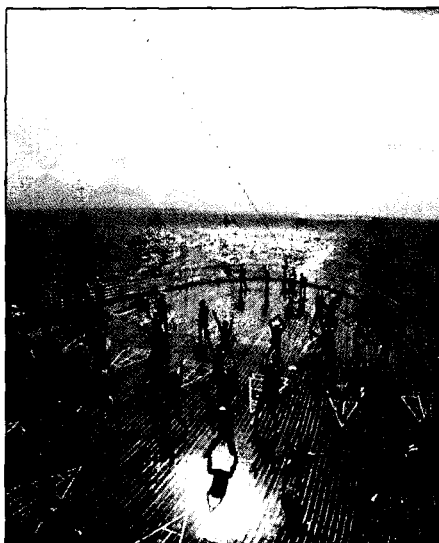
The *Sun Viking* leaves Miami every other Saturday on a 14-day cruise to Jamaica, Curaçao, Venezuela, Barbados, Martinique, St. Maarten, San Juan, and St. Thomas. Air/sea program includes airfare from many U.S. cities.

SEA GODDESS: A 7-day yachting itinerary from Christiansted, St. Croix, departs every Saturday beginning Dec. 22. Carrying 120 passengers, the *Sea Goddess* is small enough to call at ports inaccessible to larger ships, such as Gorda Sound (Virgin Gorda), Marigot Bay (St. Lucia), Mustique, Basse Terre (Guadeloupe), English Harbor (Antigua), and Gustavia (St. Barts).

SUN LINE: The 17-day Carnival in Rio Cruise leaves Ft. Lauderdale Feb. 1, stopping in the Caribbean and Brazil. Three days in Rio, with reserved Carnival seats. 32-day round-trip Grand Cruise combines the southbound and a northbound trip.

Gems of the Caribbean/Orinoco River Cruise, 14 days round-trip from San Juan, departs every other week Dec. 21 to Mar. 1. Combine visits to Caribbean islands with cruising up the Orinoco River in Venezuela to Ciudad Guayana, then flying to Angel Falls and the jungle resort of Canaima.

WINDJAMMER BAREFOOT CRUISES: Tall ships carrying 70 to 100 passengers cruise for 6 and 12 days to remote islands in the Bahamas, British



Introducing Resort Cruising.SM

Only Costa gives you the keys to the Caribbean's great private resorts.

Grab your golf clubs, pack your tennis racquet and come with us to the Caribbean.

Resort Cruising on Costa's luxurious mts Daphne gives you privileges that are denied to the passengers of every other Caribbean cruise ship. Resort Cruising takes you beyond the Caribbean's glamorous ports and into the most exclusive resorts on each island. The resorts are yours. And their facilities become an extension of your cruise.

Puerto Rico's Dorado and Cerromar Beach. Grapetree Beach on St. Croix. Caribblue and Halcyon Cove on St. Lucia and Antigua. Barbados offers Sam Lord's Castle. Martinique, the Meridien and Frantel resorts. There's the Royal St. Kitts, Mullet Bay on St. Maarten, Mahogany Run on St. Thomas, plus a host of other grand resorts.

Golfers can challenge one legendary 18-hole monster after another. Tennis players can serve aces across the Caribbean. And only on a Resort Cruise can you snorkel, horseback ride, fish and sail at these truly fabled resorts.

These are the privileges of Resort Cruising, just a taste of what Costa has to offer.

And it would be a shame to attempt this extraordinary cruise with anything less than the Daphne.

Cruises should be serene and not herd.

Crowded promenades, hurried dining and tiny cabins just aren't Costa's cup of sea. To sail Costa's mts Daphne to the Caribbean is a cruise of a different color. There are few luxury cruise ships afloat that can match her space-to-passenger ratio. The staterooms are spacious and inviting. Suites have large, private balconies. All have baths with tub and shower. The wide promenade decks are shared with half as many passengers as one finds on typical Caribbean cruise ships.

Dining aboard the Daphne is a superb experience. The food,

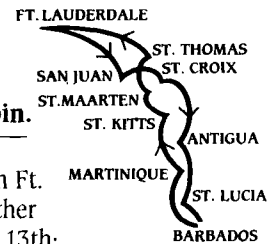
as you might expect, is simply spectacular and served by a friendly Mediterranean staff in the grand manner. We take pride in catering to the individual needs of each passenger. Single-sitting dining, we're delighted to tell you, means that you'll never have to wait for your table or rush through a meal (you *are*, after all, on vacation).

The nightly entertainment has a fine international flavor. And there isn't a better place than the Daphne to enjoy it.

If you're ready to circumnavigate the cruise crowds and slip into something very special, call our toll-free number, **1-800-447-6877**, for more information and a free brochure. Remember, the passenger complement of the Daphne is only 400, so call your travel agent for reservations, soon.

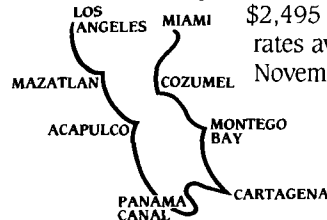
14-day Caribbean Resort Cruises from Ft. Lauderdale depart every other Saturday from December 22nd† to April 13th. From \$2,035 to \$4,725,* including air.**

**Book any 1985 14-day
cruise before December 15,
1984 and receive \$400 off per cabin.**



7-day Caribbean Resort Cruises, from Ft. Lauderdale to Barbados, depart every other Saturday from December 22nd† to April 13th; from Barbados to Ft. Lauderdale, depart every other Saturday from December 29th† to April 20th. From \$1,195 to \$2,450,* including air.

16-day 1985 Trans Panama Canal Resort Cruises depart Ft. Lauderdale April 27th and Los Angeles October 1st. From \$2,495 to \$5,395,* including air.** (Special rates available on October 24 and November 10, 1984 cruises.)



*Per person, double occupancy.
**Cruise-only passengers, deduct \$250 travel allowance.
†Prices slightly higher for 12/22 and 12/29 departures.
Resort facilities additional.
Ship of Greek registry.



COSTA

CRUISING ITALIAN STYLE.SM

Mail to: Costa Cruises
One Broadway Tower
Miami, FL 33131
Please rush brochure on:
1. Costa's 14-day Caribbean Resort Cruises
2. Costa's 7-day Caribbean Resort Cruises
3. Costa's 16-day Trans Panama Canal Resort Cruises
4. Costa's World & Orient Cruises

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
PHONE _____



Virgin Islands, West Indies, and Grenadines. Beautiful refurbished sailing ships. Casual attire; informal, carefree atmosphere, with plenty of time for sightseeing, shopping, snorkeling, or just relaxing in the sun.

MEXICAN RIVIERA

HOLLAND AMERICA LINE: The new luxury liner *Noordam* sails weekly from San Francisco on 7- and 14-day trips, and from Acapulco on 7-day trips. Itinerary: Puerto Vallarta, Zihuatanejo/Ixtapa, Mazatlan, and Cabo San Lucas. Four-day package offers touring in Mexico City, Taxco, and Acapulco before or after the cruise. Fly free on 7-day cruises.

PRINCESS CRUISES: Three 7-day cruises from Los Angeles, Acapulco, and San Diego, stopping at Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo, Zihuatanejo/Ixtapa, and cruising by Cabo San Lucas. Extend the trip with 2 nights on Acapulco Bay. Free or discounted airfare.

SITMAR: Cruises for 7, 10, and 11 days from Los Angeles to Puerto Vallarta, Mazatlan, Cabo San Lucas, Zihuatanejo, and Acapulco, on the new \$150 million luxury cruise ship the *Fairsky*. Fly free from 120 cities.

PANAMA CANAL

EXPLORATION CRUISE LINES: Weekly 4- and 5-night cruises departing from Panama City, with daylight transit of the canal, exploration of jungle rivers and San Blas islands, and shore excursions to visit Indians. Smaller ships allow easy access to remote ports and quiet inlets. Reduced airfares between U.S. cities and Panama City.

HOME LINE CRUISES: A 16-day voyage through Panama Canal leaves Ft. Lauderdale on Jan. 30, returns from Los Angeles on Feb. 15. Discover history of the New World in Curaçao, Cartagena, and Santo Domingo; nightlife in Acapulco; and beaches of St. Thomas

and the Mexican Riviera. Free airfare for full-fare passengers.

PRINCESS CRUISES: Cruises for 10, 11, or 14 days leave from Los Angeles, San Diego, San Juan, or Acapulco and pass through the canal, stopping at San Juan, St. Thomas, Martinique, Curaçao, Aruba, Antigua, Cartagena, Colombia, Caracas, Panama City, Acapulco, and Cabo San Lucas. View jungle scenery and exotic birds.

ROYAL VIKING LINE: An 18-day Christmas and New Year's cruise departs from San Francisco or Los Angeles Dec. 21/22, visits ports on the Mexican Riviera, passes through the canal on New Year's Day, then stops at Curaçao, St. Thomas, Nassau, and Ft. Lauderdale, arriving Jan. 9. Other transcanal trips in both directions for 12 and 14 days throughout the winter.

CRUISES IN THE MIDDLE EAST

SWAN HELLENIC CRUISES: Hellenic Cruise, Dec. 19 to Jan. 3: fly to London, then to Athens, cruise the Greek islands, visit Jerusalem and Nazareth; spend Christmas Day in Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Swan Hellenic cruises generally provide 5 guest lecturers to conduct discussion groups and lead shore excursions. The *Orpheus*, carrying fewer than 300 passengers, offers no nightclub entertainment or fixed seating arrangements.

Travel 4000 years into history on the 19-day Nile Cruise, departing bi-monthly. Fly to London, then to Cairo; cruise from Cairo to Aswan, stopping at many ports, on the 68-passenger Nile Star. British Egyptologist on board. Trip departing Dec. 18 gives you Christmas on the Nile. Round-trip airfare included.

PAQUET FRENCH CRUISES: The *Azur* explores the Red Sea on 7-day round-trip cruises through February and March. Ports of call include Port Taufiq, Aqaba, Hurgada, Safaya, Eilat, and Sharm el-Sheikh. Complimentary athletic facilities on ship and at ports.

SALEN LINDBLAD CRUISING: "Red Sea and Eternal Sinai: Voyage to Antiquity," an 18-day expedition cruise, departs Jan. 4 for Cairo. Travel 6000 years back in time to Egypt, Jordan, Yemen, and Sudan. Visit Mt. Sinai, where Moses received the Ten Commandments. Authorities lecture on culture, history, and nature. The *Illiria* carries 130 passengers.

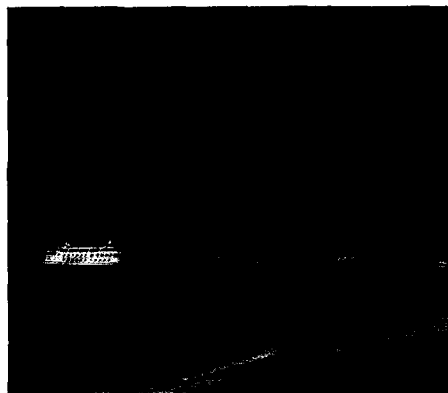
"Route of Marco Polo: From Egypt to India," a 17-day expedition cruise from Jan. 11 to 27 on the *Illiria*, follows ancient routes of Alexander the Great and Marco Polo. Highlights: Queen of Sheba's baths; where the Wise Men began their "Frankincense Trail" from Arabia to Europe; Muscat, Karachi, Veraval, and Bombay.

CRUISES IN ASIA & THE SOUTH PACIFIC

AUSTRALIAN HIMALAYAN EXPEDITIONS: Week-long sailing safaris in the Whitsunday Islands on the *Golden Plover*, a restored brigantine. Scuba diving right off the ship.

COSTA CRUISES: The 101-day Orient Cruise on the *Columbus* departs from Genoa Dec. 21, returns Apr. 1. You may embark in Genoa, Singapore, Manila, or Bangkok. Visit Indonesia, Korea, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Japan, China, India, and other ports.

CUNARD LINES: The *Sagafjord's* "Circle Pacific and Orient Odyssey," an 87-day cruise departing Jan. 8 from Ft. Lauderdale, goes to 25 ports. Passengers can take the entire cruise or segments to the Panama Canal, west coast of South America, South Pacific, New Zealand, Australia, Indonesia, China



(free 2-day tour of Beijing and the Great Wall), Japan, Hawaii, and California. The 5-plus-star *Sagafford* was voted "Ship of the Year" by the World Ocean and Cruise Liner Society.

HERITAGE CRUISES: Cruise the South Pacific on the *World Discoverer*, a recently refurbished "cruise yacht" carrying 140 passengers on 12-day cruises to Fiji, Tonga, American Samoa, the Cook Islands, and French Polynesia. 20-day cruise from Fiji Mar. 22 goes to the South Sea.

PEARL CRUISES: "Great Cities of Asia," a 14-day cruise, departs Dec. 22, Jan. 5, and Feb. 16. From Hong Kong to Guangzhou, then cruise the South China Sea to Manila, Borneo, Bangkok, and Singapore. Guest lecturers, shore excursions.

The 14-day Indonesian Islands Cruise, leaving Jan. 19 and Mar. 2, goes from Singapore to Belawan, Penang, Jakarta, Bali, and Surabaya. Cross the equator twice, cruise on the Indian Ocean and Java Sea. Optional land excursions.

ROYAL VIKING LINE: Fourteen-day South Pacific cruises from Sydney to Tahiti depart Jan. 7 and Feb. 4, stopping at New Zealand, Tonga, the Cook Islands, French Polynesia, and Tahiti. Cruises from Tahiti to Sydney depart Jan. 20 and Feb. 17, visiting French Polynesia, the Samoas, Fiji, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and Sydney. Land excursions with lecturers to explore local culture. Land packages in Tahiti or Sydney.

Christmas and New Year's Cruise to Oceania/South Pacific from Dec. 17 to Jan. 7, sails from Hong Kong to Manila, East Malaysia, Jakarta, Bali, Papua New Guinea, New Caledonia, and Sydney. Optional land programs.

SALEN LINDBLAD CRUISES: "Passage to Malabar: Along the Coast of India and Across Sri Lanka," a 14-day expedition leaving Jan. 23, follows ancient route to Goa, Mangalore, Cochin, Sri Lanka, and Madras. Cruise and land trips explore Indian culture through festivals, art, and dance.

CHARTERS IN THE CARIBBEAN

CARIBBEAN SAILING YACHTS, LTD., Box 491, Tenafly, NJ 07670; 800-631-1593. Sail out of Tortola in the British Virgin Islands, St. Vincent in the Windward Islands, or Roatan in Honduras. Mainly bareboating, but skippers are available. New dive/sail program in Roatan. CSY boats come in 3 sizes (33, 37, and 45), sleep 2-7 people.

ADVERTISEMENT

Come with us to the islands. Before life sails by.



Home Lines Celebrated Cruises

Winter cruises from Florida to the Caribbean and Panama Canal. 7-16 days aboard the *mv Atlantic* (Liberian registry). See your travel agent.

Ultra-Yachting™ through the Virgin Islands

St. Thomas • Tortola • Virgin
Gorda • Jost Van Dyke • St. John

Explore this unique Caribbean Paradise in exclusive yachting luxury. The 100-passenger ultra-yachts **Newport Clipper** and **Nantucket Clipper** have elegant, outside staterooms and spacious teakwood sun decks where magnificent tropical scenery is always in view.

Visit sheltered islands and quiet bays other cruise ships miss. There's ample opportunity to swim, snorkel, scuba dive or sightsee.

Join us for seven days, departing St. Thomas Sundays year-round beginning December 23, 1984.

See your travel agent or call
1-800-325-0010

CLIPPER CRUISE LINE

7711 Bonhomme/St. Louis, MO 63105



AUDIO-FORUM® offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes — featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Portuguese, Japanese, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, Italian, and more.

**Learn
a foreign
language on
your own!** Free Catalog

Call (203) 453-9794, or fill out and send this ad to -
Audio-Forum

Room 852, On the Green
Guilford, CT 06437

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

I am particularly interested in (check choice):

- ☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ German ☐ Polish
☐ Greek ☐ Russian ☐ Vietnamese
☐ Bulgarian ☐ Turkish ☐ Hausa
☐ Other _____

THE MOORINGS, P.O. Box 24459, New Orleans, LA 70184; 800-535-7289. Sail out of Tortola in the British Virgin Islands and St. Lucia in the Windward Islands. Bareboat and fully crewed charters for 2-8 people. Air packages.

NORTH SOUTH YACHT CHARTERS LTD., Box 59, Buffalo, NY 14205; 800-268-5211. Marina located in Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands. Sail in the U.S. and British Virgin Islands. Mainly bareboating, but skippers are available. C&C boats in 3 sizes (38, 43, and 48) sleep 4-8 people.

VIRGIN ISLANDS WATER SAFARIS, P.O. Box 9997, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands; 800-524-7676. Charters sail out of St. Thomas, then cruise the Virgin Islands. Crewed yachts for 2-16 people. Bareboats available.

CHARTERS IN THE PACIFIC

DIVE IN AUSTRALIA, 680 Beach St., Suite 498, San Francisco, CA 94109; 800-227-5436. Deep-sea fishing and scuba charters to the Great Barrier Reef and Coral Sea from Apr. to Dec. Includes diving equipment and accommodations.

OCEAN VOYAGES, 1709 Bridgeway, Sausalito, CA 94965; 415-332-4681. Yacht charters for 8-12 people in French Polynesia, the Galapagos Islands, and Cocos Island, 300 miles off Costa Rica. Also cruises for 4-6 passengers in Hawaii. Will arrange charters anywhere in the world.

SOUTH PACIFIC YACHT CHARTERS, P.O. Box 6, Smithfield, UT 84335; 800-453-2730. Cruise Tonga and Tahiti in bareboat and crewed charters. Fly to Papeete; sail out of Raiatea, in the Leeward Islands, to Tahaa, Huahine, and Bora Bora. Yachts of 3 sizes (37, 39, and 44) sleep 4-7.

Sail a tall ship to a small island.



Here's running with the wind to great ports o' call, secluded coves and keys in the exotic Caribbean. Six days of 'barefoot' adventure from \$425. Send for FREE GREAT ADVENTURE

Windjammer Barefoot Cruises

Box 120, Dept. 12A, Miami Beach FL 33119-0120



DIRECTORY OF CRUISE LINES

Australian Himalayan Expeditions, c/o Outdoor Australia, 159 Cathedral St., Woolloomooloo, New South Wales 2011, Australia.

Carnival Cruise Lines, 3915 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, FL 33137.

Clipper Cruise Line, 7711 Bonhomme, St. Louis, MO 63105; 314-727-2929.

Costa Cruises, One Biscayne Tower, Miami, FL 33131; 800-447-6877.

Cunard Line, Ltd., 555 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017; 212-800-7500.

Epirotiki Lines, Inc., 551 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017; 600-221-2470.

Exploration Cruise Lines, 1500 Metropolitan Park Building, Seattle, WA 98101; 800-426-0600.

Heritage Cruises, 134 East 71st St., New York, NY 10021; 212-517-7575.

Holland America Line, 300 Elliott Ave. West, Seattle, WA 98119; 206-281-3535.

Home Line Cruises, One World Trade Center, Suite 3969, New York, NY 10048; 212-432-1414.

Paquet French Cruises, 1007 North America Way, Miami, FL 33132; 305-374-8100.

Pearl Cruises of Scandinavia, Pier 27, San Francisco, CA 94111; 800-227-5666, 800-792-0944 in California.

Princess Cruises, 2029 Century Park East, Los Angeles, CA 90067; 213-553-1770.

Royal Caribbean Cruise Line, 903 South America Way, Miami, FL 33132; telephone for travel agents only, 800-327-6700.

Royal Viking Line, One Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, CA 94111; 800-834-8000.

Salen Lindblad Cruising, 133 East 55th St., New York, NY 10022; 212-751-2300.

Sea Goddess Cruises, 5805 Blue Lagoon Drive, Miami, FL 33126; 305-266-8705.

Sitmar Cruises, 10100 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90067; 213-553-1666.

Sun Line Cruises, One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020; 800-872-6400, 212-397-6400 in New York State.

Swan Hellenic Cruises, c/o Exprinter, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110.

Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, FL 33119-0120; 800-327-2600, 800-432-3364 in Florida.

NATURALLY HYATT.

Elegant, yet refreshingly unpretentious. That is the Hyatt style. You'll find it in the fresh juices we pour at our tables. In the lush, natural foliage that blooms throughout our lobbies. And in the friendly ways of our staff.

Our restaurants offer subtlety, instead of stuffiness. Fresh seafoods, meats, vegetables, fruits, and pastas come together in perfect balance. The result is delightfully inventive cuisine, as healthy for the body as it is pleasing to the palate.

To truly great hotels, elegance comes naturally. A natural touch of Hyatt. Don't you

WISH
YOU WERE
HERESM

SAN DIEGO

Enjoy spectacular Mission Bay at Hyatt Islandia resort, ten minutes to airport and downtown.

MIAMI

Hyatt is next to the Miami Convention Center with its sophisticated communications capabilities.

PALM BEACHES

Enjoy golf, swimming, tennis and jai-alai, all around Hyatt.

SAN FRANCISCO

Hyatt Regency soars above the Embarcadero Center business complex.

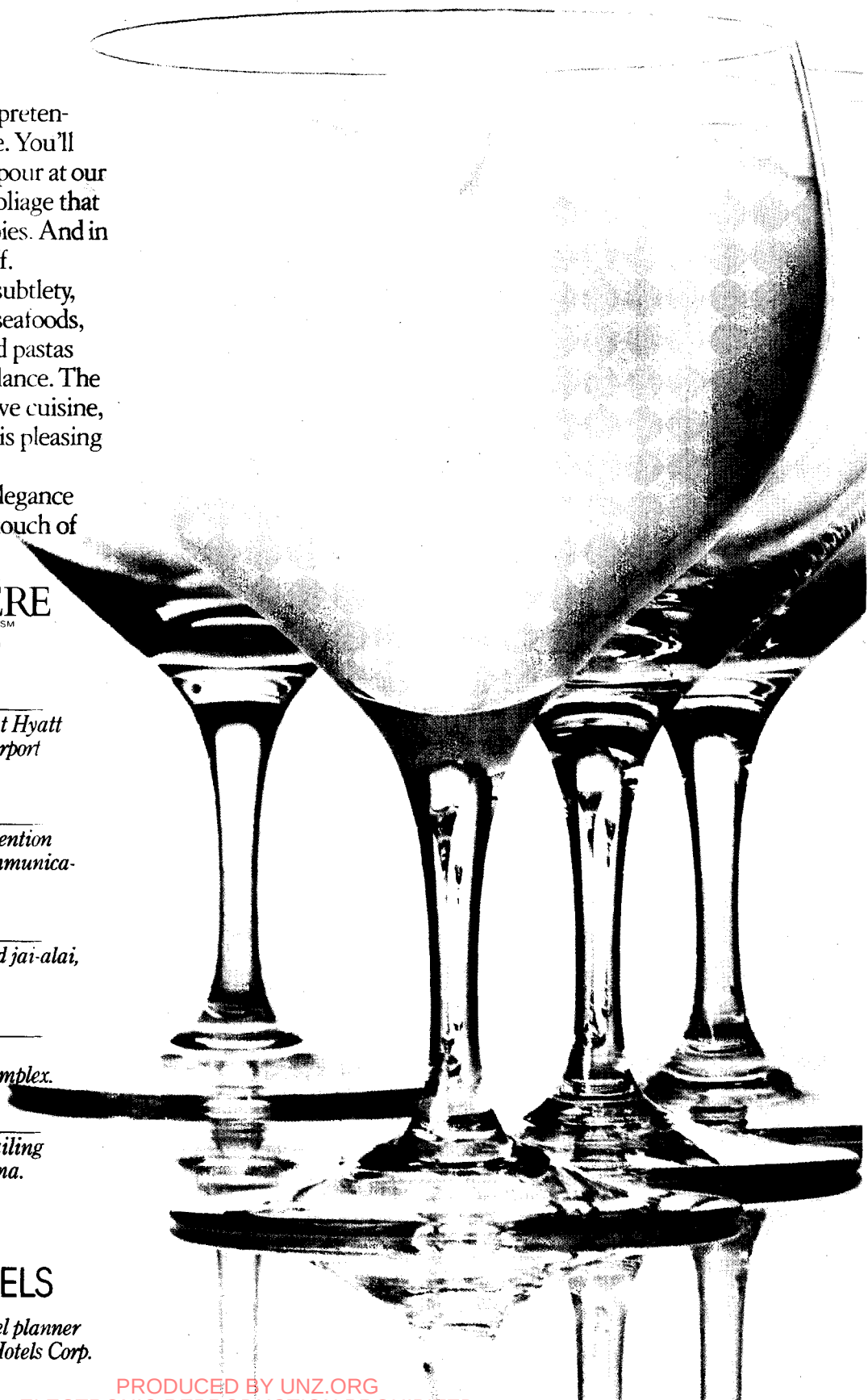
SARASOTA

Outdoor pool, charter fishing, sailing and trawlers from private marina. Tennis, golf and beaches within minutes.

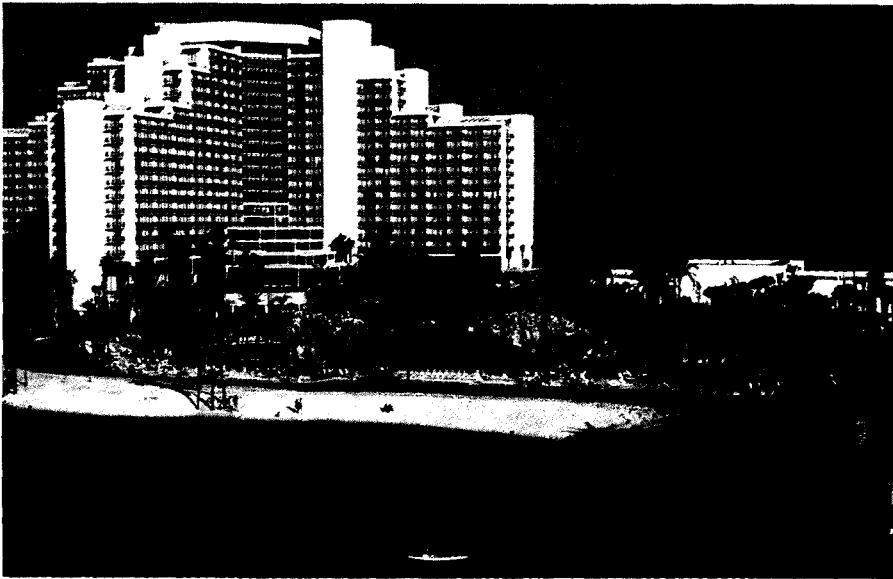
HYATT  HOTELS

For reservations, call your travel planner or 800 228 9000. ©1984 Hyatt Hotels Corp.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GRAND CYPRESS. GRANDEUR, WITH A SPLASH.



Welcome to a new vision of Central Florida. Welcome to Grand Cypress Resort. Grandeur, re-defined.

At Grand Cypress, the grand design means taking the best of Florida's great outdoors and adding to it. In grand style. Take water, for instance. Start with a sparkling, 21-acre lake bordered by a sugar-soft beach.

Then weave one of the world's largest free-form pools through landscaped grottoes, complete with whirlpools and cascading waterfalls.



Emerald green and sapphire, the water's everywhere. Just for the fun of it. Guarding the rolling fairways of the Jack Nicklaus-designed course. And dancing and rippling in the fountains and falls of the magnificent Hyatt Regency Grand Cypress—the



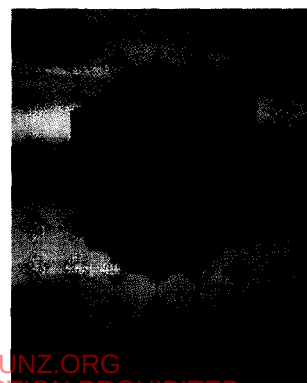
18-story centerpiece of our 730-acre oasis in the middle of the "Worlds."

Water We've made it part of the Grand Cypress grandeur. Now, imagine the fun you can have on dry land.



For reservations or meeting assistance, call Hyatt toll-free: 800/228-9000. For more information on Grand Cypress Resort, call 800/323-1717*.

And discover the difference grandeur makes.



Orlando, Florida

HYATT REGENCY  GRAND CYPRESS
AT ORLANDO

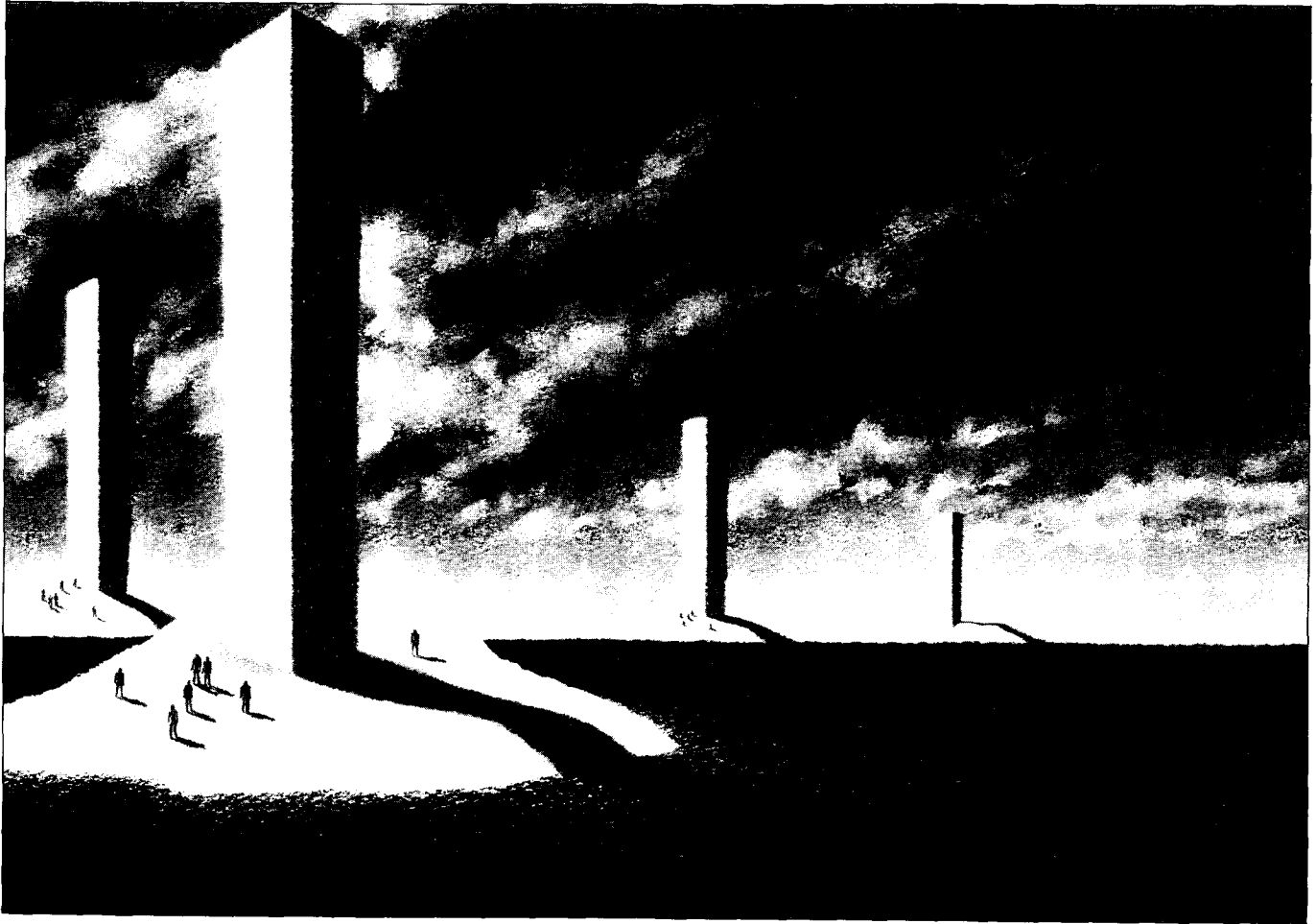
*In Illinois call 800/942-8881. Golf play reserved exclusively for resort guests.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The university is a fine and improving place,
but the habits of mind it inculcates are fatal to true culture*

SCHOLARSHIP VERSUS CULTURE

BY JACQUES BARZUN



*The self-glorification and self-concernedness of the learned man is now everywhere in full bloom and in its high springtime—
which does not mean that in this case self-praise smells sweet.—Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil*

MY TOPIC IS BOTH DELICATE AND PARADOXICAL, and my conclusion likely to be unwelcome—at least in some quarters—so I need the most indulgent understanding. But first I must make sure that the word *culture* in my title does not cause anxiety. By now the word has been used with so many different meanings that it is bound to create in any alert reader some degree of confusion. The anthropologists started the trouble by using *culture* to mean all the modes of belief and behavior of a tribe or people. The word *society* was available, but it looked as if pre-empted by the sociologists; the younger

science wanted a word of its own. From the anthropologists the public picked up the word *culture* in its overarching meaning, and then proceeded to re-apply it, inaccurately, for various purposes. For example, the artist is “conditioned by his culture” (meaning social circumstances); he also fights against his culture (meaning certain beliefs and mores). Again, culture (meaning social restraints) makes neurotics—they are the ones who can’t fight back. Not long after such twists and turns the term *culture* began to split like the atom, and we have had to cope with the two cultures, the counterculture, ethnic cul-

ture, and any number of subcultures. Culture now is any chunk of social reality you like—or dislike.

But in my use of the word I have in mind the traditional meaning: things of the mind and spirit, interests and abilities acquired by taking thought, by the effort that used to be called cultivation—cultivation of the self. This original meaning, as used, say, by Matthew Arnold in his book *Culture and Anarchy*, is obviously a metaphor. It is based on agriculture—the tilling of the soil, planting of seeds, and reaping a harvest of nourishing things. We still acknowledge that meaning when we use the phrases “a man or woman of culture,” “a cultivated person.” The implication is that the raw substance of the creature has been turned over, plowed, and seeded with good germs, and in such a way that the potentialities of both the human being and what has been implanted are visibly and usefully realized.

Since *culture* is no longer clear, why not simply say “the educated man or woman”? The answer is that the word *educate* has been just as badly tossed about as the other. I shall not give a parallel account of its tribulations. I shall only recall that today anybody with a diploma from any institution calling itself educational is counted among the educated, while the strange doings of our elementary and high schools are also called education. The difference between *instruction* and *education* has been forgotten, and it is usual, commonplace, to hear people say that in this or that school or college, students are *given* an education.

These examples and comments I trust make it clear that my concern is with something other than *culture* and *education* as these terms are bandied about in every piece of print that one picks up. I use the two words exclusively in their original and honorific sense. Culture and education are qualities found in persons who have first been taught to read and write and then have managed, against heavy odds, to cultivate their minds, to educate themselves. I believe that in every generation persons are born with the desire for this kind of exercise, just as others are born with the desire to exercise their bodies and to become athletes. But it is also true that many others, if encouraged, can develop these same desires and become, in their measure, athletic or cultivated or even both.

Leaving the athletic to the highly competent guides and splendidly expensive arrangements that we are all familiar with, we go on to ask, How are the others provided for? We know, or think we know, how the cultivated have achieved their development. They have read books of many kinds, they have attended concerts and exhibits, they have taken time to think, so as to ponder the mysteries of religion, the puzzles of philosophy, the perplexities of moral conduct, the tenable definitions of the good life. These activities of the mind and spirit form the substance of culture; they are the main ingredients in the minds of those we call cultivated, and such persons, in turn, become the living containers and transmitters of culture.

If for any reason we are curious about this element of civilization—of present or past civilizations—we try to guess at the number of such people compared with the size of the population, and we look into the institutions that serve the various interests called cultural. For it is evident that when the contents of culture have been garnered over many centuries, no individual—indeed, no generation of individuals—can possess the whole heritage, much less transmit it without loss or distortion. Special guardians and repositories are needed—hence libraries, museums, opera houses, and other groupings for the accumulation of cultural works, the continuity of cultural enjoyment, the facilitation of cultural production.

As the years pass, there is more and more cultural stuff to house, classify, docket, consult, and teach—let alone discover, remember, and enjoy. Today in the Western world we stand on top of half a millennium of unbroken cultural creation and preservation, and we keep adding large amounts of kindred material from other civilizations, plus the steady accretion of rare discoveries from the remote past: we now have a hymn from the Babylonians, ancient Egyptian love lyrics, paintings from Cro-Magnon caves. No doubt exploration under the sea will shortly tell us the words of the song that the sirens sang to Ulysses.

Anybody would say that outwardly we handle this growing treasure with great efficiency and profound respect. The nineteenth century established both the cult of art and the passion for history. So we collect everything and, in the professional jargon, “make it available.” Nor is our concern with culture all retrospect and antiquarianism. We believe in encouraging the moderns and the young. Amateur music, painting, theatricals, poetry readings, and writing workshops thrive all over the land, thanks not only to natural desire but also to private and public money. It would seem that this century of wars and massacres and failing powers of governance is redeemed by a high degree of true culture.

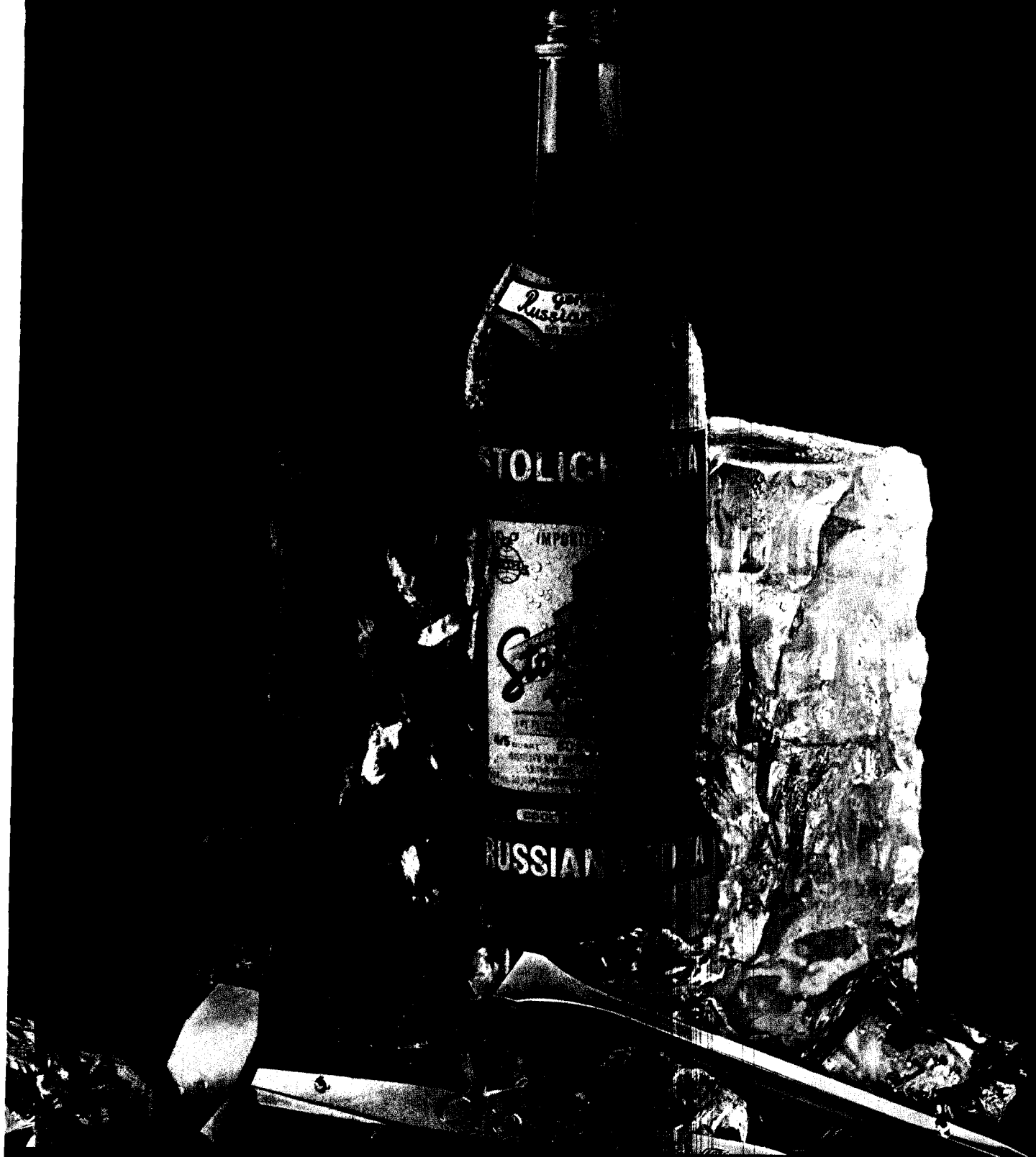
Yet I venture to think that in the *qualitative*, honorific sense that I defined earlier, culture—cultivation—is declining. It is doing so virtually in proportion as the various cultural endeavors—all this collecting and exhibiting and performing and encouraging—grow and spread with well-meant public and private support. The reason is not merely that the very abundance tends to distract attention, to leave no time for digesting and meditating upon the experience—though that is an important drawback of the glut. There is a deeper reason, which can be put in one word: self-consciousness.

I use that word as a broad heading to cover a variety of attitudes, assumptions, activities, and expectations that I now want to sketch. They are easy to recognize; they are all familiar parts of our mental environment, but on that very account they tend to be invisible, and hence so is their influence on culture.

To begin with, modern society is concerned and vocal about art-and-culture—it is one word, frequently invoked and assessed, for it means prestige and money. The New

Stolichnaya

The Vodka. The Gift.



Find out where to get Stolichnaya Vodka anywhere* by phone through Nationwide Gift Liquor.
Call 1-800-CHEER UP (Arizona 602-957-4923).

*Not available in all areas. Imported by Monsieur Henri Wines, Ltd., White Plains, NY 10604.

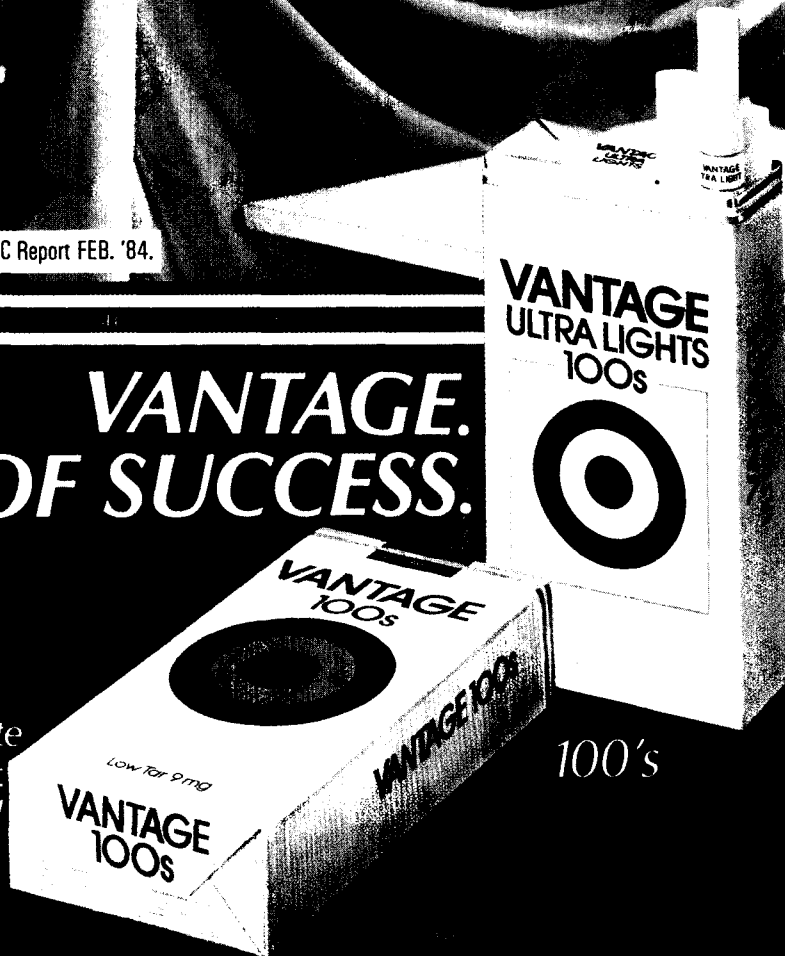
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
FILTER 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '84.

VANTAGE. THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.

Great Taste
with Low Tar.
That's Success!



York state senate has a Special Committee on the Culture Industry, which is doubtless not unique. Private and public funds ebb and flow in and out of that corner of the economy, and there is among artists and art lovers a permanent indignation about the neglect of that special-interest group. Throughout this realm self-consciousness is manifest. We go at the arts with deliberate intent to commit an aesthetic act, and at our heels is a census taker. If a visitor from outer space were to ask any well-informed American, on a campus or at some artistic gathering, Tell me how I can find the best evidences of high culture in this country, the answer would very likely be, Go to our colleges and universities—but, of course, take a look also at our many great museums, libraries, and concert societies, and read our literary quarterlies. I am fairly sure that universities would be mentioned first, and I am certain that the informant would list *institutions*, not individuals or well-known circles—self-selected groups of people.

The unspoken assumption would be that in these academic and other establishments the persons in charge are cultivated men and women, capable of representing to a stranger the state of Western culture today. That sounds plausible, yet I think the visitor from afar would be repeatedly disappointed in his search. He would find extraordinarily bright people, often very learned people, dedicated to the *idea* of a particular art, to its scholarship or performing or critical theory, and gifted moreover with practical competence in managing things, but too busy handling their cultural assignment to cultivate themselves within it or beyond it. If some topic outside that chosen field came up in conversation, the modest disclaimer would be, "Oh, as to that, you'll have to see Jones, the musicologist (or Robinson, the curator of prints and engravings; or Smith, our theater man)."

I am not simply restating the well-known fact of specialism. What I am pointing to is something implicit in specialism but rarely noticed or expressed—namely, that through specialism culture is *delegated* to the experts; it is no longer the property of whoever wants to partake of it for the good of his soul. One obvious consequence is the fragmentation that everybody deplores and nobody does anything about. The expert specialist takes a little subject for his province—and remains a provincial all his life. But there is worse. By this delegation of culture the importance of art and the humanities is shifted to a new ground. These good things are no longer valuable for their direct effect on the head and the heart; they become valuable as professions, as means of livelihood, as badges of honor, as goods to be marketed, as components of the culture industry.

Some may think that I have misstated part of the situation. It is still true that anyone may partake; in fact, the path is made easy and smooth for the amateur in a dozen ways. But under the influence of that very help from the guardians and from their inspiring example, the amateur rapidly becomes another expert, another delegate. The collector of paintings is a mine of information about his col-

lection; the chamber-music player can talk at length about the string-quartet literature; the devotee of Jane Austen is soon recognizable as a reader of novels who has never heard of Dickens—and so on for ballet, film, sculpture, and architecture; or crosswise, for the ancient, medieval, and other centuries, styles, or schools. The interest displayed is scarcely cultural; it is not for self-cultivation; rather, it is, in sociological idiom, a leisure-time activity, like being a baseball fan. Both hobbies generate the same pedantic, miserlike heaping up of factual knowledge. One illustration tells the tale: there are said to be more than 300 societies devoted each to a single author, the membership being made up almost entirely of amateurs who do research, meet and confer on points of scholarship, and inevitably publish a newsletter.

NOW, IT MAY BE ASKED WHY I CALL THIS MODERN way of handling the stuff of culture a manifestation of self-consciousness. Some may say, the arts, lacking patronage, have found shelter in the university; the cognate institutions have grown more and more professional so as to serve knowledgeable audiences; the government and foundations have set up the project-and-grant system in answer to public demand; the many connoisseurs have innocently fallen into line. All this has taken place gradually, without foresight or warnings as to consequences. Indeed, many people, unaware of anything having changed, think it all natural. Why talk of self-consciousness? What is self-conscious about the whole is the deliberateness of the effort, the programs with their rules and definitions, the departments with their subspecialties—a nineteenth-century man, a Renaissance woman, a Milton scholar who justifies the poet's ways in class Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at ten. And out of this peculiar type of benevolent regimentation, coupled with the elective system, comes the principle that everybody must at some time—usually in college—get a dose of this well-organized pharmacopoeia. It is essential to a normal diet, like vitamin C.

How this scheme affects the public is shown vividly in the person of a girl whom I now take leave to introduce, though she is already known to many. A creature of imaginative advertising, she appears from time to time on a full page of *The New York Times*. Her name is That Cosmopolitan Girl. She talks about herself, and her remarks let us see into the mind not merely of her generation but of the whole educated part of the population. Here is her latest autobiography:

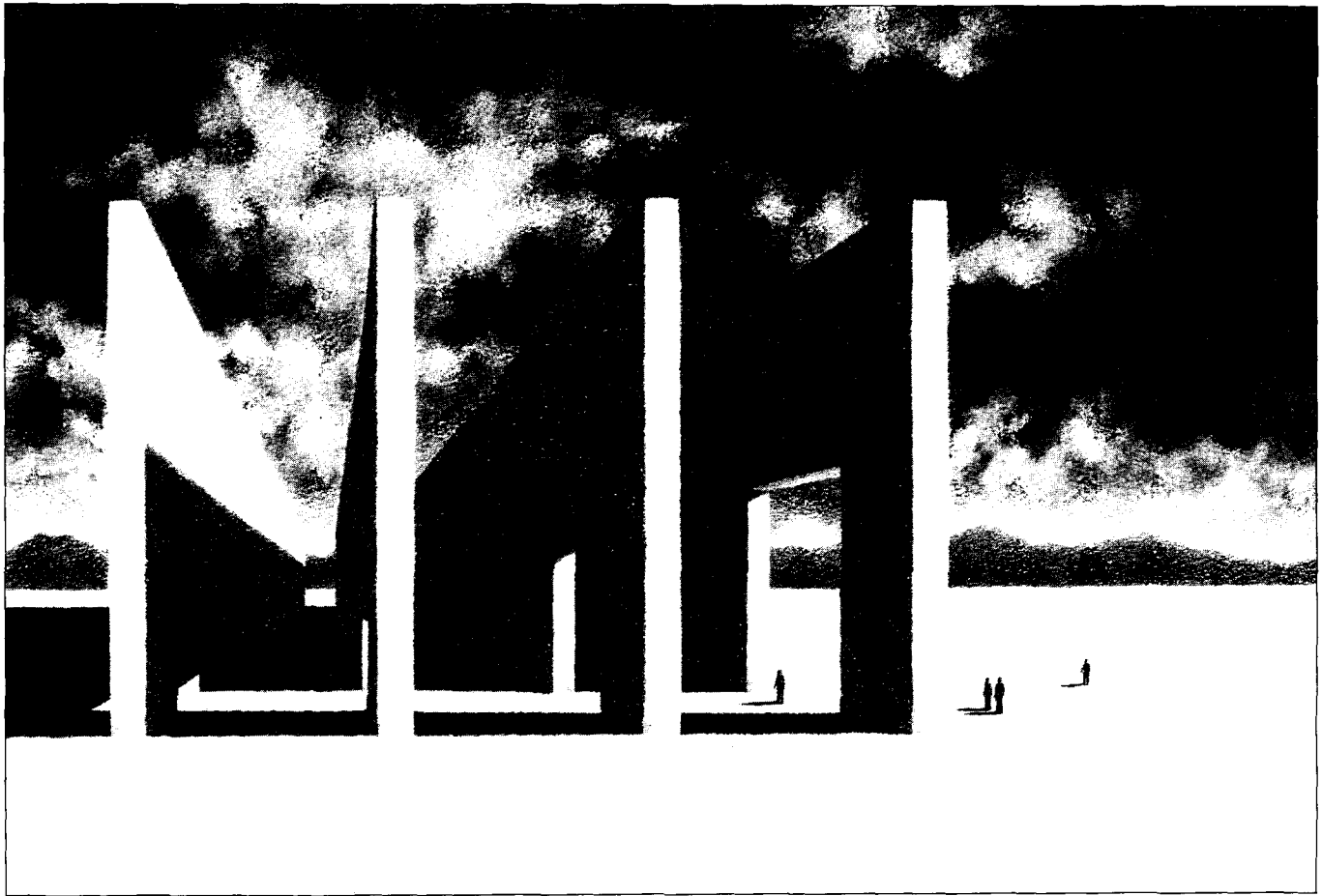
Can a girl be *too* busy? I'm taking seventeen units at Princeton, pushing on with my career during vacations and school breaks, study singing and dancing when I can, try never to lose track of my five closest chums, steal the time for Michael Jackson *and* Thomas Hardy, work for an anti-drug program for kids and, oh yes, I hang out with three horses, three cats, two birds and my dog Jack. My favorite magazine says "too busy" just

means you don't want to miss anything. . . . I love that magazine. I guess you could say I'm That COSMOPOLITAN Girl.

After college, in her middle life, Michael Jackson may recede and Thomas Hardy gain the upper hand, directing her into the kind of connoisseurship I have described. In one sense scholarship, the university, will have won another recruit. Or the college exposure may fail, the seventeen units adding up to zero.

But is not a life of culture possible outside the actual and figurative walls of the academy? Hardly any. The public

and professional historians write no longer for the public but for one another. And latterly their narrow subjects have ceased to be historical and become sociological or psychiatric—*crime in one English county in the seventeenth century*, or the abnormal mind of the slave owner before the Civil War. Such topics cannot and are not expected to attract the general reader. He or she very likely falls back on biography, which remains a popular genre. But when the work is not also a piece of retrospective psychiatry, it is often an undigested mass of detail, mostly trivial judgments lacking historical perspective, and gossip gathered from interviews with surviving friends and enemies of the de-



mind is assailed from all sides by the products of scholarly thought. At exhibitions of paintings and sculptures explanations and judgments are given from tapes through earphones or posted in print next to each work. At concerts the listener begins by reading program notes. All but the latest books come supplied with introductions and notes. Reference books are as numerous as real books—manuals, digests, and dictionaries on every subject, which deliver information in capsule form.

Nor is this dry diet the only deprivation. It used to be that unassuming readers cultivated their minds through history. It feeds curiosity and furnishes the imagination. Good histories, moreover, are part of literature. Today that source of culture has dried up; it too has been delegated,

ceased. The sheer burden of facts makes the "life" what is called "definitive."

Another cultural exercise of mind formerly open to the unacademic was philosophy. The great questions about being and becoming, knowledge and sense impressions, the test of truth, and the contradictions of common sense have not lost their fascination, but philosophers no longer write for the intelligent, only for their fellow professionals. The writings issued by university presses are coterie products. The few thousand academic philosophers in the world do not stint themselves: they maintain more than seventy learned journals. But in the handful that cover more than one subdivision of philosophy, any given philosopher is no longer capable of reading more than one or two

articles in each issue. This hermetic condition is attributed to "technical problems" in the subject. But are they technical? Are they problems?—or only word-spinning untranslatable into discourse? Since William James, Russell, and Whitehead, philosophy, like history, has been confiscated by scholarship and locked away from the contamination of cultural use.

IT IS NO PART OF MY INTENTION TO MAKE ANYONE FEEL unhappy or to reprove any honest use of the intellect. My aim is only to contrast implicit claims with actual results, profession with performance; and to ascribe any discrepancy not to individual fault or error but to the world at large and the deceitful march of time. In so doing, I think, it emerges that we are mistaken when we believe culture and the humanities are being served by scholarship. The truth is that art and culture do not belong in a university. It cannot be a home for them, because culture proper and scholarship proper are diametrically opposed. Think back a moment to the antecedents of scholarship as we know it. Its origins lie in the desire, at the time of the Renaissance, to establish clear and correct versions of the ancient classics. Scholarship remained a textual, linguistic enterprise through much of the last century, as we are reminded by Nietzsche's use of the phrase *Wir Philologen*—"we philologists," meaning "we scholars"—as a chapter title in 1885.

Earlier, to be sure, the methods and conventions of textual critics had spread beyond their domain and into other subjects, notably historiography, and from there it was a natural step to adapt these ways to the physical and the social sciences. When these became popularized, scholarly habits became general; nowadays one comes across needlessly exact references in weekly magazines, and bibliographies and other scholarly apparatus in business and government documents.

Throughout, the original intention of scholarship persists, whether duly or poorly carried out: it is *analysis*—that is, the narrow scrutiny of an object for the purpose of drawing conclusions. These in turn must be supported by original arguments and must take into account the previous arguments of others, known as "the literature" of the subject. It is clear that as the analysts multiply and the literature accumulates, the subject that anyone is able to deal with grows smaller. In other words, specialization is unavoidable; and thus it is that specialism, which is a state of mind, follows specialization, which is a practical necessity.

If at any time in this development thoughtful people had doubts about the desirability of subjecting the fruits of culture to scholarship—to specialism—those doubts were overridden by the success of the natural sciences. There the subject matter seemed not merely to call for specializing but also to lend itself to endless subdivision. The bits and pieces were easily reunited by mathematics, by principles almost universally accepted, and by the permanent

oneness of nature itself. Thus the by-product of the great achievement of science is that everybody's mind is now shaped from the cradle to desire and to trust analysis exclusively. The best minds are analytic engines, ready to work on any material.

What is analysis? It is what the word means in Greek: to break down. Specialization and analysis go together; they are the same process at different levels of any subject—you break up the whole domain, then you break down your little portion ad infinitum. The purpose of analysis is to show what little things big things are made of and how the little bits fit together to produce the whole. The only difficulty is to decide what the bits are and when one has got hold of every separate kind. Right now nuclear physicists seem to be finding an endless series of bits. They tag them as they go and agreement prevails as to their real existence. That is what makes their work *science*.

But the same human mind that has created science by the analytical method can work in an entirely different way. The mathematician-philosopher Pascal pointed this out 350 years ago. He called the way of analysis the "geometrical bent." It deals with simple things like angles or straight lines or atoms or molecular pressure. They are simple because they are well defined, not because they are familiar. Most of them are not; some of them are not even visible or tangible. But being well defined, they do not change when they are talked about and can thus be represented by numbers. The principles of mathematics and a few others then supply the rules for dealing with the permutations of these clear and simple unchangeables. So much for the geometrical use of the mind.

The other use, direction, or bent, Pascal called the *esprit de finesse*; we would say "intuitive understanding." It goes about its business just the other way. It does not analyze, does not break things down into parts, but seizes upon the character of the whole altogether, by inspection short or long. Since in this kind of survey there are no definable parts, there is nothing to count and there are no fixed principles to apply. The understanding derived from the experience is direct; and because it lacks definitions, principles, or numbers, such an understanding is not readily conveyed to somebody else; it can only be done in words that suggest analogies, by imagery. Hence no universal agreement is possible about objects understood by mental finesse.

The objects that go to make up culture are designed to be understood and remembered and enjoyed by the operation of finesse; they are for inspection as wholes, not for analysis. Why so? Because they cannot be broken up into definable, unchangeable parts, or counted and reassembled according to fixed principles.

One may say, "But that's contrary to fact! Poets and composers themselves divide their works into parts. Goethe's *Faust* has Part I and Part II; Beethoven's symphonies have not only four parts but shorter ones within each movement; and at any time within these there are upper parts and bass, eight vocal parts in the last movement of

the Ninth Symphony, and so on. Likewise with painting and sculpture: we can all see or hear parts." True in one sense—a metaphorical sense. Actually, the parts are not fixed and unmistakably definable, and they have no independent existence. Part I of *Faust* requires Part II for its full understanding—and a critic has no sooner said that than another critic says, "Nonsense! Part I can stand alone. Part II is a farrago of inferior episodes that destroy the effect of the real masterpiece"; and he proves it by quotations and arguments. The first critic proved his point too, and here we are, bystanders in the midst of the critical chaos, where nearly every critic and scholar proves his case and no two cases are . . . on all fours.

SENTENCES FOR A FRIEND SNOWED IN

His snow fences are sentences
Of braille the wind can read,
Though sometimes it ignores his suggestions.

The snow fence is not a fence.

It discontinues,
Contains without surrounding,
Makes the sound of one hand praying.

It holds the snow back by letting it through
And holding back the wind.

Now that Lyle lives alone
His snow fences are fears that say
What he doesn't want to happen.

He doesn't want to be overwhelmed.

He doesn't want to go down,
Snow rising past the windows.

What if the wind indeed prevails?

Spindrift imitates the soul held down,
And the snow fence is a wooden spine that dreams.

The other hand?

Inside—tending the fire.

—James Galvin

IN THIS LAST EXAMPLE, I SUPPLIED A VERY PRIMITIVE INSTANCE of the dissensus about a work of art. As we all know, the elaborations of modern scholarship go far beyond assertion and counterassertion on such simple matters of merit and quality. Literary scholarship still clings to the text, but, believing in analysis, subjects it to a variety of so-called methods. There is source-hunting to detect influence and show how the great work was put together like a jigsaw puzzle; there is theme analysis to find out what the work is *really* about; there is the search for myth and symbol to dig out the hidden meanings of the words; there is the Marxist or other sociological method, to prove how evil capitalism or Victorianism or male domination or life itself can be; there is the psychoanalytic method, to discover what drove the poor puppet of an artist to write or compose as he did. I have just heard, for instance, that a musically gifted psychoanalyst has written an interpretation of Bach's thirty *Goldberg Variations*, and I am eager to know whether he explains Count Keyserlingk as well; for the Count commissioned the variations and had Goldberg play them to him every night to lull him to sleep.

In the study of literature such analytic methods are supplemented by still other devices drawn from critical theory. The art as a whole and its several genres are supposed to follow theory the way an engine answers to thermodynamics. There are theories of comedy and of tragedy, of satire or lyric poetry, in addition to which there are theories of criticism: new criticism, which applies close reading to ascertain whether the metaphors "work out"; structural criticism, which tests for solidity of parts and their attachments; deconstructivism, which seems to teach that the real author is the language he uses and the real work is the reader in his armchair.

In the use of "method," whatever it be, the role of self-consciousness is evident. Here is a work of art: not *Let us read it* but *How do we deal with it?* Our jargon word *approach* is revealing: we creep up; we are on safari; we bring down the big game. The procedure naturally varies not only with the doctrine but also with the mental qualities of the practitioner. The performer can be a gifted surgeon operating on a respected patient or a butcher with a side of beef. But coping with a problem by analytic methods is the unquestioned aim. And the wish to ape science has had a singular by-product. Everybody knows that scientific truth often goes against common sense; from this generality many infer that a position that violates common sense is bound to be true. The public is now convinced of this blatant non sequitur and gives its preference to the outlandish, provided it appears based on method.

It is not surprising that the flowering of methods has taken place in the university, for that institution has the duty to teach. And any subject, to be teachable, must be presented in systematic form. There must be definitions, principles, methods for covering and mastering the ground. I have used literature as illustrative, because its academic treatment is the most familiar, but there are cor-

responding methods in other departments. Art history devotes itself to iconography—that is, translating symbols in a painting or finding sources and parallels in other paintings or in literature. Musicology analyzes styles, classifies technical devices, or tests accomplishment by one of various methods, such as Schenker analysis. A distinguished analyzer has been heard to say that the flaw in the first movement of Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony was easily remediable, which would have made it perfect. When an astonished amateur asked, "If Beethoven had telephoned you about the place you think awkward, you could have told him what to do?" he replied, "Yes, indeed." Method evidently is a sort of Diana of the Ephesians.

The magic spell of science is evident in every one of these procedures: scholarship has yielded to the irresistible pull that science exerts on our minds by its self-confidence and the promise of certified knowledge. But we have seen that the objects of culture, and culture itself, are not analyzable, not graspable by the geometrical mind. Great works of art are great by virtue of being syntheses of the world; they qualify as art by fusing form and contents into an indivisible whole; what they offer is not "discourse about," nor a cipher to be decoded, but a prolonged stimulus to finesse. So it is paradoxical that our way of introducing young minds to such works should be the way of scholarship.

THERE IS NO USE ASKING HOW EARLIER GENERATIONS reconciled college and university teaching with the demands of genuine culture, for the idea of *studying* literature, *studying* art, is extremely recent. Down to the 1850s there were no courses in those subjects; they were not *subjects* at all. And even after they came in, as a hoped-for antidote to science and political economy, nobody believed that contemporary art and literature should be or could be studied. It was felt, quite rightly, that it is extremely difficult to tell which contemporary artists are worth close attention, and it was believed that, good or bad, those artists would be read or followed by the public for pleasure and edification, not for points credit. Indeed, it was traditional that the great innovative artist would appeal directly to the young, who would read him in secret, or go to hear his music, or see his paintings in some out-of-the-way place, and thus undergo at first hand, without pedagogy, the formative impress of the latest phase of culture.

As things stand now, the new is brought on campus and dissected before the body has had time to cool; and though the young doubtless enjoy the "relevance" of the various novelties, that pleasure is dimmed by the required application of methods. As for the sense of continuity or contrast with earlier models and masterpieces, it is nonexistent, owing to the double interference of remoteness in time and the uniform brunt of analysis. To be sure, exceptions occur wherever some cultured mind gives a course; but it is fair to say that the modern student, the "major" in

English or American studies or in one of the other departments, has no cultivating encounter with the works of art he or she has been assigned. George Eliot has been read for the plight of women or for images of running water; the Post-Impressionists testify to sordid society and individual alienation; the rise and fall of the sonata form demonstrates that no music should have been written after 1830.

If we push our inquiry into the graduate school, we see the final turn given to the conversion of culture into industry. "Publish or perish" ensures that every scrap of cultural raw material shall be manufactured into a marketable product, the sign of success being the treatment of some original topic according to an accepted method. In search of "findings" and talking like physicists of "models," earnest academic workers can only teach and write as they have learned to think. Here is an examination question about Chaucer for undergraduates at a leading university:

Would an action model (e.g. Teun Van Dijk's or Gerald Prince's) more accurately disclose the narrative structure in "The Knight's Tale" than the satellite/kernel model (e.g. Seymour Chatman's *via* Roland Barthes)? You may offer another view of narrative, e.g. Leo Bersani's or Peter Brooks's psychoanalytic "projections."

When it comes to producing, the subjects treated and published have the same ring. Here are typical titles from a recent university-press catalogue: *Toward a Freudian Theory of Literature: With an Analysis of Racine's Phèdre; Fetishism & Imagination: Dickens, Melville, Conrad; The Corporeal Self: Allegories of the Body in Melville and Hawthorne; Melville's Thematics of Form* (Poor Melville!—like Saint Sebastian he is the target of all the arrows of all the methods); *The Representation of Women in Fiction; The Romantic Mother: Narcissistic Patterns in Romantic Poetry*.

Let me close the list with a scholar's description of one more book, *Swift's Landscape*: "This profoundly revisionary study forces a major reassessment of the entire conception of landscape as it relates to eighteenth-century literature and aesthetic theory." That is true of thousands of these books—they are profoundly revisionary and we must reassess. Reassess what? Some previous theory known to a handful of academics. And what does the theory deal with in this case—literature? No; the conception of landscape in eighteenth-century aesthetic theory. This conception is an idea that somebody derived by analysis, from poems and other writings. It did not exist before; one is entitled to doubt whether it is in the poems; it was not in their authors' minds—they had only the sight or memory of actual landscapes there; and if not in the poem or the mind, then it was not in the eighteenth century either.

In other words, the material of modern scholarship is by now not even the work itself but a curious kind of facsimile, an incomplete offprint made up for methodic purposes. What our students get is this abstract duplicate and little else. One might say that they disport themselves in this or that "approach" and never reach the real thing. For we all know, on the one hand, how strongly system and

terminology appeal to the young, and on the other, how much pressure is exerted by a teacher's doctrine and the implied demand for its regurgitation in examinations. Any mental finesse that the graduate or undergraduate student might bring to the work lies dormant or is diverted to the minutiae of analytic methodism.

But what did universities accomplish in times past? It will not do to idealize those times. Schools and universities have never been efficient institutions and should be judged by their aims and arrangements rather than by their results, which depend so much on the coincidence of a true teacher with an apt student. There is an important clue to past assumptions about culture in the autobiography of John W. Burgess, who was one of the two founders of the graduate school in this country. As a youth of eighteen fighting on the Union side in the Civil War, he made up his mind that if he survived he would study laws and governments so as to see whether wars could be averted by knowledge and intelligence. He went to Germany after college and studied under the historians Mommsen and Ranke, as well as under Helmholtz, the physicist. He came back to teach at Amherst, and in pursuit of his youthful goal went to Paris to look into the workings of the *École Libre des Sciences Politiques*. Returning to the United States, he joined the law faculty of Columbia College and soon persuaded the trustees to establish a school of political science. The date was 1880; it was the first graduate school in the country. Partly German and partly French in pattern, it had two stated purposes: to train teachers who would also do research and to form the minds of future politicians and civil servants. No nonsense about culture. Consciously or not, Burgess knew that universities had always been and should continue to be centers for the training of professionals, not for the dissemination of culture. In Burgess's account of his program an incidental remark bears out this view. He said he took it for granted that the applicants for his school would have completed "their study of universal history and general literature."

What do these two phrases mean? *Universal history* means the outlines of the development of Western civilization since the Greeks, including contacts with Africa and Asia, and the expansion of Europe in America. As for *general literature*, it embraces chiefly the Greek and Roman authors, studied in their own languages, plus some works by the best-known modern authors, English, French, Italian, and German. As a group these would not be numerous, but they would be the same group for everybody, as dictated by current critical opinion. You would find there a preponderance of poets—Shakespeare, Milton, Molière, Racine, Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto.

So much for the moderns. What *we* would call moderns in 1880—Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and Thackeray—were for reading on one's own. Likewise with the novelists and poets one or two generations back—Fielding, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Jane Austen—none of these were classics for classroom use till much lat-

er, when the systematic, analytic study of literature got booming. Earlier, as late as 1750, *The Shakespeare Folio* was listed in the Yale University library as a "work of diversion"; by 1850 it was taken more solemnly, and thereafter the reading of one of the plays in college was accompanied by a commentary, to explain difficult passages, point out striking images, and draw moral lessons. There would also be biographical and historical information, and possibly comparisons with the Greek dramatists and references to the poetics of Aristotle and Horace. That was all. It amounted to a sort of beginner's workout for reading reflectively, reading with something more than curiosity about the plot, reading for self-cultivation.

The ancient classics, it should be added, were more thoroughly exploited. They were used as models for composition in verse and prose; as materials for comparative grammar and linguistics; as readings in political and social history; as handbooks of moral teaching and worldly wisdom. For the truly gifted they served also as a great body of poetry, myth, philosophy, and eloquence. It is relevant to know how all this vanished from the scene. When, in the 1890s, the classical curriculum tried to compete with the sciences by becoming scientific too, it signed its own death warrant. From a student of that period I heard a revealing anecdote. In third-year Greek the philologist-classicist opened the course by saying, "Gentlemen, we shall begin with the most interesting play of Euripides: it contains nearly every exception to the rules of Greek grammar."

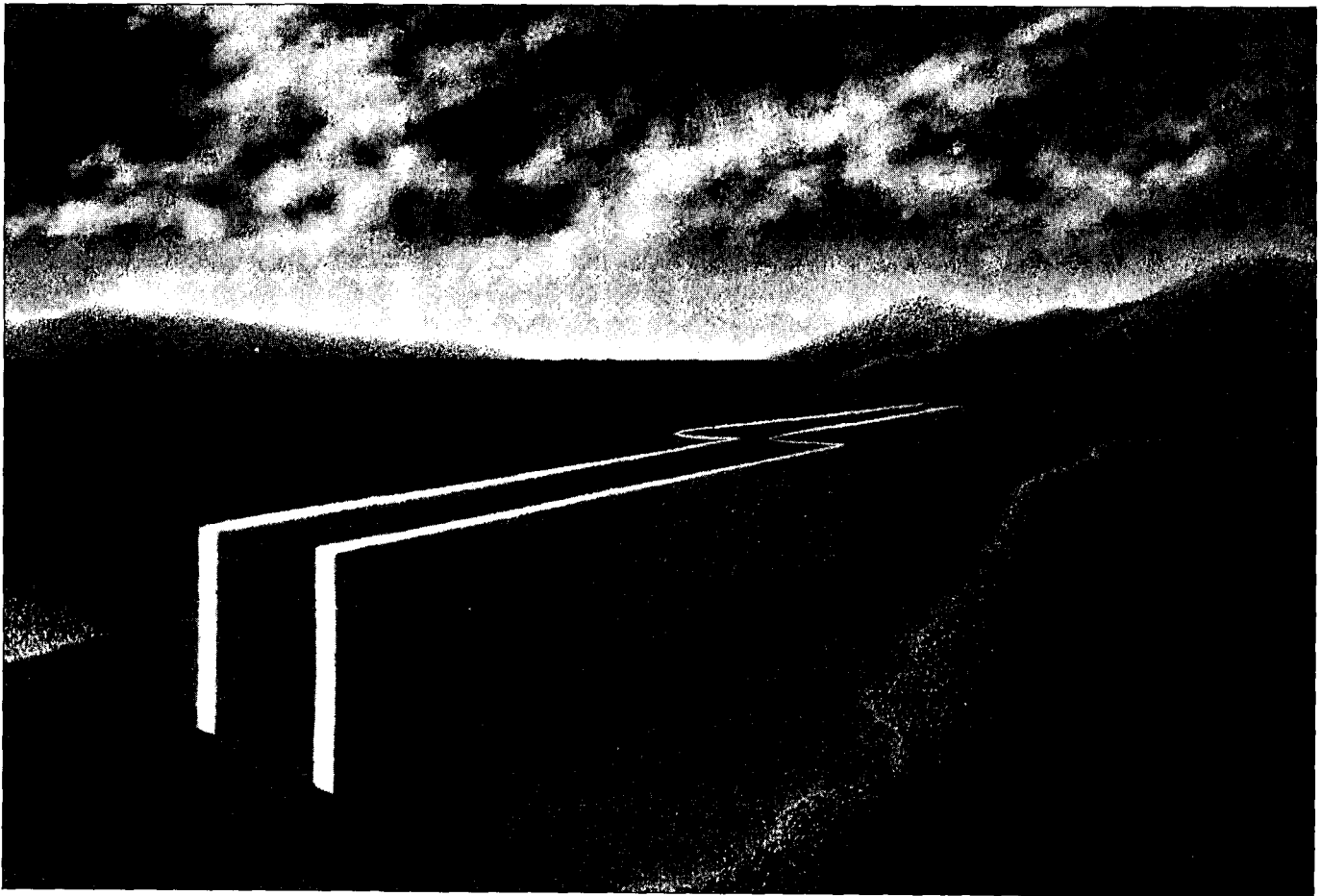
Nobody can fail to note in this remark the dire ambiguity of the word *interesting*—the shift from what Euripides intended and what the Athenian audience expected to the meaning that *interest* holds for the analytic mind and the Alexandrian scholar. Both interests are genuine and legitimate, but they are not the same, and the more abstract rarely leads to the more concrete. This fact might be called the curse of education: I mean the curse of abstracting and systematizing in order to teach. It is characteristic of our age to reduce every human concern to labels and rules and set up a course in it—two courses, ten courses, at which point we have a school, and a dean, a new profession, and a diploma. Everything useful or pleasant must be acquired from a syllabus, which leaves in its wake a lifelong self-consciousness. What books and theory have done to love and sexuality is notorious: self-consciousness in marital relations and child-rearing has replaced their inherent difficulties with a host of others. They derive from theory—superstition in a new form.

It is not that knowledge is useless or should be disregarded, but rather that learning, doctrine, ideology, is not necessarily an addition to knowledge; it is often a retreat from it. In science, theory guides practice—that is, improves technology. In the arts, theory comes after the fact of original creation and, far from improving future work, usually spoils it by making the artist self-conscious, over-intellectualized. To put it another way, not everything that is good can be engineered into existence.

HOW, THEN, CAN CULTURE RECOVER SPONTANEITY, free itself from scholarship? What should the university do about this guest of recent date that has assumed such strange shapes? Under the name of humanities it occupies chairs and departments; they cannot be allowed to lapse or wither. And where would the culture-stuff go? There is no other refuge; the facts I have singled out show how far the world at large has been academicized and culture industrialized. The creative artists themselves are ridden by ideas derived from science, by methods from technology, and by the frenzy of up-to-dateness that goes with competitive methodology. The university is after all

suggest to its renovators the plain duties they should take on.

Scholarship is not indispensable to culture but can serve it in a material way, by bringing order and clarity into the accumulation of valued things. Scholarship can resume its proper role in establishing readable texts, in explaining obscurities and clearing up confusions in any art, in supplying background and context for the creations and creators that are difficult because of remoteness in time or place. It is foolish to think that these tasks are for journeyman labor; on the contrary, they require the greatest tact and sensibility; they call for cultivated minds willing to do a cer-



only a point of concentration for these doings of the modern geometrical spirit—a concentration campus, so to speak, for the best representatives of our driven generations. What, then?

The answer is simple but not agreeable to face. At some point the overexpansion of the present scheme will bring it to collapse from its own weight. It will begin to look as futile as it really is. The Alexandrian textualists came to grief; the scholastics of the Middle Ages faded away. Similarly, the forces of fatigue and boredom will do their work to bring on stagnation and decadence, as happened to the great English universities in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The idea of a university or of scholarship will not die; it will hibernate, and on re-awaking will

tain amount of drudgery for the sake of giving a jewel the setting it deserves.

Whether the decay of one institution will start or follow the reform of its counterparts throughout society is an open question. But other elements in our present so-called cultural activities will surely have to change also, for culture's sake. Our speech, for example—our prose made up of jargon and pseudotechnical lingo, which ensure a false profundity and a barrier to disproof—will have to be decanted from its mud and restored to the uses of honest communication. Criticism will need an injection of humility—that is, a recognition of its role as a mere midwife to the arts, needed only occasionally in a subordinate, temporary capacity. And since it exists only for introducing and

explaining, it must itself be readily intelligible; it has no special vocabulary; it is in no way a science or a system. And the artists too should drop that burden of theorizing and self-justification that has been forced on them for some 180 years and which has produced so much ludicrous or pathetic nonsense. In short, pedantry and pretentiousness must be driven out of the republic of letters.

It remains only to say what good there is in what we have lost, what culture and cultivation are for. That they are not for study I have hoped to show by pointing out how those who study culture soon make study the end, and culture the means, instead of the other way around; its further result being a vast army of producers—scholars and critics—and no consumers for their indigestible products. Culture in whatever form—art, thought, history, religion—is for meditation and conversation. Both are necessary sequels to the experience of art and thought. Cultivation does not come automatically after exposure to the good things, as health follows a dose of the right drug. If it did, orchestra players would be the most cultured people musically and copy editors the finest judges of literature. Nor does “reading up” on art suffice unless it spurs meditation and conversation. Both are actions of the mind along the path of finesse. No one can imagine a *systematic* conversation. As for a true meditation, it radiates in all directions, excludes nothing; its virtue is to comprehend—in both senses: to understand and to take in the fullest view. Both are actions of the mind *and spirit*, and therefore charged with the strongest relevant feelings. Indeed, both the interior monologue and the spoken dialogue aim at discerning which feelings and what degree of each belong to which idea or image. That is how culture reshapes the personality; it develops it by offering the vicarious experience of art and thought; it puts all experience in order gradually, through reflection, meditation, and conversation.

This active use of time is of course for pleasure; its impulse is love. Everybody used to know this when the words *amateur* and *dilettante* were taken in their original meanings of “lover” and “seeker of delight.” We have turned them into terms of contempt to denote bunglers and triflers. But the impulse of love in cultivation leads beyond a selfish pleasure. It leads to communion in two kinds—with the living, by the discovery of kindred through conversation, and with the dead, by the intimacy of admiration for greatness. Today’s temper is not conducive to either form of communion. Conversation is wrecked on the shoals of shoptalk, which is factuality unredeemed by thought; and admiration is reproved as uncritical, it being axiomatic that greatness is a myth. The age of the anti-hero sees no warrant for the submission of the self to anything or anybody. Yet how in the absence of this emotion the fame and fuss we lavish on art and artists can be justified is not explained.

No doubt the overabundance of works new and old, the

multiplicity of things to remember—names, tendencies and schools; doctrines—cheapens every object and idea and so clutters up mind and memory as to prevent meditation and abort conversation. Faced with the vitamin-C principle of the curriculum, with the good life of That Cosmopolitan Girl, the born believer in something more intense has only one avenue of escape, which is the specialism of the single-track connoisseur. In that role he finds approval, self-esteem, and a leisure-time occupation, and he is seconded in his sincere taste by the whole elaborate apparatus of scholarship. The circle is complete, the situation perfectly understandable. Everybody is in the right.

And yet it does not seem as if these well-coordinated arrangements were bringing serenity to the participants. The prevailing mood in this kingdom of analysis, criticalness, and theory is depression. No longer does tragedy purge and exhilarate, nor comedy chastise with gaiety. Music fails to bring calm; painting and sculpture invite chiefly to problem-solving. And I speak not solely of modern works, for our uniform outlook has by now revised and daubed over the whole past. The farsighted Nietzsche, a hundred years ago, vividly described the plight of the cultivated mind, whom he called the philosopher. He said:

The spread of the towering sciences has grown enormous and with it the likelihood that the philosopher will grow tired, even as a learner, and will take refuge somewhere and specialize; so that he will no longer reach his proper height—his superspection, circumspection, and ‘despection.’ Or he climbs aloft too late, when the best of his maturity and strength are gone, or when he is on the downgrade, coarsened and spoiled; so that his view of the world, his general estimate of things, is no longer of much importance. It is no doubt his intellectual conscience that makes him hesitate to be a dilettante, a centipede, a creature with a thousand antennae.

No scheme lasts forever, and if the human race survives there will arise a generation whose “general estimate of things” will regain importance, whose intellectual conscience will impel them in the other direction, toward sensing the world through a thousand antennae. For the bearers of culture continue to be born; the desire for culture is innate. To reincarnate Nietzsche’s philosopher we should look to the touching figure of the water boy who rowed Dr. Johnson and Boswell down the Thames to Greenwich. The friends were discussing the shaping influence of classical culture. Boswell thought people got on very well without it. Johnson partly agreed. “For instance,” he said, “this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.” Then he interrupted himself and called to the boy: “What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?” “Sir,” said the boy, “I would give what I have.” □

**FACTORY
DIRECT PRICES!**

This Winter, Enjoy the Warm, Comfortable Magic of 100% Pure Knitted Silk

Ounce for ounce, silk is the warmest natural fiber known to man. It's feather light, soft to the touch, and has virtually no bulk. Yet it's incredibly durable. It's the ultimate winter body insulation. Our Wintersilks® body insulators are made from 100% pure knitted silk from the Imperial Far East, where silk was born and perfected. They're warm, comfortable — and *affordable*, thanks to our direct importing. Discover for yourself the incredible feeling of silk right next to your skin. *Order today!*



Silk Undershirts For men and women \$22.00 ea. for 2 or more, 1 for \$24.50

Tailored for all-day comfort, indoors or out. Wear skiing, apres-ski, or under dress clothes at the office. Absolutely no bulk. Unlike other winter undergarments, you hardly know you're wearing silk. Crew-neck collar, elasticized cuffs. Hand or machine washes easily. Dries overnight at room temperature. Men's/Ladies XS-L, Unisex sizes (see chart below). Color: Champagne.

	XS	S	M	L
Men's	30-32	34-36	38-40	42-44
Ladies	4-6	8-10	12-14	16-18

Silk Turtlenecks \$29.50 ea. for 2 or more, 1 for \$32.50 ea.

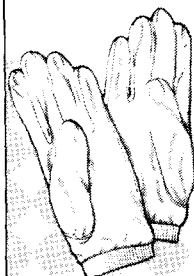
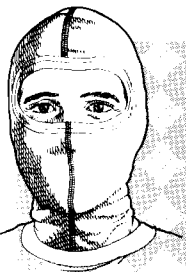
Soft, smooth and stylish! The traditionally popular turtle, now in pure silk. Elasticized cuffs and turtle. For skiing, chilly weather sailing ... or weekends. Great for travelers who like to dress up but travel light. Feather-light to the touch, easy to care for. Men's/Ladies XS-XL sizes in Navy or Red.



	XS	S	M	L	XL
Men's	30-32	34-36	38	40-42	44
Ladies	4-6	8-10	12	14-16	18-20

Silk Balaclavas \$8.85 ea. (in quantity)

Long a favorite of skiers and climbers in Europe. 100% pure heavyweight knitted silk fabric fits comfortably over entire head, with oval opening for eyes. Wear alone, or under ski hat or parka hood. Weighs one ounce and compacts to the size of a golf ball. One size fits all. Colors: Sky Blue, Navy, Red or Silver Gray. 1 for \$9.95 ea.; 2 for \$9.75 ea.; 3 for \$9.50 ea.; 6 for \$8.85 ea.



Silk Glove Liners \$5.70 ea. (in quantity)

Our Wintersilks Glove Liners are feather-light, durable and warm — with absolutely no bulk. Wear alone for driving, cross-country skiing or chilly commuting. In frigid weather below 20 F, wear under your favorite gloves or mittens. Each pair weighs one-half ounce and compacts easily into a shirt or jacket pocket. Color: Champagne. 1 pair, \$7.95; 2 pairs, \$7.85 ea.; 4 pairs, \$6.95 ea.; 6 pairs, \$6.20 ea.; 12 pairs, \$5.70 ea.

S	M	L
6 1/2-7	7 1/2-8	9-9 1/2

"The two shirts I ordered arrived this afternoon. I am most pleased with the quality, and your service was nothing short of amazing. I have dealt with many catalog companies over the years and yours surely ranks with the best."

—D. Holenan,
San Francisco

"Thank you for the unbelievably fast delivery of the items I ordered last weekend."

—D. Jenner, Wilmington, Del.

Guarantee: If for any reason you are dissatisfied, return your purchase(s) in as-new condition within 30 days of our shipment date for a prompt refund, credit or exchange — whichever you prefer. Returns cannot be accepted after 30 days. Shipping and handling charges are not refundable. We do not accept C.O.D. packages.

Care Instructions: Hand or machine wash gently in cold water using mild soap, such as Ivory. Rinse in cold water. Squeeze out excess water; do not wring. Dry flat on towel or machine dry on delicate setting. Do not dry clean.

Delivery: We ship most orders within 72 hours of receipt, if there is any reason for delay, you will be promptly notified by telephone or postal card.

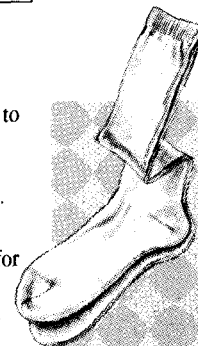
Silk Sock Liners

The last word in cozy, warm toes. Wear right next to the skin under your sport or dress socks. Keep an extra pair in your car, briefcase or office desk for traveling during those wet, chilling January thaws. Men's/Ladies' XS-XL sizes. Color: Champagne.

Ankle Height Silk Sock Liners: 1 for \$7.95 ea.; 3 for \$7.50 ea.; 6 for \$7.25 ea.; 12 for \$6.95 ea.

Mid-Calf Height Silk Liners: 1 for \$8.95 ea.; 3 for \$8.50 ea.; 6 for \$8.25 ea.; 12 for \$7.95 ea.

Sock Sizes	XS	S	M	L	XL
Men's Shoe	7	8	9-10	10 1/2-11 1/2	12-13
Ladies Shoe	5 1/2-6	6 1/2-7	7 1/2-8 1/2	9-10	11-11 1/2



To order, fill in, clip and mail the coupon below, or call Toll-Free 24 hours a day:
1-800-648-7455 In Wisc., Alaska or Hawaii call 1-608-836-4600

Qty.	Size	Color	Description	Price Each	Total
		Champagne	Men's/Ladies' Silk Undershirts	\$22.00/\$24.50	
			Men's/Ladies' Silk Turtlenecks	\$29.50/\$32.50	
		Champagne	Silk Glove Liners	see above	
		Champagne	Ankle Height Silk Sock Liners	see above	
		Champagne	Mid-Calf Silk Sock Liners	see above	
			Silk Balaclavas (one size fits all)	see above	
☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex				Shipping, Handling & Insurance \$3.40	
Card No. _____				5% Tax for Wis. Addresses	
We ship UPS whenever possible. Be sure to give your complete street address.				Total Enclosed	
Exp. _____					

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**Winter
SILKS®**
The White Pine Company, Ltd.

Dept. P03, 2700 Laura Lane, Middleton, Wisconsin 53562

A Short Story



THE COMEDIAN

BY JOHN L'HEUREUX

CORINNE HASN'T PLANNED TO HAVE A BABY. SHE IS thirty-eight and happy and she wants to get on with it. She is a stand-up comedian with a husband, her second, and with no thought of a child, and what she wants out of life now is a lot of laughs. To give them, and especially to get them. And here she is, by accident, pregnant.

The doctor sees her chagrin and is surprised, because he thinks of her as a competent and sturdy woman. But that's how things are these days and so he suggests an abortion. Corinne says she'll let him know; she has to do some thinking. A baby.

"That's great," Russ says. "If you want it, I mean. I want it. I mean, I want it if you do. It's up to you, though. You know what I mean?"

And so they decide that, of course, they will have the baby, of course they want the baby, the baby is just exactly what they need.

In the bathroom mirror that night, Russ looks through his eyes into his cranium for a long time. Finally he sees his mind. As he watches, it knots like a fist. And he continues to watch, glad, as that fist beats the new baby flat and thin, a dead slick silverfish.

Mother. Mother and baby. A little baby. A big baby. Bouncing babies. At once Corinne sees twenty babies, twenty pink basketball babies, bouncing down the court and then up into the air and—whoosh—they swish neatly through the net. Babies.

Baby is its own excuse for being. Or is it? Well, Corinne was a Catholic right up until the end of her first marriage, so she thinks maybe it is. One thing is sure: the only subject you can't make a good joke about is abortion.

Yes, they will have the baby. Yes, she will be the Mother. Yes.

But the next morning, while Russ is at work, Corinne turns off the television and sits on the edge of the couch. She squeezes her thighs together, tight; she contracts her stomach; she arches her back. This is no joke. This is the real thing. By an act of the will, she is going to expel this baby, this invader, this insidious little murderer. She pushes and pushes and nothing happens. She pushes again, hard. And once more she pushes. Finally she gives up and lies back against the sofa, resting.

After a while she puts her hand on her belly, and as she does so, she is astonished to hear singing.

It is the baby. It has a soft reedy voice and it sings slightly off-key. Corinne listens to the words: "Some of these days, you'll miss me, honey. . . ."

Corinne faints then, and it is quite some time before she wakes up.

When she wakes, she opens her eyes only a slit and looks carefully from left to right. She sits on the couch, vigilant, listening, but she hears nothing. After a while she says three Hail Marys and an Act of Contrition, and then, confused and a little embarrassed, she does the laundry.

She does not tell Russ about this.

Well, it's a time of strain, Corinne tells herself, even though in California there isn't supposed to be any strain. Just surfing and tans and divorce and a lot of interfacing. No strain and no babies.

Corinne thinks for a second about interfacing babies, but forces the thought from her mind and goes back to thinking about her act. Sometimes she does a very funny set on interfacing, but only if the audience is middle-aged. The younger ones don't seem to know that interfacing is laughable. Come to think of it, *nobody* laughs much in California. Everybody smiles, but who laughs?

Laughs: that's something she can use. She does Garbo's laugh: "I am so hap-py." What was that movie? "I am so hap-py." She does the Garbo laugh again. Not bad. Who else laughs? Joe E. Brown. The Wicked Witch of the West. Who was she? Somebody Hamilton. Will anybody remember these people? Ruth Buzzi? Goldie Hawn? Yes, that great giggle. Of course, the best giggle is Burt Reynolds's. High and fey. Why does he do that? Is he sending up his own image?

Corinne is thinking of images, Burt Reynolds's and Tom Selleck's, when she hears singing: "Cal-i-for-nia, here I come, Right back where I started from. . . ." Corinne stops pacing and stands in the doorway to the kitchen—as if I'm waiting for the earthquake, she thinks. But there is no earthquake; there is only the thin sweet voice, singing.

Corinne leans against the doorframe and listens. She closes her eyes. At once it is Easter, and she is a child again at Sacred Heart Grammar School, and the thirty-five members of the children's choir, earnest and angelic, look out at her from where they stand, massed about the altar.

John L'Heureux is the director of the creative-writing program at Stanford. His most recent book is Desires.



They wear red cassocks and white surplices, starched, and they seem to have descended from heaven for this one occasion. Their voices are pure, high, untouched by adolescence or by pain; and, with a conviction born of absolute innocence, they sing to God and to Corinne, "Cal-i-for-nia, here I come."

Corinne leans against the doorframe and listens truly now. Imagination aside, drama aside—she listens. It is a single voice she hears, thin and reedy. So, she did not imagine it the first time. It is true. The baby sings.

That night, when Russ comes home, he takes his shower, and they settle in with their first martini and everything is cozy.

Corinne asks him about his day, and he tells her. It was a lousy day. Russ started his own construction company a year ago just as the bottom fell out of the building business, and now there are no jobs to speak of. Just renovation stuff. Clean-up after fires. Sometimes Victorian restorations down in the gay district. But that's about it. So whatever comes his way is bound to be lousy. Corinne knows this, but she asks how his day was anyhow, and he tells her. This is Russ's second marriage, though, so he knows not to go too far with a lousy day. Who needs it?

"But I've got you, babe," he says, and pulls her toward him, and kisses her.

"We've got each other," Corinne says, and kisses him back. "And the baby," she says.

He holds her close then, so that she can't see his face. She makes big eyes like an actor in a bad comedy—she doesn't know why; she just always sees the absurd in everything. After a while they pull away, smiling, secret, and sip their martinis.

"Do you know something?" she says. "Can I tell you something?"

"What?" he says. "Tell me."

"You won't laugh?"

"No," he says, laughing. "I'm sorry. No, I won't laugh."

"Okay," she says. "Here goes."

There is a long silence, and then he says, "Well?"

"It sings."

"It sings?"

"The baby. The fetus. It sings."

Russ is stalled, but only for a second. Then he says, "Plain chant? Or rock-and-roll?" He begins to laugh, and he laughs so hard that he chokes and sashes martini onto the couch. "You're wonderful," he says. "You're really a funny, funny girl. Woman." He laughs some more. "Is that for your act? I love it."

"I'm serious," she says. "I mean it."

"Well, it's great," he says. "They'll love it."

Corinne puts her hand on her stomach and thinks she has never been so alone in her life. She looks at Russ, with his big square jaw and all those white teeth and his green eyes so trusting and innocent, and she realizes for one second how corrupt she is, how lost, how deserving of a baby who sings; and then she pulls herself together because real life has to go on.

"Let's eat out," she says. "Spaghetti. It's cheap." She kisses him gently on his left eyelid, on his right. She gazes into his eyes and smiles, so that he will not guess she is thinking: Who is this man? Who am I?

CORINNE HAS A JOB, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS FOR the next three weeks—at the Ironworks. It's not The Comedy Shop, but it's a legitimate gig, and the money is good. Moreover, it will give her something to think about besides whether or not she should go through with the abortion. She and Russ have put that on hold.

She is well into her third month, but she isn't showing yet, so she figures she can handle the three weekends easily. She wishes, in a way, that she were showing. As it is, she only looks . . . She searches for the word, but not for long. The word is *fat*. She looks fat.

She could do fat-girl jokes, but she hates jokes that put down women. And she hates jokes that are blue. Jokes that ridicule husbands. Jokes that ridicule the joker's looks. Jokes about nationalities. Jokes that play into audience prejudice. Jokes about the terrible small town you came from. Jokes about how poor you were, how ugly, how unpopular. Phyllis Diller jokes. Joan Rivers jokes. Jokes about small boobs, wrinkles, sexual inadequacy. Why is she in this business? she wonders. She hates jokes.

She thinks she hears herself praying: Please, please.

What should she do at the Ironworks? What should she do about the baby? What should she do?

The baby is the only one who's decided what to do. The baby sings.

Its voice is filling out nicely and it has enlarged its repertoire considerably. It sings a lot of classical melodies Corinne thinks she remembers from somewhere, churchy stuff, but it also favors golden oldies from the forties and fifties, with a few real old-timers thrown in when they seem appropriate. Once, right at the beginning, for instance, after Corinne and Russ had quarreled, Corinne locked herself in the bathroom to sulk and after a while was surprised, and then grateful, to hear the baby crooning, "Oh, my man, I love him so." It struck Corinne a day or so later that this could be a baby that would sell out for *any* one-liner . . . if indeed she decided to have the baby . . . and so she was relieved when the baby turned to more classical pieces.

The baby sings only now and then, and it sings better at some times than at others, but Corinne is convinced it sings best on weekend evenings when she is preparing for her gig. Before she leaves home, Corinne always has a long hot soak in the tub. She lies in the suds with her little orange bath pillow at her head and, as she runs through the night's possibilities, preparing ad libs, heckler put-downs, segues, the baby sings to her.

There is some connection, she is sure, between her work and the baby's singing, but she can't guess what it is. It doesn't matter. She loves this: just she and the baby, together, in song.

Thank you, thank you, she prays.

The Ironworks gig goes extremely well. It is a young crowd, mostly, and so Corinne sticks to her young jokes: life in California, diets, dating, school. The audience laughs, and Russ says she is better than ever, but at the end of the three weeks the manager tells her, "You got it, honey. You got all the moves. You really make them laugh, you know? But they laugh from here only"—he taps his head—"not from the gut. You gotta get gut. You know? Like feeling."

So now the gig is over and Corinne lies in her tub trying to think of gut. She's gotta get gut, she's gotta get feeling. Has she ever *felt*? Well, she feels for Russ; she loves him. She felt for Alan, that bastard; well, maybe he wasn't so bad; maybe he just wasn't ready for marriage, any more than she was. Maybe it's California; maybe nobody *can* feel in California.

Enough about feeling, already. Deliberately, she puts feeling out of her mind, and calls up babies instead. A happy baby, she thinks, and at once the bathroom is crowded with laughing babies, each one roaring and carrying on like Ed McMahon. A fat baby, and she sees a Shelley Winters baby, an Elizabeth Taylor baby, an Orson Welles baby. An active baby: a mile of trampolines and babies doing quadruple somersaults, backflips, high dives. A

healthy baby: babies lifting weights, swimming the Channel. Babies.

But abortion is the issue, not babies. Should she have it, or not?

At once she sees a bloody mess, a crushed-looking thing, half animal, half human. Its hands open and close. She gasps. "No," she says aloud, and shakes her head to get rid of the awful picture. "No," and she covers her face.

Gradually she realizes that she has been listening to humming, and now the humming turns to song—"It ain't necessarily so," sung in a good clear mezzo.

Her eyes hurt and she has a headache. In fact, her eyes hurt all the time.

Corinne has finally convinced Russ that she hears the baby singing. Actually, he is convinced that Corinne is halfway around the bend with worry, and he is surprised, when he thinks about it, to find that he loves her anyway, crazy or not. He tells her that as much as he hates the idea, maybe she ought to think about having an abortion.

"I've actually gotten to like the singing," she says.

"Corinne," he says.

"It's the things I see that scare me to death."

"What things? What do you see?"

At once she sees a little crimson baby. It has been squashed into a mason jar. The tiny eyes almost disappear into the puffed cheeks, the cheeks into the neck, the neck into the torso. It is a pickled baby, ancient, preserved.

"Tell me," he says.

"Nothing," she says. "It's just that my eyes hurt."

It's getting late for an abortion, the doctor says, but she can still have one safely.

He's known her for twenty years, all through the first marriage and now through this one, and he's puzzled that a funny and sensible girl like Corinne should be having such a tough time with pregnancy. He had recommended abortion right from the start, because she didn't seem to want the baby and because she was almost forty, but he hadn't really expected her to take him up on it. Looking at her now, though, it is clear to him that she'll never make it. She'll be wacko—if not during the pregnancy, then sure as hell afterward.

So what does she think? What does Russ think?

Well, first, she explains in her new, sort of wandering way, there's something else she wants to ask about; not really important, she supposes, but just something, well, kind of different she probably should mention. It's the old problem of the baby . . . well, um, singing.

"Singing?"

"Singing?" he asks again.

"And humming," Corinne says.

They sit in silence for a minute, the doctor trying to decide whether or not this is a joke. She's got this great poker face. She really is a good comic. So after a while he laughs, and then when she laughs, he knows he's done the right thing. But what a crazy sense of humor!

"You're terrific," he says. "Anything else? How's Russ? How was the Ironworks job?"

"My eyes hurt," she says. "I have headaches."

And so they discuss her vision for a while, and stand-up comedy, and she makes him laugh. And that's that.

At the door he says to her, "Have an abortion, Corinne. Now, before it's too late."



THEY HAVE JUST MADE LOVE AND NOW RUSS PUTS OFF the light and they lie together in the dark, his hand on her belly.

"Listen," he says. "I want to say something. I've been thinking about what the doctor said, about an abortion. I hate it, I hate the whole idea, but you know, we've got to think of you. And I think this baby is too much for you, I think maybe that's why you've been having those headaches and stuff. Don't you think?"

Corinne puts her hand on his hand and says nothing. After a long while Russ speaks again, into the darkness.

"I've been a lousy father. Two sons I never see. Beth took them back when they were, what, four and two, I guess. Back east. I never see them. The stepfather's good to them, though; he's a good father. I thought maybe I'd have another chance at it, do it right this time, like the marriage. Besides, the business isn't always going to be this bad, you know; I'll get jobs; I'll get money. We could afford it, you know? A son. A daughter. It would be nice. But what I mean is, we've got to take other things into consideration, we've got to consider your health. You're not strong enough, I guess. I always think of you as strong, because you do those gigs and you're funny and all, but, I mean, you're almost forty, and the doctor thinks that maybe an abortion is the way to go, and what do I know? I don't know. The singing. The headaches. I don't know."

Russ looks into the dark, seeing nothing.

"I worry about you, you want to know the truth? I do. Corinne?"

Corinne lies beside him, listening to him, refusing to listen to the baby, who all this time has been singing. Russ is as alone as she is, even more alone. She is dumbfounded. She is speechless with love. If he were a whirlpool, she thinks, she would fling herself into it. If he were . . . but he is who he is, and she loves only him, and she makes her decision.

"Corinne?" There is fear in his voice now.

"You think I'm losing my mind," she says.

Silence.

"Yes."

More silence.

"Well, I'm not. Headaches are a normal part of lots of pregnancies, the doctor said, and the singing doesn't mean anything at all. He explained what was really going on, why I thought I heard it sing. You see," Corinne says, improvising freely now, making it all up, for him, her gift to him, "you see, when you get somebody as high-strung as me and you add pregnancy right at the time I'm about to make it big as a stand-up, then the pressures get to be so much that sometimes the imagination can take over, the doctor said, and when you tune in to the normal sounds of your body, you hear them really loud, as if they were amplified by a three-thousand-watt PA system, and it can sound like singing. See?"

Russ says nothing.

"So you see, it all makes sense, really. You don't have to worry about me."

"Come on," Russ says. "Do you mean to tell me you never heard the baby singing?"

"Well, I heard it, sort of. You know? It was really all in my mind. I mean, the *sound* was in my body physiologically, but my hearing it as *singing* was just . . ."

"Just your imagination."

Corinne does not answer.

"Well?"

"Right," she says, making the total gift. "It was just my imagination."

And the baby—who has not stopped singing all this time, love songs mostly—stops singing now, and does not sing again until the day scheduled for the abortion.



THE BABY HAS NOT SUNG IN THREE WEEKS. IT IS Corinne's fifth month now, and at last they have been able to do an amniocentesis. The news is bad. One of the baby's chromosomes does not match up to anything in hers, anything in Russ's. What this means, they tell her, is that the baby is not normal. It will be deformed in some way; in what way, they have no idea.

Corinne and Russ decide on abortion.

They talk very little about their decision now that they have made it. In fact, they talk very little about anything. Corinne's face grows daily more haggard, and Corinne avoids Russ's eyes. She is silent much of the time, thinking. The baby is silent all the time.

The abortion will be by hypertonic saline injection, a simple procedure, complicated only by the fact that Corinne has waited so long. She has been given a booklet to read and she has listened to a tape, and so she knows about

the injection of the saline solution, she knows about the contractions that will begin slowly and then get more and more frequent, and she knows about the dangers of infection and excessive bleeding.

She knows moreover that it will be a formed fetus she will expel.

Russ has come with her to the hospital and is outside in the waiting room. Corinne thinks of him, of how she loves him, of how their lives will be better, safer, without this baby who sings. This deformed baby. Who sings. If only she could hear the singing once more, just once.

Corinne lies on the table with her legs in the thigh rests, and one of the nurses drapes the examining sheet over and around her. The other nurse, or someone—Corinne is getting confused; her eyesight seems fuzzy—takes her pulse and her blood pressure. She feels someone washing her, the careful hands, the warm fluid. So, it is beginning.

Corinne closes her eyes and tries to make her mind a blank. Dark, she thinks. Dark. She squeezes her eyes tight against the light, she wants to remain in this cool darkness forever, she wants to cease being. And then, amazingly, the dark does close in on her. Though she opens her eyes, she sees nothing. She can remain this way forever if she wills it. The dark is cool to the touch, and it is comforting somehow; it invites her in. She can lean into it, give herself up to it, and be safe, alone, forever.

She tries to sit up. She will enter this dark. She will do it. Please, please, she hears herself say. And then all at once she thinks of Russ and the baby, and instead of surrendering to the dark, she pushes it away.

With one sweep of her hand she pushes the sheet from her and flings it to the floor. She pulls her legs from the thigh rests and manages to sit up, blinded still, but fighting.

"Here now," a nurse says, caught off guard, unsure what to do. "Hold on now. It's all right. It's fine."

"Easy now. Easy," the doctor says, thinking Yes, here it is, what else is new.

Together the nurses and the doctor make an effort to stop her, but they are too late, because by this time Corinne has fought free of any restraints. She is off the examining couch and, naked, huddles in the corner of the small room.

"No," she shouts. "I want the baby. I want the baby." And later, when she has stopped shouting, when she has stopped crying, still she clutches her knees to her chest and whispers over and over, "I want the baby."

So there is no abortion after all.

By the time she is discharged, Corinne's vision has returned, dimly. Moreover, though she tells nobody, she has heard humming, and once or twice a whole line of music. The baby has begun to sing again.

Corinne has more offers than she wants: The Hungry I, the Purple Onion, The Comedy Shop. Suddenly everybody decides it's time to take a look at her, but she is in no

shape to be looked at, so she signs for two weeks at My Uncle's Bureau and lets it go at that.

She is only marginally pretty now, she is six months pregnant, and she is carrying a deformed child. Furthermore, she can see very little, and what she does see, she often sees double.

Her humor, therefore, is spare and grim, but audiences love it. She begins slow: "When I was a girl, I always wanted to look like Elizabeth Taylor," she says, and glances down at her swollen belly. Two beats. "And now I do." They laugh with her, and applaud. Now she can quicken the pace, sharpen the humor. They follow her; they are completely captivated.

She has found some new way of holding her body—tipping her head, thrusting out her belly—and instead of putting off her audience, or embarrassing them, it charms them. The laughter is *with* her, the applause *for* her. She could do anything out there and get away with it. And she knows it. They simply love her.

In her dressing room after the show she tells herself that somehow, magically, she's learned to work from the heart instead of just from the head. She's got gut. She's got feeling. But she knows it's something more than that.

By the end of the two weeks she is convinced that the successful new element in her act is the baby. This deformed baby, this abnormal baby she has tried to kill. And what interests her most is that she no longer cares about success as a stand-up.

Corinne falls asleep that night to the sound of the baby's crooning. She is trying to pray, Please, please, but with Russ's snoring and the baby's lullaby, they all get mixed up together in her mind—God, Russ, the baby—and she forgets to whom she is praying or why. She sleeps.

The baby sings all the time now. It starts first thing in the morning with a nice soft piece by Telemann or Brahms; there are assorted lullabies at bedtime; and throughout the day it is bop, opera, ragtime, blues, a little rock-and-roll, big-band stuff—the baby never tires.

Corinne tells no one about this, not even Russ.

She and Russ talk about almost everything now: their love for each other, their hopes for the baby, their plans. They have lots of plans. Russ has assured Corinne that whatever happens, he's ready for it. Corinne is his whole life, and no matter how badly the baby is deformed, they'll manage. They'll do the right thing. They'll survive.

They talk about almost everything, but they do not talk about the baby's singing.

For Corinne the singing is secret, mysterious. It contains some revelation, of course, but she does not want to know what that revelation might be.

The singing is somehow tied up with her work; but more than that, with her life. It is part of her fate. It is inescapable. And she is perfectly content to wait.

Corinne has been in labor for three hours, and the baby has been singing the whole time. The doctor has adminis-

tered a mild anesthetic and a nurse remains at bedside, but the birth does not seem imminent, and so for Corinne it is a period of pain and waiting. And for the baby, singing.

"These lights are so strong," Corinne says, or thinks she says. "The lights are blinding."

The nurse looks at her for a moment and then goes back to the letter she is writing.

"Please," Corinne says, "thank you."

She is unconscious, she supposes; she is imagining the lights. Or perhaps the lights are indeed bright and she sees them as they really are *because* she is unconscious. Or perhaps her sight has come back, as strong as it used to be. Whatever the case, she doesn't want to think about it now. Besides, for some reason or other, even though the lights are blinding, they are not blinding her. They do not even bother her. It is as if light is her natural element.

"Thank you," she says. To someone.

The singing is wonderful, a cappella things Corinne recognizes as Brahms, Mozart, Bach. The baby's voice can assume any dimension it wants now, swelling from a single thin note to choir volume; it can take on the tone and resonance of musical instruments, violin, viola, flute; it can become all sounds; it enchants.

The contractions are more frequent; even unconscious, Corinne can tell that. Good. Soon the waiting will be over and she will have her wonderful baby, her perfect baby. But at once she realizes hers will not be a perfect baby; it will be deformed. "Please," she says, "please," as if prayer can keep Russ from being told—as he will be soon after the birth—that his baby has been born dumb. Russ, who has never understood comedians.

But now the singing has begun to swell in volume. It is as if the baby has become a full choir, with many voices, with great strength.

The baby will be fine, however it is, she thinks. She thinks of Russ, worried half to death. She is no longer worried. She accepts what will be.

The contractions are very frequent now and the light is much brighter. She knows the doctor has come into the room, because she hears his voice. There is another nurse too. And soon there will be the baby.

The light is so bright that she can see none of them. She can see into the light, it is true; she can see the soft fleecy nimbus flowing beyond the light, but she can see nothing in the room.

The singing. The singing and the light. It is Palestrina she hears, in polyphony, each voice lambent. The light envelops her, catches her up from this table where the doctor bends over her and where already can be seen the shimmering yellow hair of the baby. The light lifts her, and the singing lifts her, and she says, "Yes," she says, "Thank you."

She accepts what will be. She accepts what is.

The room is filled with singing and with light, and the singing is transformed into light, more light, more lucency, and still she says, "Yes," until she cannot bear it, and she reaches up and tears the light aside. And sees. □

Waving the Flag

Patriotism is on the rise in our country.

Not that it has ever been moribund. It's just been muted at times. For a while, many people seem to have shied away from giving expression to their feelings for their country, as if such displays of emotion were to be avoided as old-fashioned sentimentality, unsophisticated, not at all in tune with our high-tech, fast-paced times.

That's now changing. There's a reawakening of patriotism across the country, a resurgence of American pride in America and what it stands for.

More and more Americans are flying the stars and stripes. They're singing the National Anthem with added gusto. Men and women in uniform are cheered and embraced, no longer scorned. Military enlistments are up. So are draft registrations among 18-year-olds.

A decade after Vietnam and Watergate, Americans are voicing greater trust in their government and the freedoms and values it represents, according to national polls.

The self-doubt and naysaying brought on by the difficult days of the 1960s and 1970s are giving way to renewed recognition of the strength of America and pride in the power of the American ideal.

Patriotism, of course, is more than waving the flag. It goes beyond expressing love of country and adherence to American values and institutions.

In its best sense, patriotism involves commitment and action. It means participating and building. It has to do with living our lives in ways that fortify our strengths as a society and acknowledge and remedy our weaknesses.

Patriots are doers. They are serving on school boards, working with the disadvantaged, developing products, providing jobs, ringing doorbells for candidates, removing discriminatory barriers, and doing all the other things that need to be done to make our country better and to enhance the American character.

Patriotism is the new activism for America.





*Was Mary Tyler Moore the first Yuppie?
Would the MTM company be happier on cable?*

MTM'S PAST AND FUTURE

BY DAVID MARC

CABLE PENETRATION IS SLOWLY BRINGING ABOUT the Balkanization of the American television audience. That audience, roughly identical to the U.S. population at large, is gradually declaring its independence from three-network cultural hegemony and reconstituting itself into dozens of smaller but more cleanly defined "taste culture" viewing groups. Whereas once CBS, NBC, and ABC were the Sears, the Montgomery Ward, and the K-Mart in a shopping center without boutiques, now the industry offers viewers opportunities for more personalized services.

For thirty years the Big Three could assume that at any given prime-time moment more than 90 percent of those watching television would be tuned in to one of their programs. These days, however, it is not unusual for the A. C. Nielsen Company to report the total network share of the viewing audience as less than 75 percent. With HBO, Showtime, and The Movie Channel offering recent Hollywood features, with ESPN, USA, and SportsChannel running every athletic event from junior-college lacrosse to all-star heavyweight wrestling, with Bravo and Arts & Entertainment importing *le cinéma* and the opera, with The Nashville Network producing C&W sitcoms (have you seen *I-40 Paradise?*), with CMTV featuring Merle Haggard videos (that's right, CMTV), and with the Christian Broadcasting Network and the National Christian Network dueling with "800" numbers for the audience's very soul, what are the odds for survival of the quaint cop shows, doc

shows, and sitcoms that viewers dependent on antennae have been watching during these early years of telecasting? The familiar programming genres constitute the Greek drama of television. Will the fragmentation of the audience force them into a state of suspended animation in the reruns?

Despite the multi-channel cable converters that are becoming unremarkable furniture in American living rooms, the major television-production companies are still forced to sell their wares in a preposterously narrow marketplace dominated by three like-minded customers. None of the cable networks can easily afford the high cost of independently produced episodic television drama.

The predicament of MTM Enterprises during this transitional period is illuminating. MTM has produced what is arguably the most interesting and innovative collection of weekly series in the thirty-eight-year history of network television. Since the company's inception it has been harassed by network censors for the post-Victorianism of its scripts and characters. It has also been under constant pressure to attract the larger audiences necessary for mass marketing, yet despite these constraints it has not taken advantage of the new technological opportunities to circumvent the three-network system.

In 1978 the studio attempted its first end run on the networks by putting together a series for public television. Although *Going Home Again*—the continuing story of an affluent Santa Barbara family set amid the cultural and social changes of the years following the assassination of John F. Kennedy—was ambitious in conception, it never progressed beyond the pilot stage. Some members of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting may have looked askance at the notion of committing any of public television's limit-

David Marc teaches in the American Civilization program at Brown University. He is the author of Demographic Vistas, a book about television. His article "Understanding Television" appeared in the August Atlantic.

ed resources to a successful commercial studio, no matter how good its reputation. Moreover, the corporation refused to commit itself to a set price for each episode. Geared up for high-overhead commercial production, the studio was unable to proceed on such uncertain ground, and the project died.

Perhaps the most obvious strategy for MTM would be to establish itself as a supplier of programs to cable TV. Indeed, Nielsen studies point to an inordinate number of pay-cable subscribers among the audiences for MTM's current shows. The studio's vice president in charge of public relations, Larry Bloustein, asserts that "a look at *Hill Street Blues*, *St. Elsewhere*, or any of today's MTM shows could be a look at the cable shows of tomorrow."

The pay-cable vendors—those that charge a fee beyond the one for basic service—generally sell themselves as movie exhibitors. Nevertheless, they have displayed some curiosity about series television. In 1982, for example, HBO made an effort to pick up *Taxi*, after that sitcom was canceled by ABC. *Taxi* was not an MTM property, but it was created by James L. Brooks, Stan Daniels, David Davis, and Ed. Weinberger—all veterans of the old *Mary Tyler Moore Show* production team. Although NBC, the last-place broadcast network, easily outbid HBO, the first-place cable network, and won the rights to the series, the ice had been broken on cable's interest in series television. More recently *Brothers*, the first made-for-pay-cable sitcom, had its premiere on Showtime. The series is written by Weinberger, Daniels, and yet another MTM veteran, David Lloyd.

Thus far MTM has not been as lucky in the wired world as its alumni have. Harlan Kleiman, a well-known cable-industry operative, was hired by the company in 1983 to develop cable projects. His tenure, however, was brief. The economic conditions of the still-growing cable industry prevented him from striking any deals. As it is, a one-hour episode of *Hill Street Blues* costs approximately \$875,000 to produce, and NBC pays MTM only \$800,000 for its trouble. Whatever profit the production company makes will have to come from syndication of the reruns, which cannot begin until 1987. MTM might be lucky to get \$400,000 per episode from a cable service. The figure is likely to increase as cable subscriptions proliferate, but in the meantime the company's refusal to compromise its highly respected production quality to suit the constraints of a cable budget prevents it from cracking the market.

In yet another effort to come up with an alternative means of distribution, MTM has tried to develop theatrical movie projects. So far, only one picture has been produced: *A Little Sex*, starring Tim Matheson, Kate Capshaw, and Edward Herrmann, and directed by Bruce Paltrow, the executive producer of *St. Elsewhere*. Though the film didn't do much business at the box office in 1982, when it was released, it has since become popular with cable-movie audiences.

According to Bloustein, the dominant sentiment in the studio is that MTM ought to continue to fight for space on

the prime-time network schedules. He says that the greater artistic freedom that playing to an upscale audience of cable subscribers, public-television viewers, or moviegoers might offer could not compensate for the loss of the chance to speak to the national consciousness; the latter is still possible only on ABC, CBS, and NBC.

MTM's history is more or less concurrent with a broad shift in American marketing from the building of mass audiences to the cultivating of class target groups. The studio reflects this evolving process not only in the problems involved in distributing its shows but also in the content of the shows themselves. By looking closely at several of MTM's series, one can find a dramatic concordance to the recent history of American consumer culture.

MTM WAS FOUNDED IN 1970 BY MARY TYLER MOORE, Arthur Price, and Grant Tinker. In less than a dozen years it created such situation comedies as *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *The Bob Newhart Show*, *Rhoda*, and *WKRP in Cincinnati*, and such hour-long drama series as *Lou Grant*, *The White Shadow*, *Hill Street Blues*, and *St. Elsewhere*. MTM's shows have not all enjoyed astounding ratings, but the successful ones have been distinguished by their consistent ability to capture the interest of well-educated people—a segment of the audience that tends not to be enthusiastic about television's standard offerings. There isn't another studio in Hollywood with a comparable track record.

Norman Lear became a household name in the 1970s as the behind-the-scenes mastermind of *All in the Family*, *The Jeffersons*, *Maude*, and a half-dozen other revisionist portrayals of an American family that had become stranded in the 1960s—one eternally obsessed with race relations, menopause, inflation, and the defense budget. During those same years, however, MTM was creating a comedy of manners in which the nuclear family was conspicuous by its absence. Allan Burns and James L. Brooks, who created *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, had originally imagined Mary as a divorcée. In 1970, however, CBS was still hitting the Nielsen top ten with wacky widows (*Here's Lucy*, *The Doris Day Show*) and did not believe that fans were ready to accept a sitcom heroine who had renounced sacred vows. Michael Dann, the network's programming chief at the time, told Burns, Brooks, and Tinker that his own research had proved conclusively that there were three types of people Americans didn't want in their situation comedies: people from New York, people with moustaches, and people who were divorced. In this, the first of MTM's many censorship battles, the studio capitulated to the network. Mary arrived at the WJM newsroom in September of 1970 in the guise of a never-wed single bouncing back from a broken long-term romance. (It was not until 1975 that Norman Lear, always the politician, decisively cracked the divorce barrier, with *One Day at a Time*.) But as it turned out, the significance of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* lay not so much in Mary's reason for being single as in her

ability to survive—and even flourish—without the encouragement of a family. Woodstock Nation had become Planet of the Singles; the Age of Soup for One had begun.

Miss Moore's transformation was a watershed in American teleculture. No longer married to Rob Petrie (Dick Van Dyke), Laura Petrie of suburban New Rochelle re-emerged as Mary Richards of gentrified Minneapolis. The Petries had flaunted New Frontier credentials: they were unabashedly young, attractive, and educated; they were friends with a Jew (Morey Amsterdam, no less); and Rob worked in middle management (as the chief writer for a prime-time comedy show) while his wife tended their single-family detached house and progressively brought-up child. *The Dick Van Dyke Show* is a missing link between *The Donna Reed Show* and *Three's Company*. *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* is another. Mary Richards took an apartment for herself in the city, was the friend of a Jew, and worked as the associate producer of a six o'clock news show—a job that proved to be far less powerful and glamorous than its title suggested. In the signature montage there was one exquisite shot of Mary reading the price on a plastic package of supermarket meat and looking up at the gods in exasperation. The long-suffering TV career woman—from Ann Sothern in *Private Secretary* to Sally Rogers in *Dick Van Dyke*—was redeemed in the beautiful but familiar, capable but human, compassionate but logical Mary Richards. Mary transcended not only the model moms of the *Father Knows Best/Leave It to Beaver* era but also the more recent efforts at witches (Samantha), genies (Jeannie), and dingbats (Edith) that had replaced them. Unlike Marlo Thomas in *That Girl*, Mary didn't need a steady boyfriend to define her sexual identity. As if to emphasize the point, she had an affair with *That Girl*'s eternal fiancé, Ted Bessell, which ended after only a few episodes.

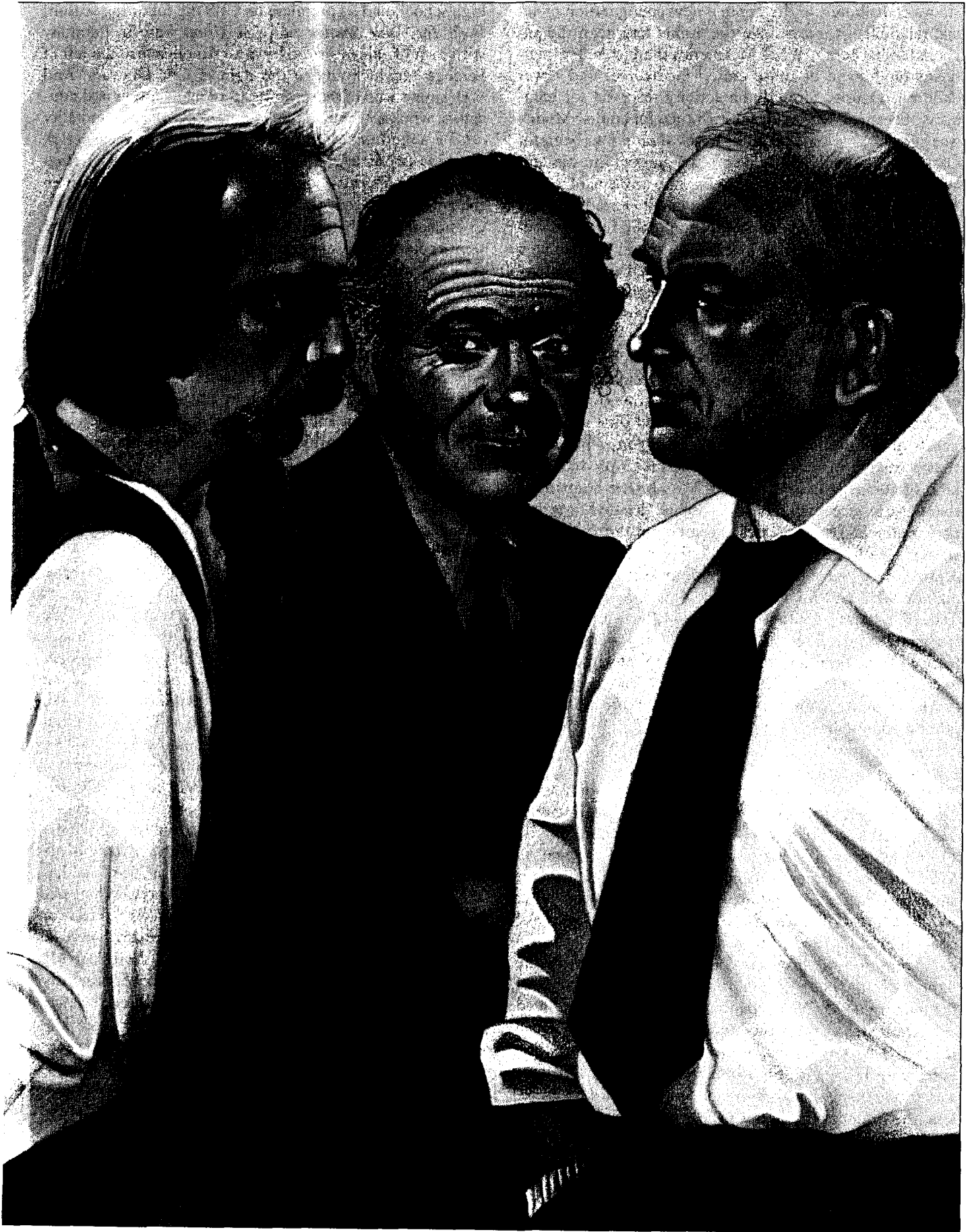
On *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, family was eclipsed by support group. Rhoda (Valerie Harper), who, like Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*, had forsaken New York ghetto life for the lure of the American West, was the perfectly imperfect *upstairsnik* for a splendid midwestern shiksa like Mary. Though stylistically at odds, the two shared a point of view on the bread-and-butter issues of the heart. Their emotional solidarity served to underline the trendy, pretentious silliness of their married downstairs neighbor and landlady, Phyllis Lindstrom (Cloris Leachman). In a reversal of sitcom tradition, the single women enjoyed an active, fulfilling relationship and their married friend was the odd one out. Mary's friendship with her co-worker Murray (Gavin MacLeod) introduced to television the notion that a relationship between a woman and a man could be non-sexual without being asexual. In a sitcom of the 1950s or 1960s, if a married man was seen merely talking to an attractive single woman, it was grounds for his wife to pack a suitcase and go directly to her mother's house for the duration of the episode. But Murray's wife, Marie, didn't seem to mind his office friendship; in fact, she liked Mary. Lou Grant (Ed Asner) was a father figure, to be sure, but his marital problems (culminating in a mid-series divorce), his

bottle, and his less-than-superhuman capabilities prevented the specter of Robert Young from rearing its condescending head. Ted Baxter (Ted Knight) was among the show's formidable sitcom innovations, though the opportunities offered by the character in the early episodes were never fully realized. True hate, as one can find it in almost any modern office, remained an emotion beyond the purview of the sitcom, and thus Murray's exchanges with Ted never transcended witty repartee.

THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW—LIKE MOST OF THE sitcoms and dramas that MTM has produced since—took place in a white, middle-class, metropolitan America in which idealistic urges and ironic reflexes created a confusion of lost hopes and found ambitions. Years before the movie *The Big Chill* was released, the survivors of that same fallen post-sixties world were characters in MTM's television shows. Rhoda (still following Jolson's path) returned to New York. She got married; then she got divorced; then she turned her attention to her career. The widowed Phyllis, cocky and incompetent, moved away to San Francisco to start a new life. Bob Newhart, the "button-down" humorist of the pre-Beatles world, re-emerged in the 1970s with a Ph.D. in psychology, offering group therapy at popular prices. No member of the group seemed to make any progress—least of all Bob, who would doggedly return to his stylish Chicago Gold Coast apartment only to find Bill Daily (an astronaut on *I Dream of Jeannie*, a civilian airline navigator on this show) raiding his frost-free refrigerator in a bourgeois reprise of Ed Norton's assault on Ralph Kramden's icebox in *The Honeymooners*. Bob's wife, Suzanne Pleshette, had her career in teaching to worry about, and could offer her husband no better solace than the admonition "Physician, heal thyself." Like WJM in Minneapolis, *WKRP in Cincinnati* was staffed by attractive, reasonable, even admirable people, with the Ted-like Herb Tarlek (Frank Bonner) thrown in just to keep things irritating and honest. Despite such excellent personnel—or perhaps because of them—*WKRP* (again like WJM) was a loser in the (fictional) ratings. One can suppose that *WKRP*'s program director, Andy (Gary Sandy), was meant to be a male Mary. The character, however, lacked an issue, such as was implicit in the feminist thrust of Mary's independence, and never found direction. Despite his good looks and modern heart of gold, Andy got lost in the glare of Loni Anderson's sudden pin-up stardom and the more exotic personalities of the station's disc jockeys, Dr. Johnny Fever (Howard Hesseman) and Venus Flytrap (Tim Reid).

The sitcom, which for many people had epitomized all that was distasteful and moronic in television—and in mass culture in general—achieved a kind of maturity in the early and middle 1970s, though this "golden age" did not last the decade. If Norman Lear was the Emile Zola of the genre, and if *M*A*S*H* gave the lie to the old wisdom that left-wing politics won't play in Peoria, the MTM





shows contributed to the genre a new configuration of social relations. Whereas once the family had been the anchor of social being, in MTM America there were few marriages (and some of those ended in divorce) and fewer children. Dating, formerly an activity reserved for teenagers, became a way of social existence for adults. Money was shown to be tougher to come by than it had been for Ozzie Nelson or Ward Cleaver, but a genteel life was still available for those who were willing to work hard for it. What's more, in the 1960s, America had invented and perfected the notion of "life-style," and therefore had become a much better place in which to spend one's money and be happy. In short, what is now called the Yuppie—the young urban professional—was predicted, perhaps partially created, by the studio that had chosen a meowing kitten for its symbol.

Few weekly series are accorded the honor of being brought to a macro-denouement. Dr. Richard Kimble achieved the satisfaction of seeing the one-armed man confess to the murder of Mrs. Kimble and then die at the hands of Lieutenant Gerard in *The Fugitive*. But most shows are too busy praying for renewal to produce this kind of climactic episode. When Miss Moore announced that despite respectable ratings she had decided to terminate production of the series at the end of the 1976–1977 season, MTM gave narrative closure to *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* with a farewell half-hour in which a new owner bought WJM and fired everyone in the newsroom—save Ted. The basic unfairness of the world was reiterated as the grand punch line of the comedy. Irony won out over justice, as it often does in the real world. Institutions are heartless and cold, and all a modern professional can do is add a line to the old résumé and seek the protection of another corporate body.

IN THE DIASPORA FROM MINNEAPOLIS THAT FOLLOWED, MTM once again broke with tradition by creating television's first cross-genre spin-off, *Lou Grant*, for the 1977–1978 season. This new show pointed the way to MTM's future of socially concerned hour-long dramas set amid the frustrating perplexities of the American inner city. Much to MTM's credit, the studio became a source of issue-oriented episodic television at a time when most of its competitors were wrapped up in negotiations for the rights to comic-book superheroes. To be sure, touches of the humor that MTM had perfected in its sitcoms survived the studio's shift from the comedy of manners to social realism. *Lou Grant* was as much at home trading one-liners with Billie and Rossi and even Mrs. Pynchon as he was at practicing socially conscious journalism. Nevertheless, the balance of the show clearly was tipped in favor of frank concern about the problems of racism, poverty, ecological survival, equal justice, and so on.

The White Shadow, the story of a white victim of NBA knee problems (Ken Howard) who became the basketball coach at a predominantly black inner-city Los Angeles

high school, had its premiere on CBS the following season. Both *The White Shadow* and *Lou Grant* were in harmony with a set of values shared by most Americans to the left of Scrooge McDuck and to the right of Che Guevara. And both shows won effusive praise from many critics and educators, who saw them as lonely defenders of social morality on TV schedules dominated by warmed-over slapstick (*Laverne & Shirley*), ritual car chases (*The Dukes of Hazard*), and pop video journalism (*That's Incredible!*). Given the muckraking concerns of *Lou Grant* and the integrationist didacticism of *The White Shadow*, the attitude of the shows could be loosely described as "liberal." At the same time, however, both were quite conservative in form. Each week a familiar, flawed hero encountered a contemporary social problem that adversely affected those around him. By the end of the episode the problem was alleviated at the local level, but there were wistful references to its persistence in the larger scheme of things. *Lou Grant* and *The White Shadow*, coming as they did half a dozen years after much of their audience had retired from political activism, can be seen as romantic, escapist fantasies for deskbound Yuppies.

Hill Street Blues, MTM's next important effort, appeared on NBC in January of 1981. Fred Silverman, then the president of NBC television, had asked two members of the MTM team, Steven Bochco and Michael Kozoll, for a traditional police shoot-'em-up set in Fort Apache—the South Bronx precinct notorious for its high crime rate. At first Bochco and Kozoll balked at the suggestion. "We didn't want to do it. We were sick of doing cop shows," Bochco told a writer for *TV Guide*. But Silverman, who had performed the "miracle" of ABC's rise to first place in the 1970s, was sorely in need of some magic for NBC. He promised that the network would give MTM some room to breathe in terms of sex, violence, and even narrative continuity. What has resulted is a powerful synthesis of *Naked City*, *Dallas*, *The Edge of Night*, and *Dragnet*, shot partially with a hand-held camera. In its studied vacillation between idealism and cynicism, *Hill Street Blues* has almost single-handedly relieved the television cop show of its conventional obsession with symmetrical justice, and has thrust it into the gap between modern and postmodern art.

Captain Frank Furillo (Daniel J. Travanti) is the picture of educated, well-tailored, middle-management success. Furillo is the point of identification for the relatively wealthy, noticeably well-educated, and predominantly male audience that *Hill Street Blues* has attracted, but the perspective of his wife, Joyce Davenport (Veronica Hamel), is of equal importance. Joyce is a public defender who sees no conflict in her love for both Miranda and Furillo. The two previously divorced, workaholic professionals have come together as the middle-class Everycouple for jogging, computer-crunching, white-wine-sipping America. As in all MTM series, heroic modern Americans are suspicious of utopian panaceas but never back off from their immediate social responsibilities; the latter is apparently a sin committed only by wimps, psychotics, the un-

derprivileged, and the overprivileged. *Hill Street Blues* is racially and sexually integrated beyond the aspirations of *The Mod Squad* and goes out of its way to traverse the peaks and valleys of the American class system. But Pizza Man and the Counselor for the Defense are the show's centers of consciousness.

The working-class cops—Renko, Bobby Hill, Lucy Bates, and Coffey—are idealized visions of blue-collar virtue and vice. Though a bit rougher than middle-class propriety might dictate, they are capable of great impulsive courage. One way that these good yeomen are distinguished from the heroic MTM gentlefolk is that they don't know a thing about how to handle money. The comic subplots of many episodes make this point clear: Bobby Hill hits the lottery and squanders the pile, the cops invest in a narcoleptic nightclub comedian named Vic Hitler, and so on.

At the end of the 1980–1981 season *Hill Street Blues* had such low ratings that it seemed sure to be canceled. The show won an unprecedented eight Emmy Awards, however. Languishing in third place, NBC renewed the series and heaped congratulations upon itself for this demonstration of its commitment to quality in the face of ratings anemia. But the renewal of *Hill Street* may have been more than a charitable donation to American culture. Though *Hill Street's* total audience was small by prime-time standards, the series showed remarkable strength with certain groups of viewers, including POMs (professionals, owners, and managers), the college-educated, those making \$30,000 a year or more, and—perhaps most important to the networks these days—those subscribing to one or more pay-cable channels. Was there really such a thing as a weekly series—a cop show—that people would rather watch than HBO?

IN THE SPRING OF 1982, A YEAR AFTER GRANT TINKER replaced Fred Silverman as president of NBC, MTM's next series for that network—*St. Elsewhere*—went into production, under the supervision of Tinker's son, Mark. Meanwhile, the total audience for *Hill Street* had grown appreciably during that show's second season, prompting speculation that the show's early Yuppie following had flexed its "opinion-maker" muscles and was leading the masses to *Hill Street*. NBC went out of its way in its promotional campaign for the 1982–1983 season to associate *St. Elsewhere* with *Hill Street*, hoping that the snowballing popularity of the high-IQ cop show could be duplicated in the doc-show genre.

St. Elsewhere's upscale audience is comparable to *Hill Street's*. According to Nielsen, a *St. Elsewhere* episode draws only about 83 percent of the viewers that a typical prime-time show can be expected to draw. However, that smaller pool of viewers is likely to contain more POMs, college graduates, and pay-TV subscribers than the average prime-time show's audience. The main difference between the audience of *Hill Street Blues* and that of *St.*

Elsewhere is gender. While *Hill Street* delivers a high concentration of Yuppie men, *St. Elsewhere* delivers an even higher concentration of Yuppie women. And in comparison with the average prime-time show, a typical *St. Elsewhere* episode is likely to draw 60 percent more college-educated or professional women, according to Nielsen's *National Audience Demographics*.

Tom Fontana and John Masius, two producers on the *St. Elsewhere* staff, point out that St. Eligius, the teaching hospital in Boston where the series is set, is a workplace very much in the MTM tradition: WJM had the lowest-rated news show of any station in Minneapolis; WKRP was a marginal Cincinnati radio station teetering on the brink of bankruptcy; *The White Shadow's* Carver High was an underfunded Los Angeles ghetto school; Lou Grant struggled to keep *The Trib* alive in the age of television; *Hill Street* is the most dangerous and embattled precinct in Innerscity, U.S.A. And so it is with St. Eligius. The building, a ponderous but friendly Second Empire confection, sits crumbling and decaying next to an elevated subway. Inside, a staff of hardworking, compassionate, witty, and ironic middle-class Americans (and their allies) show what they can do despite the odds. They are not the omnipotent, eternally understanding superpeople whom lifelong viewers might expect to find on the staff of a TV hospital; they blunder in ways that must make the AMA shudder. At St. Eligius performance does not always match intention, and sometimes intention isn't all that admirable. The doctors—like the viewers—spend a good deal of their time fretting about money and their sex lives. According to Fontana, "The personalities of the characters in the MTM shows are very much like the personalities of the people who run around the [MTM] lot." Masius says, "It's like they—and we—are all doing time together."

The show is extraordinary in nighttime television for its decentralization of persona. The doctors, support staff, and administrators are organized mainly along generational lines. The old guard is dominated by Dr. Westphall (Ed Flanders), Dr. Craig (William Daniels), and Dr. Auschlander (Norman Lloyd). While all three are exemplary practitioners of the art/science to which they have given their lives, Craig's suburban Republican excesses and Auschlander's struggle to survive liver cancer leave Westphall, the chief of medicine, at the anti-heroic/heroic center. Though certainly no Yuppie, Craig's impatience with anything less than "quality" surely rings a bell for a subculture willing to pay a dollar for a chocolate-chip cookie. But Craig's demands for excellence occasionally carry mean-spirited and even racist overtones, removing him from the heroic realm. Auschlander, for his part, is a professed agnostic whose reminiscences of childhood egg creams on the Lower East Side of Manhattan suggest the surviving spirit—and values—of the old socialist, immigrant left. Auschlander's traits are admirable or at least human enough to elicit sympathy, but he is offered to the viewer as a dying (if precious) echo of another time. Bruce Paltrow, *St. Elsewhere's* executive producer, describes the

workaholic manager Westphall as the "soul of the hospital." Standing squarely in the political center, a widower with a college-age daughter and an autistic son, the *pater familias* of the young doctors, Westphall eclipses Frank Furillo in his ability to sail a sinking ship: he, too, is the manager as modern hero.

In the second echelon of the hospital's administrative hierarchy is a group of characters who are rarely central to the important story lines: Dr. Cavanero (Cynthia Sikes), Dr. Caldwell (Mark Harmon), and city-hospital liaison Joan Halloran (Nancy Stafford). Caldwell, the dashing plastic surgeon, and Halloran, the woman from city hall, carry on an affair of Furillo-Davenport proportions. Cavanero struggles with a contemporary identity crisis: Am I a dedicated doctor with no time to be a swinging single or just an old maid in progress? This group functions like a kind of emotional DMZ for the greater personality conflicts that erupt between the senior doctors and the residents.

The lives of the young residents are where the attitudes of sitcom, soap opera, and social drama intersect with maximum complexity. Dr. Morrison (David Morse) wears flannel shirts and corduroy jeans, the traditional costume of his native Pacific Northwest. The early episodes of the series flattered Morrison's sensitivity, indicating that this all-American boy might become the center of identification. "If network Broadcast Standards had its way, we'd be mostly doing Marcus Welby—Steve Kiley scripts for Westphall and Morrison," John Masius claims. (Indeed, *St. Elsewhere* has had running battles with NBC's censors, over such topics as the use of the word *testicular* and the portrayal of Irish partisans; the network has consistently asked for more-traditional and happier scripts.) But Morrison has turned out to be no Steve Kiley, despite NBC's desires. His wife died in a freak accident soon after the birth of little Pete. More surprising than this is Morrison's less than superb competence as a physician. Morrison's strong suit is bedside manner—no small thing, especially on television—but his diagnostic skills are mediocre and he is frequently indecisive. In one episode he was actually let go from the staff by an evaluation committee composed of Westphall, Craig, and Auschlander, and was saved only when bulimic Dr. Armstrong (Kim Miyori) killed herself after the courts failed to convict Dr. White (Terence Knox), who had raped her.

The other residents are a cross-section of Yuppie possibilities: Ehrlich (Ed Begley, Jr.) is a blond California space case who was brought up by his aunt (Louise Lasser!) and who now serves as surgeon's apprentice to the dictatorial Dr. Craig. Fiscus (Howie Mandel) is a wiseguy of Bill Murray magnitude, the son of Lithuanian immigrants, a Red Sox fanatic, and a crackerjack emergency-room doctor to boot. Chandler (Denzel Washington) is a black doctor with Ivy League speech and manners whose preppy sensibility is caused much anguish by the shuck and jive of Luther (Eric Laneuville), an orderly from The Community. Cathy Martin (Barbara Whinnery), a pathologist straight

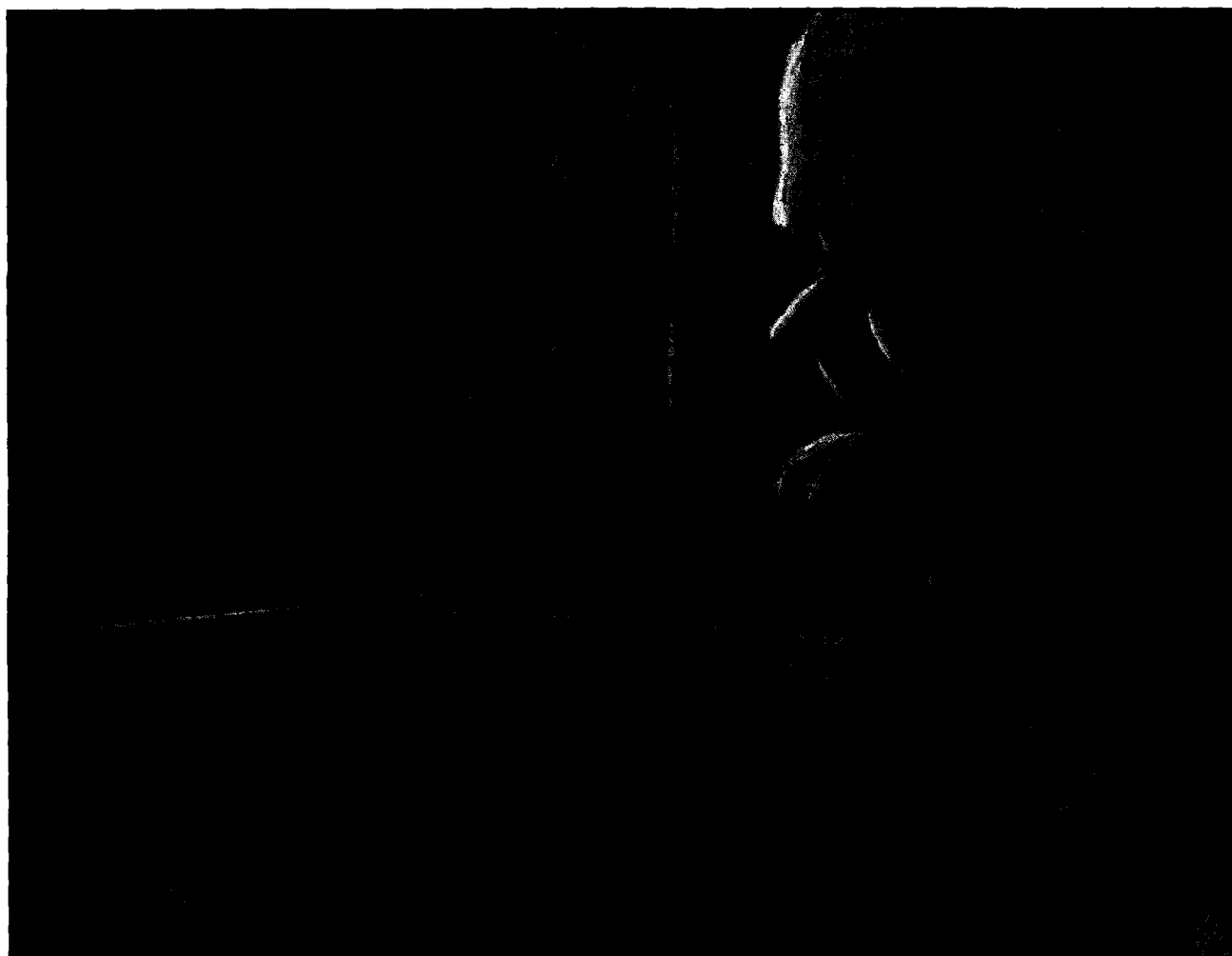
out of *The Addams Family*, brings life to the house of death by making love with her friends right on the autopsy table.

MTM'S GOOD TRACK RECORD WITH THE EDUCATED and the well-to-do is a liability to advertisers who need sheer numbers. The networks set prices according to the size and makeup of the audiences delivered. A show with an audience that is relatively small but specifically desired by advertisers may cost as much as a show with an audience that is much larger but less easily categorized. *Hill Street* was the first series in television history to get a regular advertising commitment from Mercedes-Benz, but it is not a good buy for General Foods and other bread-and-butter sponsors: the price is too high for the numbers delivered. Likewise, if *Hill Street's* audience were larger and more diverse, the show would not be a good buy for Mercedes. Why should Mercedes make a pitch to millions of viewers who can't afford its product?

Officials at MTM play down the idea that their shows are aimed at any "target" market. "Television must be a mass medium, and TV shows must have mass appeal," Larry Bloustein says. "A show can't survive on network with only cult appeal. Think of it this way: *St. Elsewhere* may have a core of cult supporters among the wealthy or the well-educated or whoever it is they're saying. But if that's true, those upscale viewers aren't likely to be as loyal to television watching as, let us say, the audience of *Dynasty*. People with money and education like to do other things, like go to the theater and the ballet and even talk to each other. The point is, we need all the *Dynasty* viewers we can get—people who watch a lot of TV and don't miss their favorite shows week after week."

The survival of *Hill Street* and *St. Elsewhere* notwithstanding, it seems to be becoming harder and harder for MTM to beat the marketing demands that are probably inevitable when advertisers, rather than viewers, pay for television shows. MTM has not contributed a single new show to the networks this fall—a decision based at least partially on the disastrous failure of its terrifically expensive *Bay City Blues* series, which was canceled by NBC after only four episodes last season. A minor-league baseball epic in the *Hill Street/St. Elsewhere* mold, the series had solid MTM credentials: a sensitive, complex, divorced, middle-aged team manager and a bed-wetting, clutch-hitting left fielder. *The Duck Factory*, a sitcom set in a Hollywood cartoon studio, was tried by NBC last year as a mid-season replacement, but it, too, was taken off the air.

For all of the network system's faults, the only material cost to a viewer of CBS, NBC, and ABC over the past thirty-eight years has been a few pennies on each month's electric bill. But television is gradually catching up with clean drinking water, non-carcinogenic foods, and a decent place to live: if you want the good stuff, you're probably going to have to pay for it. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN AND WILLIAM MCKINLEY

ONE SIZZLING AUGUST DAY in 1896 a group of obvious politicians got off the train in Canton, Ohio, and headed up Market Street. In the lead was a handsome man of thirty-six (black alpaca suit, white hat, string tie)—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. At his heels (baggy trousers, no tie) was Richard P. Bland, of Missouri, whom Bryan had only weeks before defeated for the Democratic presidential nomination. Bryan was about to pay a surprise “courtesy call” on his Republican opponent.

His opponent, however, didn’t like surprises. William McKinley, Jr., had expected to be nominated on the first ballot, and he was. He had also expected to run against Bland, but instead here was this charismatic young champion of free silver, tariff reform, and the rights of the workingman. McKinley (gold standard, protective tariff) had already announced that he would not leave Ohio except for the White House: it was unseemly to go junketing about the country soliciting votes. He would conduct his entire campaign from his front porch.

But folks just showing up unannounced was not what he had in mind. He had no gift of gab extempore. The delegations that would soon be traveling to Canton (courtesy of the railroad magnates back east) would submit their “remarks” in advance. Chance topics were as unwelcome as surprise callers—people like this upstart Bryan, stepping up onto one’s porch, hand outstretched, ready words on his fabled tongue. It was hard to be civil. McKinley turned his back on his rival. “Bland, you should have been nominated,” he said crossly. “You were the logical candidate.”

Bryan cut the visit short. He got back on the train (coach) and over the ensuing weeks madly crisscrossed the country extolling the virtues of silver and the evils of the ruling class. McKinley sat in Canton and “received” as many as 50,000 visitors a day. By November 3 the porch was near collapse and the grass trampled to nothingness, but gold was triumphant. McKinley had expected to win, and he did.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is preparing for the first large-scale search for radio signals from alien civilizations

THE SEARCH FOR LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS

BY ROBERT P. CREASE AND CHARLES C. MANN

IN AUGUST OF 1924 THE PLANET MARS CAME UNUSUALLY close to Earth. Convinced that this proximity represented the best opportunity for many years to prove the existence of Martians, David Todd, a professor emeritus in the astronomy department of Amherst College, in Amherst, Massachusetts, embarked on a highly publicized campaign. He sought to persuade all the radio stations on Earth to shut down for certain five-minute periods so that the stations and their listeners could tune in to messages from the Red Planet. Although few commercial stations went along with Todd's request, the United States military complied; the executive officer of the Army Signal Corps solemnly announced that the service's chief decoder would stand by to decipher any communiqués received. In the excitement it was inevitable that signals would be picked up—and indeed they were. A radio station in Vancouver, British Columbia, caused a flurry of speculation when it reported having received not just one but a series of inexplicable broadcasts. After a few weeks, however, the code was shown to have come from the other side of the border.

Today astronomers smile at the notion of catching the Martian equivalent of *Amos 'n Andy* on ordinary AM radios. But they do not dismiss the idea of using more sophisticated equipment to listen for signals from other planetary systems. Today, sixty years after the Martian alert of 1924, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) is gearing up to begin the first broad, systematic search for extrater-

restrial life. The search, which will be conducted piecemeal at observatories all over the world, will dwarf Todd's effort—and all others since—in cost, sensitivity, and scale. The project will not reach the listening stage until sometime after 1988; it will run for at least five years after that, and possibly until the end of the century. Patiently and slowly, astronomers will be searching every corner of the sky, in the hope of answering a question that has intrigued mankind for thousands of years: Are we alone?

For most of the past two millennia, opinion on the possibility of life on other worlds has been, by and large, positive; those people who have thought about the matter at all have tended to assume that the cosmos is teeming with aliens. For example, in the first century B.C. the Roman thinker Lucretius remarked (in the midst of an epic poem explicating atomic theory as conceived by the ancients):

it cannot by any stretch of the imagination / be thought that ours is the only earth and sky created / . . . you must admit that other worlds in other places exist, / and other races of men and animals.

This is still the primary argument for the existence of living creatures on other worlds: The Sun has planets and life; there are many, many stars; it is unlikely that not one of these stars has a planet on which there is life; thus it is probable that other civilizations are out there.

The counterargument (as articulated by such eminent biologists as Ernst Mayr and the late Theodosius Dobzhansky)



is equally straightforward: Intelligence on Earth was made possible only by a four-billion-year chain of evolutionary accidents; the chance that this sequence of events could ever be repeated is incredibly small: thus earthly life must be unique.

For all the time that astronomers, philosophers, and theologians have spent arguing over points like this, it is only in the past century or so that anyone is known to have tried to resolve the dispute by going out and looking. The first serious use of the telescope as a means of searching for alien life probably did not occur until 1877. In that year the Italian astronomer Giovanni Schiaparelli observed markings on Mars, which he called *canali*. When rendered in English as "canals," the term, by which Schiaparelli meant to designate mere channels or grooves, implied that these features had been built by someone or something. The finding a few decades later that what astronomers had taken for canals was mostly the result of their own eyestrain caused considerable public disillusionment. Because of the flap over the Martian canals, and the failure to make contact with Mars by radio, extraterrestrial life came to be classified in popular as well as scientific opinion with UFOs, parapsychology, and the lost, lamented civilization of Atlantis.

In 1933 Karl Jansky, an engineer for Bell Telephone Laboratories, discovered that a certain amount of broadcast interference here on Earth was caused by radio emissions from outer space. It soon became clear that the static was caused by the natural activity of stars, nebulae, and galaxies. Within twenty years astronomers realized that such interference could be a valuable clue to the behavior and evolution of stellar objects, and Jansky's discovery blossomed into the discipline of radio astronomy. The first radio astronomers were frustrated by the extreme weakness of unearthly radio emissions. Moreover, radio telescopes were not accurate enough to enable astronomers to pinpoint the sources. But by the late 1950s electronics had advanced so far that it became worthwhile for the first large dish antennas to be constructed.

In the summer of 1959 Giuseppe Cocconi and Philip Morrison, two prominent cosmic-ray physicists from Cornell University, sent the British scientific journal *Nature* an article in which they argued that the available technology was just sophisticated enough for contact with alien civilizations to be made, and that therefore a search for extraterrestrial signals should be undertaken. Somewhat to the surprise of Cocconi and Morrison, *Nature* accepted the article and published it that September.

The authors proposed seven nearby stars as likely targets for a listening project. They also considered the baffling question, Which of the millions of frequencies should astronomers listen to first? Like ordinary television and ra-

dio receivers, the receivers that astronomers use pick up electromagnetic waves. These waves rise and fall in strength in much the same way that ocean waves do. The distance between two neighboring wave crests or troughs is called a wavelength, and the number of wavelengths crossing a given point in a second is called a frequency. Electromagnetic waves are classified into "bands" of frequencies. For example, radio waves, which are long and whose frequencies are therefore low, occupy one band; x-rays, which are short and whose frequencies are therefore high, occupy another. Cocconi and Morrison pointed out that most of the low-frequency bands are cluttered with interstellar static, and that the high-frequency bands are absorbed by the earth's atmosphere, but that one of the bands in between—the microwave band—is relatively unobstructed. And in the middle of that band, they wrote, "lies a unique, objective standard of frequency, which must be known to every observer in the universe"—the frequency naturally emitted by single atoms of hydrogen. Hydrogen is by far the most abundant substance in the universe, and any civilization capable of attracting our attention would know that hydrogen atoms produce microwaves that are twenty-one centimeters long. This wavelength, Cocconi and Morrison said, might serve as an interstellar landmark.

After the paper appeared, several scientists remarked that the frequency of the microwaves emitted by hydroxyl (OH) is near to that of the microwaves emitted by hydrogen (H). H and OH combine to make water, and so the zone between their frequencies began to be called the waterhole. (Search aficionados today like to imagine galactic civilizations talking around the waterhole as if they were tribespeople meeting peaceably at an oasis.) Some astronomers have argued that because water is of some interest to all known living things, we should also listen to the microwaves emitted at the water-molecule frequency.

The *Nature* article surprised many scientists, but it flabbergasted the staff of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory, in Green Bank, West Virginia, where a young astronomer named Frank Drake was planning exactly the type of search that Cocconi and Morrison had described. Working independently of Cocconi and Morrison, and using reasoning entirely different from theirs, Drake had picked out twenty-one centimeters (the hydrogen wavelength) as the frequency of choice and had decided to listen to Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani—two of the seven stars that Cocconi and Morrison had listed as targets. (That Cocconi and Morrison and Drake came to the same conclusion about the suitability of the hydrogen frequency could be an indication that aliens, if they exist, would reach this conclusion too. Or it could show merely that human scientists tend to think alike.)

Before dawn on April 8, 1960, Drake switched on a set of electronic receivers and began what he called Project Ozma, after the princess in the Oz books. Over the course of the next three months Drake and other astronomers at Green Bank pointed their eighty-five-foot antenna at the

Robert P. Crease is an instructor in the philosophy department at Columbia University. Charles C. Mann has written for a variety of national publications. Their article "How the Universe Works" appeared in the August Atlantic.

two stars. They found nothing. Still, Drake was pleased. "For all we knew, every star in the sky had a booming civilization," he says now. "It would have been foolish *not* to take a look."

A YEAR AND A HALF AFTER PROJECT OZMA, DRAKE CONVENED a small conference—ten scholars in all—to take stock. Ozma had elicited violent reactions, both positive and negative. Some praised it as daring and visionary; others attacked it as a senseless outlay of federal money (a charge that lost some of its sting when it was disclosed that the total expenditure had been less than \$2,000). Drake held his conference without fanfare; he wanted to discuss how to go about a search that he recognized *would* be lengthy and expensive.

Drake proposed, as a means of organizing the discussion, the following equation:

$$N = R_* \times f_p \times n_c \times f_l \times f_i \times f_c \times L$$

This equation states that the number of civilizations (N) that might talk to us is calculated by multiplying the average rate at which stars form in the lifetime of the galaxy (R_*) by the fraction of stars with planets (f_p) by the mean number of planets suitable for life (n_c) by the percentage of planets on which life occurs (f_l) by the fraction of those planets on which *intelligent* life occurs (f_i) by the fraction of intelligent civilizations that are in a phase during which they are willing and able to make contact (f_c) by the mean lifetime of those civilizations (L). Drake knew full well that only one of these variables (R_*) had been assigned even a rough value; today, scientists think that R_* is about ten stars per year, and they have gone on to make a stab at f_p . A march from left to right across the equation is a journey from tentative knowledge to sheer ignorance.

Since Project Ozma the scientific field defined by Drake's equation has acquired its own acronym: SETI, for the "search for extraterrestrial intelligence." From 1979 to 1982 it even had its own magazine: *Cosmic Search*. At least thirty-five searches, of varying size, seriousness, and intensity, have been undertaken. A surprising number of these have been in the Soviet Union, where a state scientific commission on extraterrestrial intelligence was organized in the 1960s, and where Party leaders are said to regard SETI as a corollary of dialectical materialism. In this country recently there have been several "parasitical" or "piggybacked" searches; that is, SETI researchers have simply listened in as radio astronomers have gone about their work. At the moment, only two full-time professional searches are in progress. One, at the Ohio State University Radio Observatory, is operated by the observatory's assistant director, Robert Dixon, in a facility under constant threat of being razed to make room for a golf course. The other, known as Project Sentinel, is run by Paul Horowitz, a professor of physics at Harvard University; although Sentinel uses facilities borrowed from Harvard, it is funded

entirely by the Planetary Society, a nonprofit group of some 130,000 astronomy buffs. In addition, at least three amateur radio astronomers are scanning the skies with garage-made equipment. (Astronomy being one of the few hard sciences to which amateurs bring important contributions—spotting comets, asteroids, and the like—few professionals seem inclined to scoff at the efforts of backyard SETI enthusiasts.)

Nobody is known to be going the other way—that is, trying to speak to aliens rather than just to overhear them—unless one counts commercial radio and television signals, which leak into space. These, however, are much feebler than signals deliberately broadcast on particular wavelengths and in specific directions would be. Thus there seems to be little danger that *Star Trek* reruns will ever become Earth's de facto emissaries. The only formal attempt so far to make contact with extraterrestrials was a two-and-a-half-minute message beamed to star cluster M13, in the constellation Hercules, which happened to be overhead during the dedication, on November 16, 1974, of the world's largest radio telescope, in Arecibo, Puerto Rico. Designed by Drake and the staff of the Arecibo observatory, the SETIgram, as one might call it, consisted of 1,679 binary pulses, which, when arranged into seventy-three consecutive rows of twenty-three characters each, would take shape as a visual message. Thus decoded, the SETIgram would look something like a Navajo blanket, but Drake and his staff believed that anyone capable of receiving the message would be able to decipher from it a good deal of information about human beings and their solar system. The Arecibo transmission was more a symbolic than a serious attempt at communication, however. For one thing, the signal itself was short, and it was broadcast with little power. For another, it will take 24,000 years just to reach the Hercules star cluster. And if it is picked up and answered promptly, the world will have to wait another 24,000 years for the reply.

EVEN THE MOST SOBER ASTRONOMERS HAVE A SNEAKING fondness for the science-fiction aspects of their trade. As the years after Ozma went by, more and more came to believe that the chances of finding another solar system and hearing its inhabitants had been greatly improved by the past two decades' worth of innovations in both optical and radio astronomy. Optical astronomers use telescopes that gather and focus light. The accuracy of these conventional devices has been augmented in recent years by the enhanced sensitivity of interferometers—instruments that can be used to pinpoint a source of light. Astronomers are now able to measure more precisely where the stars are in the heavens, and they may even be able to detect minute wobbles in a star's path that would be caused by the orbit of a large planet. Several observatories have turned up preliminary indications of the existence of such wobbles in the paths of neighboring stars. And a year ago the orbiting Infrared Astronomical Satel-

lite (IRAS), which scans infrared light, recorded rings of dust—which may include more substantial stuff, such as gravel and even planets—around a number of nearby stars.

The space shuttle's schedule for 1986 calls for the craft to carry and jettison into orbit a large optical telescope. This will be the first time such a telescope has been used beyond the atmosphere, where it will be unhampered by the protective cloud of air and grit that shrouds this planet. Although the purpose of the space telescope is not to look for other planets, it will be so much more accurate than any telescope on earth that planets may be spotted all the same. A telescope mounted on a space station that NASA wants to build would be even more useful. Astronomers think that space telescopes will yield confirmed discoveries of other planetary systems within the first decade of operation—a development that David Black, a theoretical astrophysicist at NASA's Ames Research Center, near Mountain View, California, says would be "quite literally a second Copernican revolution."

The technology for radio-astronomical searches for life—not just planets—has improved because of the ubiquitous silicon chip. Using advanced electronics, scientists at Stanford University and Ames have invented a device called the multi-channel spectrum analyzer, or MCSA, that can pay attention to millions of separate frequencies at the same time. The types of MCSAs that these scientists are tinkering with can drink in a big gulp of the radio spectrum, divide it into eight million narrow channels of one wave per second each, and listen to all of them at once; in addition, they can scan for signals on wider bands that overlap the smaller segments. One such machine could perform an Ozma-sized survey in less than a second. Drake says, "These devices will improve SETI search programs as much as the two-hundred-inch Mount Palomar telescope improved optical astronomy over Galileo's original telescope."

Because of these developments, in 1980 a committee of the conservative National Academy of Sciences (NAS) startled even many SETI advocates by recommending that the U.S. government itself undertake a search. Harlan Smith, the head of the committee and the director of



McDonald Observatory, at the University of Texas at Austin, says, "I always thought SETI was a good idea, but you couldn't actually *do* it in a worthwhile manner until the spectrum analyzers started coming out." In 1982 the NAS polled American astronomers and discovered, somewhat to the amusement of everyone involved, that they considered SETI to be one of their most important future tasks. At about the same time, the International Astronomical Union (IAU) ended two decades of official skepticism and established a permanent committee for SETI.

By all accounts NASA has always been a hotbed of SETI sympathizers. In 1978, when the agency first requested money to start a search, Senator William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, gave it one of his famous Golden Fleece awards. In 1981 Proxmire told the Senate that approving NASA's request would be a "ridiculous waste of the taxpayers' dollars." That year he succeeded in attaching an amendment to

the space budget that specifically prohibited any spending on SETI. More than one scientist appealed to Proxmire to relent. Carl Sagan, an early and prominent advocate of things interstellar, argued that the philosophical ramifications of the search would more than compensate for the modest cost involved.

Proxmire's supplicants were motivated to some extent by apprehension that the coming decade or so might well be the last chance to have a search at all. Today an international convention keeps portions of the microwave spectrum free of most terrestrial broadcasts so that radio astronomers can do their work. But with the ever-expanding electronics revolution, more and more people covet those restricted frequencies. It seems likely that within fifty years broadcasts from this planet will fill the skies. Then, according to Drake, SETI, and perhaps even radio astronomy altogether, will be possible only from an observatory free of terrestrial interference—say, on the far side of the moon.

Apparently, the astronomers' arguments were persuasive, because in the budget deliberations for 1983 Proxmire reversed his position and did not try to prevent Congress from allocating money for SETI.

As of now, NASA is planning to use the appropriation—\$1.5 million a year for the next five years, with the amount of funds thereafter still to be determined—to prepare for a search that will rely on the spectrum analyzer. The agency plans to sweep the entire sky—both hemispheres—by cutting up the heavens into small sectors and listening to each for periods ranging from three tenths of a second to three seconds. Planners think that such short periods will be sufficient for the detection of continuously broadcast signals. All frequencies between one billion and ten billion waves per second will be heard—a wide swath of the microwave band that includes the waterhole. The NASA search also involves compiling a list of sunlike stars no more than eighty light years away and examining eight hundred of them for fifteen minutes per frequency band per star, in the range of one billion to three billion waves per second.

Large-scale though the program is, SETI specialists regard it as only a short step. Harlan Smith says, "There are few questions more important than whether the human race is alone in the universe. But the answer is going to be incredibly difficult to come by. It's worth a modest investment every year for the foreseeable future by techniques that will doubtless improve as time goes on. By great good luck, we might succeed in learning something in the next few decades. But, for what it's worth, I would not be surprised if the search requires centuries, or even millennia, before we conclude that at least our part of the galaxy is sterile with respect to intelligent life."

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

The turkey smokes in our yard
to the crooked waltz of the axe.
Thank you for beasts to eat.

Thank you for the gaunt uprightness
of the split-log table, for the wariness
of immigrants at dinner.

After the water, after pox,
after a ruinous first winter,
thank you for the imitation of a grace,
the calm forgetfulness, among the women,

of the black, ambivalent forest.
It is a quiet, white coast, and we
will make no stir by our endurance here,
though we are halved by hunger, and halved again.

—Robert Clinton

THE REASON THE SEARCH WILL TAKE SO LONG IS SIMPLY that the universe is big, and examining every corner of it is a forbidding task, even with the most sophisticated technology. There are 200 billion stars in our galaxy, astronomers say, and just as many galaxies in the cosmos. For a search to be possible, criteria must be devised for selecting what regions of the sky to listen to and for how long; a set of such criteria is called, in SETI-speak, a search strategy. NASA's plan to cover the entire sky is by no means universally favored. Many astronomers believe that the agency should examine only stars in our neighborhood of the galaxy; others think that the search should be concentrated near the galactic center, which is far away but has many more stars.

The more a message has to say, the more diffuse—and therefore the weaker—its signal will be. For this reason many scientists, Drake included, think that an extra-terrestrial civilization making a deliberate attempt to communicate would break its message into two parts. Drake says, "A message with a high information content is more difficult to detect. That's due to the laws of physics—it's not something we can overcome with technology. So if a civilization wants to enrich the galaxy with its knowledge, the communication will probably involve two separate messages. The first is called the beacon, and it tells you where to tune in to get the second message. The beacon is a sort of signpost, telling you where the public library is. The second message—the library—you could call the information channel."

A comprehensive search strategy must come to terms not only with the disheartening immensity of the cosmos but also with a dizzying variety of possibilities within that vastness. Even if a civilization broadcasts in the waterhole, the planet's motion will cause a change in the signal's frequency (that is, a "Doppler shift"), in much the same manner that the motion of a passing train will cause bystanders to hear a change in the train whistle's pitch. Secondary Doppler shifts will be created by the planet's orbit around its star, the movement of that star around the galaxy, and the peregrinations of the galaxy itself—not to mention the motions of *this* planet, its sun, and its galaxy. Thus listening even at the hydrogen line is no easy task, for terrestrial eavesdroppers must guess which, if any, Doppler effects their targets would have compensated for, and must shift their receiving frequencies accordingly.

In addition to such natural problems inherent in the task, SETI is beset by more outré, epistemological difficulties. For instance, there is no guarantee that advanced civilizations would take radio waves seriously as a medium for communication. Some astronomers and physicists have speculated that advanced civilizations would use neutrinos (fast-moving subatomic particles so light that they may have no mass) or gravity waves (slight, wavelike undulations in the curvature of space) for interstellar chitchat. In the nineteenth century the German mathematician Karl Friedrich Gauss suggested that his contemporaries signal the existence of life on Earth by planting a forest in Siberia

in a geometric configuration illustrative of the Pythagorean theorem. To some future civilization, our confidence that extraterrestrials would use radio waves to signal their existence to us may seem only slightly less naive.

It is also uncertain whether we could recognize a deliberate signal, even if one happened to trickle into our receivers. Human beings are adept at filtering signals of human origin from the noise; it is, of course, not yet known if this talent extends to signals of nonhuman origin. Even a transmission with a regular pattern would not necessarily be attributable to the manipulations of intelligence; certain natural radio emitters called pulsars send out radio signals at periodic intervals as well.

Philip Morrison, who is now a professor of physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says, "The main thing is to find a pattern that is unusual. The simplest criterion is to look for a channel that has a lot more energy in it than nearby channels; this is what Paul Horowitz does in the Sentinel search. We have no knowledge of any natural phenomenon that is much sharper than the immediate channels around it. The possibility that even that kind of signal is natural is not excluded, of course. But the natural phenomena we have found seem to spread over hundreds or thousands of channels. Horowitz's idea seems to be a good one to me. It is also advantageous from the economic point of view. But there are other strategies. The Russians, for instance, didn't do that at all. They first looked for pulses—fast pulses over broad bands. There are some people who talk about [computer] programs for pattern recognition. But that's unnecessarily sophisticated for the present state of affairs."

If we ever do come upon a deliberate signal and recognize it as such, there is no particular reason to suppose that anyone will be able to understand it. Not only may there be no common denominator of intelligence but also there may be none for comprehension. Some scientists believe that mathematics can be the source of a universal and convenient language for communication with anyone or anything, but there is no evidence to prove this comforting idea. Philosophers since Leibniz's time have attempted to construct such a language, always unsuccessfully. The Arecibo transmission did not even cross the Atlantic without confusion; when the decoded version appeared in *Nature*, the picture was upside down. Scientists have argued over how likely it is that an alien civilization would decipher our messages correctly. Michael Arbib, a professor of computer and information science at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, decoded the upside-down SETI-gram in such a way that it showed the sender to be a six-legged, large-brained creature with a tail.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE A SCIENTIFIC FIELD THAT has had fewer returns than SETI, or in which the prospect of *any* return is as unknown and portentous. In the research community, therefore, SETI attracts a special type of researcher. "It's not a subject for young scientists,"

Drake says. (He was a professor of astronomy at Cornell University from 1964 until this year, when he became the dean of natural sciences at the University of California at Santa Cruz.) "At first it's exciting. But even after only a few days of looking it dawns on you that it's going to take a long, long time to find anything. If you do it continuously, it can be curtains for your career. Young scientists have to get results." With no new real data, Drake says, "the basic concepts of SETI have not changed since 1959."

People who do not need results include, unhappily, cranks, and SETI has been plagued by them throughout its short life. An IAU-sponsored conference in Boston last June—that organization's first officially sanctioned SETI meeting—was dotted with daffy, formidably unselfconscious proponents of "universal alphabets" and "preferred evolutionary pathways." But they were greatly outnumbered by scientists—biologists, paleontologists, and organic chemists, as well as astronomers—who attended the conference in the belief that the formation of our solar system or the origin of life will never be fully understood until we discover other instances of these phenomena. "It is *essential* to understanding the origin of our solar system to find another example," Black says. "Theories of planetary formation must be tested. And even one other solar system would provide constraints for our models. It would be an immense and pivotal discovery." A surprisingly large part of the scientific community, eager to solve such mysteries as the nature of star formation, the origin of complex organic molecules, and the early course of life on Earth, considers SETI the only means to do so.

Among the life scientists who are professionally interested in SETI is Joshua Lederberg, a geneticist at Stanford University and a Nobel Prize winner, who coined the name "exobiology" for the study of extraterrestrial life. Although skeptics call exobiology "a science without a subject matter," some people think that the very existence of the field has had a valuable and liberating effect on the biological sciences. According to Sagan, "The mere design of exobiological experiments forces man to examine critically the generality of his assumptions of life on Earth."

But for nonspecialists, the strongest rationale for SETI may be one that Sagan has often discussed: *L*, the variable in Drake's equation for the lifetime of technological civilizations. The survival of other cultures on other worlds implies that advanced cultures do not inevitably incinerate themselves in nuclear fires. If some civilization out there has made its way beyond weapons, knowledge of its success would offer hope to a species in danger of destroying itself. If the money turns out to be "wasted"—that is, if we look and listen, and are forced to conclude that we are alone after all—that newly disclosed solitude should give us pause. If in all the great emptiness of the universe there is only one flicker of consciousness, then scientists will have shown that the gift of life is more priceless than anyone ever wished. □



Fair Payment: a way to help cut rising hospital costs.

In recent years, hospital costs have risen far faster than the cost of living, hitting everyone's pocketbook.

There are many steps being taken to contain these costs. One important way is called the "Fair Payment" system.

Fair Payment is a prospective payment system. That means that everyone, including the government, agrees to pay fair, pre-set prices for services rendered.

Such a system encourages hospitals to keep a tight rein on costs, because they know in advance how much income they will receive. This spurs competition among hospitals...and that's vital to our health care system.

Fair Payment also helps to end "cost shifting," a practice that occurs when the government doesn't pay its full share of total costs for

Medicare and Medicaid patients. And what the hospitals don't collect from Uncle Sam, they shift to private patients, inflating everyone else's bills.

Fair Payment is already at work in several states. In Maryland, for example, it has kept the rate of increase in hospital costs per patient consistently lower than the national average, while high medical standards have been maintained.

Isn't it time you had Fair Payment working in your state?

WRITE FOR MORE
INFORMATION

**HEALTH
INSURANCE
ASSOCIATION
OF AMERICA**

1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006

PHOTOGRAPHY

ARBUS IN WONDERLAND

BY HAL HINSON

DIANE ARBUS ONCE described photography with the impeccable reverse logic of a modern-day Alice in Wonderland. "A photograph is a secret about a secret," she said. "The more it tells you, the less you know." Her definition is nonchalantly aphoristic, like the accidental pronouncement of a wise child, but it captures precisely the through-the-looking-glass quality of mysteries half-revealed that draws us to her work.

Perhaps no other photographer has generated the kind of puzzled excitement and skepticism, or the rage, that Arbus has. Looking at an Arbus photograph, we feel the same revulsion and curiosity that hits us when we pass a bad car accident. Two recent books on her—a collection published by Aperture of her magazine work and *Diane Arbus: A Biography*, by Patricia Bosworth—don't really help us to resolve our feelings. Her work refuses to come together in our heads. The more we look at it, the more we get tangled up in our reactions.

Diane Arbus: Magazine Work, which was conceived as a companion to the Aperture monograph published in 1972, a year after the artist's suicide, has a distinct revisionist cast to it. The book, which contains a large selection of the pictures Arbus took between 1960 and

1971 while on assignment for such publications as *Esquire* and *Harper's Bazaar*, was edited by her friend and sometime mentor Marvin Israel and her daughter, Doon Arbus. In the foreword Arbus and Israel suggest that the Aperture monograph, which has become the "foundation for all critical and popular assessments of her life and work" (and which they also edited), may have promoted an unbalanced view of Diane Arbus's career. The new collection is intended to correct this, and in some ways it succeeds. Most of the pictures in the book show a softer, less corrosive side of Arbus than we've seen before. In addition to the portraits of nudists, geeks, and sexual adventurers there are pictures of celebrities, political figures, and artists; there's even a sampling of her fashion work. But if the book suggests that her range of subjects was broader and more varied than we might have thought, it also shows that her interest in the people she placed before her camera and her motives for photographing them were doggedly single-minded. Instead of changing our opinions, the book gives us what we need to verify them. It doesn't give birth to a new Diane Arbus; it vividly illustrates how deeply rooted the preoccupations of the old one were.

Arbus's photographs tell us stories that have never been told before with the camera. Other photographers, like Weegee and Brassai and Arbus's teacher, Li-

sette Model, trained their equipment on out-of-the-way subjects, but their encounters aren't as probing and psychologically charged as Arbus's are. Brassai's pictures of the Parisian demimonde are warmer, more humane; looking at his portraits of hustlers and whores, you sense that he was a drab, nondescript man who admired them for their adventurousness and nonconformity, and even envied them. Weegee's shots of urban sleaze are hotter and harder-edged. He didn't take the time to balance his impressions or worry about how his subjects were coming across. His camera was more of a blotter, soaking up whatever was around him, than an instrument for exploration or analysis. His veins ran with printer's ink; in the background of his pictures we can always hear the gurgle of the police radio and the roar of the presses.

Arbus didn't have the temperament for tabloid sensationalism that Weegee had. In the essay that accompanies this new collection Thomas W. Southall tries to fit Arbus into the period of experimentation and innovation in publishing circles that occurred during the sixties—the era in which the New Journalism blossomed. But although Arbus made her living, such as it was, from the assignments she did for many of the magazines that pioneered the movement—*Esquire*, *New York*, *Nova*, and the London *Sunday Times Magazine*, among others—her instincts weren't those of a journalist. What's most striking when one leafs through a magazine in which her work appears is how anomalous and out of synch with the rest of the material it is, how much it sticks out next to the glossy documentary work of the photojournalists or the fashion layouts of Hiro, Avedon, and Penn. Arbus wasn't really in step with her time, either (although

Hal Hinson lives in New York and writes on movies and photography.



King and queen, senior citizens' ball



Madalyn Murray



Charles Atlas

her appetite for risk-taking, for testing herself and exploring her reactions, was very much of the sixties). During a period of radical humanism, when "freakiness" was being celebrated as a personal style, her pictures of real-life freaks were a slap in the face.

Arbus's relationships with the magazines that printed her work were, at best, testy. Her style was too personal and eccentric for most assignments, and so even at the peak of her productivity she never had enough work or enough money. A 1967 "New Documents" show at the Museum of Modern Art enhanced her reputation, but even so, as the decade ended and editorial policies became more conservative, the demand for her work dwindled further. The remarkable thing about most of her magazine work is how much of a piece it is, how little she tempered her concerns in order to be accepted (which perhaps accounts for why a sizable number of the pictures here were never published). Not all the magazine work she did creates a very strong impression. In some cases her rapport with her subjects is indistinct, or the results appear bitter and ugly in a way that has more to do with her than with them. These people haven't been photographed, they've been "Arbused."

THERE IS AN astringent purity, a pointedness, to Arbus's work, and this quality of personal mission is what makes her pictures so enthralling. It's hard to think of another photographer who used the camera for such resolutely private reasons. In her hands photography became a medium of whispers and shadowy dreams, a kind of dark medieval science. Yet there is nothing ephemeral about her pictures. They sit solidly, irrefutably, on the page, like harsh facts. This is partly why they are so difficult to read. At first we share her absorption in the tiniest details of her subjects' lives—like the neatly pressed child's shirt worn by a Russian midget in his living room and the snapshots of normal-sized people stuck into the mirror behind him. Looking at the snapshots, we think, Who are they? Family members? Children, perhaps? What are *they* like? But then we may begin to feel sleazy about our interest in them. The gaudy sterility of suburban back yards, the attempt at a kind of Marilyn Monroe sexiness by the members of a singles club, and the oppressive gracelessness of the young girls at a fat camp begin to get to us. We may start to wonder why Arbus is

shoving these people and this squalor in our faces.

Arbus's portraits are unsparingly rigorous. Using a square-format camera and, most often, a flash that chased all the shadows out of the frame, she scrutinized her subjects meticulously, in a blunt, confrontational style. Arbus's method of composing her portraits gave them the speed and immediacy of snapshots but at the same time allowed her to maintain an icy stillness that was poised, restrained, objective. Her aloofness can be infuriating, and we may think that she was exploiting her subjects. In the text Arbus wrote to accompany some of her photographs, and in other writings and lectures, she gave the impression that she genuinely liked many of the people who agreed to pose for her, but looking at the pictures you can't really tell. Her feelings about her subjects and their lives aren't present. (Perhaps she allowed her affection for them to creep in later, after the images were fixed in the chemicals.) The normal range of emotions seems to have been neutralized in her, blocked off, as if the luxury of feeling might interfere with the act of looking. And yet it's this anesthetized quality, this suspended judgment, that forces us to look more closely at her pictures than we might at pictures that deliver themselves to us immediately. In her work there is a tension between what is revealed and what remains hidden. What's missing intrigues as much as what's there.

Arbus once said that she liked freaks because there was "a quality of legend" about them—"like a person in a fairy tale who stops you and demands that you answer a riddle." She felt that afflicted people would be more open, less guarded, and better equipped to expose themselves to her camera, because they were without the defenses that other people construct against the catastrophes of life. "Freaks were born with their trauma," she said. "They've already passed their test in life. They're aristocrats."

The aristocracy that Arbus prowled the city to capture with her camera was an aristocracy of pain. Arbus's pictures, even her portraits of infants and children, are stained with a dark pessimism and despair. The subject of many of her best pictures is the ways in which we make ourselves characters in our own stories in order to keep our unhappiness at bay. Her camera registered in merciless detail the discrepancy between our real and our fictitious selves, between

what we are and what we invent. Arbus seems always to have been trying to break through her feelings of numbness and isolation—which she regarded as the result of her over-protective, upper-class Jewish background—to something genuine. It's likely that after a while pain was the only thing that felt real to her, and forcing herself to experience these strong emotions—in the same way that as a child she forced herself to look at the men who exposed themselves to her on the subway—was her way of putting herself in contact with the real world, of "not evading facts." In this sense the undercurrent of masochism that runs through Arbus's work, and expresses itself in an odd mixture of sexiness and spirituality, is redemptive, almost an affirmation. It says, "There are worse things than pain. Get into it. It's better than emptiness."

Arbus's photographs make us understand why primitive cultures have always feared the camera for its ability to steal away a piece of the soul. Arbus used her camera like an agent provocateur and sometimes, as Patricia Bosworth tells in her account of Arbus's session with Germaine Greer, almost as a weapon. (Norman Mailer, who is posed in one of the Aperture book's portraits with his legs apart and wielding a threatening cigarette, remarked that "giving a camera to Diane Arbus is like putting a live grenade in the hands of a child.") Arbus was obsessed not just by what her subjects looked like and how they lived but by what they had hidden in the medicine cabinet, what they did in bed, what was buried beneath the surface, behind the eyes. She wasn't above manipulating them, sometimes cruelly, or endangering herself in order to get what she wanted. We sense from her work that the adventure of slipping through a rabbit hole into this underground world was perhaps more exhilarating than the actual process of making pictures. Arbus once described an assortment of eccentrics she wanted to photograph for *Esquire* as "Characters In A Fairy Tale for Grown Ups," and her pictures have the enchanted rhythms of stories that bounce back and forth between lucidity and inscrutability. By taking her camera along on her subterranean journeys, Arbus tested the limits of what it could record. What she wanted to press onto the emulsion, what she asked her subjects to reveal to her in the instant she clicked the shutter, was the secret they revealed to no one else. □

PRESENTING STERLING

IT'S ONLY A CIGARETTE
BUT IT'S ST. MORITZ
IS ONLY A SKI RESORT.



Available in
Regular
and Menthol.

12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

MOVIES

FORSYTH'S TRAVELS

BY TERENCE RAFFERTY

WATCHING A MOVIE by the Scottish writer and director Bill Forsyth is a little like listening to a long anecdote told by someone whose mind is far away. The narrative keeps wandering off the track, but the digressions are odd enough to keep our attention and even to surprise us into laughing—sporadically and uncertainly at first, then more steadily, until we are brought up short by the punch line we nearly forgot was coming. The end of the story is always a letdown, neither as interesting nor as funny as the circuitous route we've taken to get there. The storyteller has drawn us into his mind's peculiar terrain and allowed us to wander happily, wondering where we are, not wanting to be let off at any of the usual stops. Forsyth's movies have a dreamy, distracted air, a surface modesty, and none of the usual jokes. They mimic the style of a befuddled storyteller so uncannily that we may not catch on right away to their daring and originality: these comedies want us to laugh in the wrong places.

Forsyth's new picture, *Comfort and Joy*, is his riskiest and most ambitious work—a comedy about depression, loneliness, ice cream, and the radio. Its hero, Alan Bird (Bill Paterson), is a Glasgow radio personality known to the public as "Dicky Bird." His morning drive-time show dispenses music and cheerful patter, along with the grim necessities of time, traffic, and weather, in a smooth, easy-to-swallow mixture for shut-ins and groggy commuters. Sitting in his studio with his headset on, swiveling in his chair, surrounded by other people (engineers, newsreaders, the traffic girl)—all isolated, like him, in windowed booths—Dicky Bird gives a masterfully orchestrated performance of soothing inanities. He makes jokes about the 6 A.M. newsreader falling asleep at his console, invites his listeners to enter a contest whose prize is a day's use of the station manager's American Express card, creates characters out of the sta-

tion's personnel ("Ah, here comes the lovely Ann!"). His show conjures up the illusion of a workday paradise, a family of charming creatures who converse in the trilling tones of commercial jingles—and it's an illusion that Alan Bird probably couldn't create so well if he didn't half believe in it. The comic premise of *Comfort and Joy* is that Bird's half-belief will, for a few days, be fully and sternly tested. At the beginning of



the film his girlfriend of four years, the lovely (but slightly crazy) Maddy, interrupts a peaceful evening at home by announcing that she's having a couple of friends over to move out her things. She walks out of his life, leaving him stranded in an apartment suddenly barer and lonelier than Dicky Bird's studio.

Forsyth knows that you don't have to be deep to be depressed, and he dignifies his hero's personal tragedy with a few bleak, piercing scenes: Bird standing in a light snowfall watching Maddy's van pull away; wandering disconsolately through the empty apartment, pouring himself a drink, avoiding the bedroom as long as he can; dreaming of Maddy's return every time he falls asleep, and

waking up, every time, alone. But Forsyth also knows that the attempt to escape depression, to change your life (once, of course, someone has already changed it for you), can be deeply funny. Alan Bird, a man who by both temperament and profession is light, amiable, and easygoing, decides to become more serious: maybe he'll do a documentary on the "real" Glasgow, the violence and industrial squalor he's glossed over every morning on the air, which he seems to be seeing now for the first time, as if the city reflected his own gloomy state of mind. The basic situation here is close to that of Preston Sturges's *Sullivan's Travels*, in which a successful Hollywood director of musicals and light comedies decides to make a "worthy" picture (to be called *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*), and goes out on the road disguised as a hobo to see at first hand the lives of the poor and the dispossessed. The vehicle that Bird finds for his new seriousness is the opportunity to serve as the mediator in a territorial battle between two rival ice-cream operations—the sleek, powerful Mr. McCool and the renegade Mr. Bunny.

Once the ironies of the narrative are in place, we can laugh wherever we like, and Forsyth plays Bird's mission for maximum absurdity. "Mr. Bunny does not play by the rules," exclaims Mr. McCool (who is, it turns out, a rather elegant Italian gentleman). "Mr. Bunny is a rogue elephant." On his morning show Dicky Bird begs his listeners' indulgence while he gets "a teensy bit serious" and relays a message on the air from Mr. McCool to Mr. Bunny. His descent into the ominous nocturnal world of the Glasgow ice-cream wars cheers him with new purpose and new metaphors: "My life," he explains to his friends and his alarmed boss, "was the wrong flavor."

THE FLAVOR OF *Comfort and Joy* is strange and rich, but not completely unfamiliar to those who have sampled Forsyth's humor in *That Sinking Feeling*, *Gregory's Girl*, and *Local Hero*. His movies are filled with people who feel that they're in the wrong place and yearn (with varying degrees of urgency) for someplace else. The Glasgow youths in *That Sinking Feeling* decide that crime—that is, pinching a load of bathroom fixtures—is the remedy for the boredom and poverty of unemployment; the teenage boys in *Gregory's Girl* lurch timidly into the world of romantic love, a

Terrence Rafferty is an editor who writes frequently about films.

couple of them desperate enough to get out on the highway and start thumbing their way to Caracas, where women, they've heard, outnumber men eight to one; *Local Hero's* hotshot young oil executive winds up wanting to trade places with the innkeeper of the Scottish coastal village that he's been sent from Houston to buy out. After four movies, this starts to look like a theme—unobtrusive, but persistent enough to give Forsyth's pictures a distinctive rhythm, a pace unlike anything we're used to in screen comedy. It's not the lickety-split timing of farce or the accelerating gags of silent slapstick or the steady, metronomic rationing of jokes in situation comedy but the languid, daydreaming tempo of a Sunday drive.

The films are funny because Forsyth seems to be following his dreamers at just the right distance, watching them swerve and meander but keeping his own eye on the road. What amuses him is the way our fantasies foul up our relationship to the place we're in, the way they put us at odds with mundane things—the time, the traffic, the weather. He loves adolescents like Gregory, because they're so profoundly out of it, as if they didn't fully inhabit even their own bodies. For Gregory, going about the little business of life, such as getting himself off to school, is a fantastic adventure. He rolls out of bed, beats aimlessly (but vigorously) on his drum set for a minute or two, wanders downstairs with an electric toothbrush whirling in his mouth, lays it down, still running, to buzz and travel erratically across the kitchen counter as he fixes his breakfast; and then, finally out and on his way, shirttail flapping as he lopes across the highway, he somehow manages to put himself in the path of the only car for miles around. Gregory's mind is always miles away, which makes him silly but gives him a kind of comic grace. To be "not all there" is a real gift if "there" is Glasgow, or high school. Forsyth also confers this gift, for a while, on Mac, the young businessman of *Local Hero*, whose stay in the village of Ferness begins as an assignment and ends up a blissful holiday. His suits and ties give way to floppy pullovers, he stops carrying his attaché case on the beach, he lets the shaving go for a few days. He even leaves his beeper watch, which tells him that it's meeting time in Houston, on a rock, and never misses it.

Gregory's Girl is probably Forsyth's funniest movie, and *Local Hero* (which,

in the end, returns the reluctant Mac to Houston) is his most satisfying, the smoothest blend of irony and reverie. *Comfort and Joy* shares those films' desultory rhythms and out-of-place humor, but, perhaps because its hero is older and apparently settled in his life, there seems to be more at stake here—real violence, real depression, an even greater yearning for escape. Forsyth is trying to stretch his delicate comic vision to its limit, and he nearly brings off something very difficult: a comedy that delights us and disturbs us at the same time. For the first time in his work Forsyth has a mixture of elements so volatile that they demand a resolution, a punch line, and he can't quite deliver a satisfactory one. Sturges, facing a similar problem in *Sullivan's Travels* but blessed with a brash, aggressive style, just went ahead and belted out a stupid one: Sullivan learns that his mindless, frothy movies are worth more to America's unfortunates than his beloved social-problem picture ever could be. *Comfort and Joy's* gentler, fable-like resolution completes the ironic curve of the story, using the radio and Bird's lightweight charm to effect the end of the ice-cream wars. It's graceful and clever, but too simple, too self-consciously charming; it brings Forsyth perilously close to endorsing the fun-conquers-all moral of *Sullivan's Travels*.

Forsyth seems more comfortable in the film's very last scene—just a coda, really—and he tosses off a lovely riff that leaves us half believing in the value of the commercial daydream that Dicky Bird provides for his audience. Sitting at his mike on Christmas Day, with no company at the station except an engineer who brings him a tiny piece of cake, Bird spins out the illusion of a joyous Christmas party ("Don't you feel too sorry for us!") and promises his listeners a day of nothing but music and jokes—no time, no traffic, no weather reports. His radio show in this last scene takes on a beauty as unearthly and as unexpected as Glasgow's in the streetlit evenings through which Bird has chased down Mr. Bunny vans. It has the beauty, too, of an apt and resonant metaphor for the art of Bill Forsyth's comedies, these diverting, original anecdotes that are both daydreams themselves and sympathetic reports on the daydreamers. Forsyth's movies always end by telling us, from someplace far away, that the traffic on the way to wherever we'd rather be is moving slowly, but the weather is good and there's all the time in the world. □

35mm Color



Prints and Slides from the same roll

Kodak MP film . . . Eastman Kodak's professional color motion picture (MP) film now adapted for still use in 35mm cameras by Seattle FilmWorks. Its micro-fine grain and rich color saturation meet the movie industry's exacting standards. And with wide exposure latitude, you don't have to be a pro to get great everyday shots or capture special effects. Shoot in low or bright light from 200 ASA up to 1200 ASA (with our high speed 5294® film). Get prints or slides, or both, from the same roll.

"there has long been the dream of one film that could produce everything. . . . Such a film is here now in the form of 5247. . . ." MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

- ☐ Rush me two 20-exposure rolls of your leading KODAK MP film—Kodak 5247® (200 ASA). Enclosed is \$2.00. I'd like to be able to get color prints or slides (or both) from the same roll.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Limit of 2 rolls per customer.

266

Mail to: Seattle FilmWorks
P.O. Box C-34056
Seattle, WA 98124

Kodak 5247 and 5294 are registered trademarks of the Eastman Kodak Company. Offer does not include processing. Process ECN-11.
©1984 Seattle FilmWorks

Paperwhite Narcissus for Indoor Forcing



Lovely, Fragrant, Foolproof

Come winter, there is no substitute for successive bowls of Paperwhite Narcissus bulbs for forcing. They offer clear white flowers on graceful stems and a sweet spicy fragrance that permeates a room for two full weeks. Paperwhites are ideal for forcing because they need no preparation and are completely reliable. *They always bloom.*

The bulbs we offer are the largest size commercially available, over 15 centimeters in circumference. In the trade, they're called 'exhibition grade' but that's nonsense. They're exactly what you'd choose for yourself; large, healthy bulbs that will give you more bloom than you've ever seen on a Paperwhite. As the largest importer of Paperwhites, we can offer these bulbs at a price which is actually lower than lesser grade sold elsewhere.

Please order Paperwhites for Forcing, #84322. The price, \$23.00 postpaid, includes 24 bulbs plus an appropriate amount of potting medium and complete cultural instructions. It's a combination that simply can't fail. For orders to Ct. addresses, please include sales tax of \$1.73.

For your convenience, phone orders to MasterCard and Visa accounts are accepted daily except Sunday at (203) 567-4565. Need we point out that this offer would make a delightful Christmas gift? We can ship at any date you choose and will enclose a card with your greetings. We await your instructions.

—Amos Pettingill

White Flower Farm

Plantsmen

Litchfield 4053, Connecticut 06759-0050

MUSIC

ROMANTIC LONGINGS

BY ANNALYN SWAN

IN THE 1960s two serious composers did something analogous, in the opinion of the music world, to reinventing the wheel: they returned to conventional harmony. George Rochberg, who had been for years a committed serialist, wrote, "I found [serialism's] palette of constant chromaticism increasingly constricting [and could not] accept any longer the limited range of gestures that always seemed to channel the music into some form or other of expressionism." David Del Tredici, then a graduate student at Princeton—that sacred preserve of Milton Babbitt and the academic serialists—similarly rebelled against the institutionalized rigidity of the twelve-tone avant-garde. His response was flamboyantly romantic: he composed a series of works based on *Alice in Wonderland* that grew less dissonant and ever more lush. Fellow composers were appalled. They acted as if what he was doing were "more than eccentric," Del Tredici later said. "It was somehow wrong—decadent, even immoral."

Few composers have rebelled so dramatically in the intervening years. In light of what has happened since the 1960s, however, Rochberg and Del Tredici hardly seem eccentric, much less immoral. Music—and musical taste—has been changing. The change is evident in the Mahler mania that has swept concert halls. It is evident in the revival of operatic trifles by Jules Massenet and by the all-but-forgotten composer Riccardo Zandonai, whose medieval thriller *Francesca da Rimini* was staged last year by the Metropolitan Opera in a production that resembled an overripe Pre-Raphaelite painting. And, most important, it is evident in contemporary music. Tonics and dominants, both outlawed for years, flourish. Operas and symphonic-scale works abound, after years of short, compressed pieces. Composers are eager to communicate; their music has a new expansiveness and sense of release. Even Pierre Boulez,

the celebrated figurehead of the European avant-garde, has recently argued for music that is "more ornate, richer in texture, more contrasted—a kind of enrichment of [serialism's] language."

What, exactly, is happening? In the past two years the New York Philharmonic has staged two important new music festivals, Horizons '83 and Horizons '84, to address this question. Jacob Druckman, the composer-in-residence with the orchestra and the artistic director of the festivals, has a provocative answer: a return to romanticism is under way. "Since 1968, a New Romanticism?" was the theme of Horizons '83. "The New Romanticism—A Broader View" was that of Horizons '84. From the welter of new works performed at the festivals, two conclusions can be drawn. First, in quantity, variety, and adventurousness—if not in quality—today's new music rivals the upsurge of the "old" Romanticism, in the last century. People forget, Druckman said in one program essay, that Romantic music encompassed styles as different as those of Berlioz, Brahms, Wagner, Schubert, and Rachmaninoff. Second, as the response to the new works at the festivals proved, audiences and critics alike want to believe in neo-romanticism—audiences because they have never appreciated much beyond nineteenth-century music, and critics because they are eager to define the new spirit and to impose some order on the chaos of competing styles.

A hunger for definitions is understandable, of course. (Besides, arguing definitions is often easier than listening to music.) But it is not, in this case, particularly helpful. It is hard enough to define nineteenth-century Romanticism, let alone a movement as nebulous as this one. As *Grove's Dictionary of Music* points out, nineteenth-century Romantic music was fraught with contradictions: "ambitions for the future mingling with dreams of the past; a determination to overthrow coupled with nostalgia for the rejected world of order and balance; fervent brotherhood yet the exaltation of the individual; proud selfconsciousness

Annalyn Swan is a senior editor of and former music critic for Newsweek.

yet the sense of acute isolation; the assertion of Man yet an ache for the lost God." The romantic and the rational have coexisted in every musical period, including Romanticism, and the best music has combined both. Far better, then, to relax, to acknowledge that what's going on is difficult to define, and to listen to what the music itself has to say—from the increasingly expressive music of some entrenched academic serialists to the strange sonic galaxies of computer music to the exuberant tonality of second-generation "minimalist" composers.

THE EAGERLY PROCLAIMED new romanticism is the emotional counter to what is perceived as years of intellectual aridity. For seventy-five years music has been in an almost continual state of modernist experimentation. The revolt began in the early decades of the century, when Schoenberg ventured beyond the chromaticism of Wagner and Debussy into the atonal realm. Out of that came his, and modern music's, great leap into the void—the unhinging of music from harmony. But by sweeping away the old absolutes, Schoenberg left composers in a vacuum. Where could new rules be found to act with and react against? Schoenberg's solution was a new "scale"—the twelve-note series, or tone row. To the more radical generation coming up behind him, however, Schoenberg's serial music was marred by its deliberate conservatism, its looking back to the great symphonic tradition and to the Classical form. After the Second World War, Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen in Europe, and Milton Babbitt in America, proclaimed the annihilation of the past. "Schoenberg is dead," announced Boulez.

Taking as their starting point Webern's pointillistic compositions, so concentrated that each note stood out in stark contrast to the last, the serialists subjected not only pitch but also rhythm and dynamics to rigid formulas. They enlisted the aid of newly emerging electronic-music studios to increase the control still further. The "total serialists" pulverized the musical line and split the beat so fine that both often turned to dust.

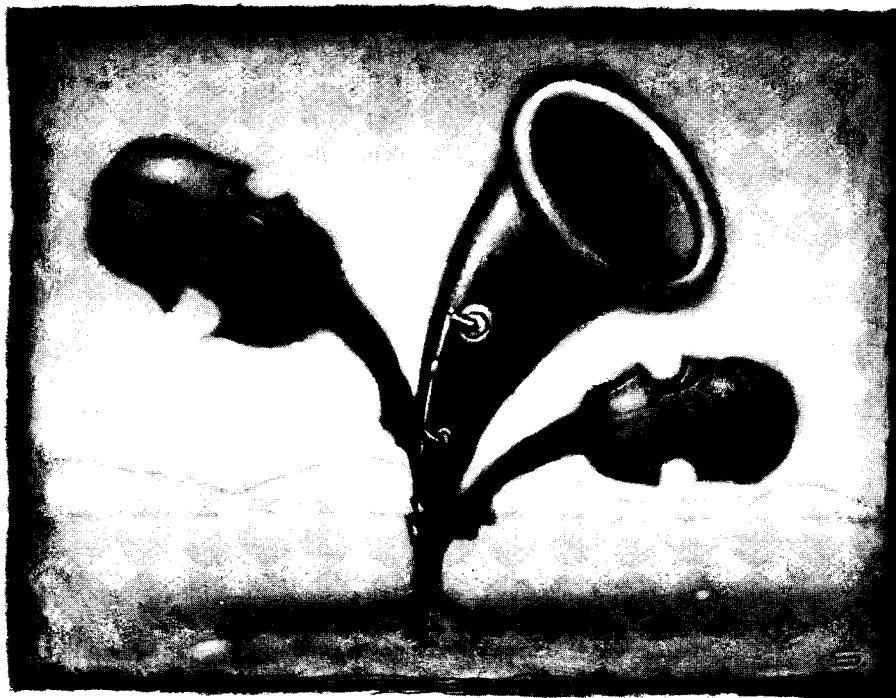
Ironically, the first attacks on the serial academy came from music every bit as intellectual. John Cage, the composer, philosopher, and "inventor of genius," as Schoenberg called him, led the way in the 1950s. Against the serialists'

total control he posited the idea of total freedom or chance, and he countered their intricately structured rows with highly abstract music that explored silence as much as notes. The preoccupation with form over content continued in the "minimal" works of Philip Glass and Steve Reich that began to emerge from New York's SoHo in the early 1970s. Strongly influenced by the grids of such minimalist artists as Sol Lewitt and Carl André and by the repetitive forms of Indian and African music, they were spare, stripped-down works, whose "cells" of notes circled and repeated in endless hypnotic patterns.

By successfully challenging the academic establishment, Cage and the renegade "downtown" composers

sible. In the late 1970s and early 1980s "minimal" music grew by symphonic leaps and harmonic bounds, Laurie Anderson became a star, and computer music made it into the movies. Now, as various works performed at Horizons '83 and '84 demonstrate, music from one end of the spectrum to the other reflects the new expressivity, the new romanticism, call it what you will.

TAKE THE "ROMANCING" of serial music, the music that audiences love to hate. There has never been anything very lyrical in serialism's bony body—understandably so, given the extreme restrictions of the form. Without conventional harmonies on which to hang a melody, serial music has pro-



showed that there could be musical life after serialism. The cracks in the once-indomitable front became fissures, and soon a host of new composers and styles poured through. The old modernist certainties—the elevation of intellect over emotion, the medium over the message—no longer appeared so certain. Modernism as a sleek, unswerving train whirring into the future came to seem as much a thing of the past as the *Twentieth Century Limited*. As the rebellious sixties generation came of age, much of the "alternative" music attracted a wider audience and became established. At the same time, the new avant-garde music, influenced by the anti-elitist spirit of the time and the ascendancy of rock-and-roll, became increasingly rich and acces-

gressed in nervous, sporadic outbursts of seemingly unrelated notes. What's more, with only an invisible tone row for underpinning, instead of the contrasting themes of nineteenth-century music, serial compositions often lack architectural coherence. Yet serialism and the lyrical need not be mutually exclusive. One of the best "academic" works performed at Horizons '84, *Bamboula Squared*, by the Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Charles Wuorinen, sets out to be more natural—and succeeds. Full of sustained orchestral lines and vigorous rhythms, it surges along in a tightly knit interplay of orchestra and tape. An orchestral sforzando is followed by a dazzling shower of recorded sounds from the speakers, which resembles a player

piano gone berserk. Strings play a keen-ing melody; brass choruses join electronic sounds in a tempest of quadraphonic proportions. At the end the forces join jubilantly in a rousing C-octave unison. Wuorinen included in the program a reference to the complex, computer-generated numerical models he used to compose *Bamboula Squared*. But that rigor is not obtrusive; one walks away exhilarated from a work that is neatly squared yet bursting with fun.

The evocative tone-painting works of George Crumb similarly point to a rapprochement between academy and audience. Crumb's acknowledged influences are Debussy, Bartók, and Webern—spanning, significantly, the Romantic and the highly rational. One can hear traces of them all, filtered through his own highly expressive voice. Like Debussy, whose shimmering soundscapes were one form of Romanticism, Crumb has a talent for writing works so fragile and gossamer-thin that they seem to take place in a dream. At the same time, however, they have the driving rhythms of Bartók and the concision of Webern. *A Haunted Landscape*, which was given its world premiere at Horizons '84 and which will soon be released on New World records, is an evocatively named case in point. It begins with a low, ghostly B-flat pedal point that sets the stage for the strange beauties to follow and that continues throughout. Brief outbursts from woodwinds and percussion and sharp staccato exclamations from an amplified piano blend in a rising mist of tones and overtones. Fragments of sound surge and eddy around the orchestra, sometimes huge and grand, at other times barely echoing from the beyond. *A Haunted Landscape* ends as it began, with the stealthy tread of the B-flat, receding into the moonlit, mystical landscape from whence it came.

At the far extreme from such tone paintings the computer world continues to generate music of surpassing strangeness. Here—for example, in the wildly inventive electronic compositions of such intergalactic voyagers as Morton Subotnick—the romance lies in sonic adventuring. In the past many of the less-inspired computer works amounted to little more than special effects; they lacked structure or cohesiveness. Now a number of talented composers are creating music that is well ordered as well as inventive. Much of it stays close enough to conventional tones and harmonies to sound “human” and moving, and has a

satisfying line. The New York composer Laurie Spiegel, for one, writes richly romantic music that would not have sounded out of place at a nineteenth-century soiree—except that it is electronically generated. *Music for Dance*, whose first movement was performed at Horizons '84, combines the hypnotic feeling of Eastern music with a gentle, old-fashioned air and recognizable A-B-A structure. Its harmonies circle over and around and then forward in a stately twentieth-century minuet.

A decade ago few composers would have dreamed of writing a tonal fantasy opera like Oliver Knussen's *Where the Wild Things Are*, which was given its first complete performance in the United States at Horizons '84. *Where the Wild Things Are* is a forty-minute chamber opera based on Maurice Sendak's delightfully spooky children's book, and a work that invites instant comparison with Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*. Knussen, a thirty-two-year-old British composer, is not afraid of tonality. Along with many other composers—most notably, perhaps, Germany's Hans Werner Henze and Britain's Peter Maxwell Davies—he incorporates elements of conventional harmony and outright quotations from past music. *Where the Wild Things Are* sparkles with references to Mussorgsky, Debussy, and Ravel, and with Knussen's own comic invention. Best of all are a wonderfully witty moment when the wild things, momentarily subdued by the little tyrant Max, whimper in chorus, and a parody of a barbershop quartet near the end, sung by the abandoned creatures as homesick Max sails away. Their ever-so-slightly off-key harmonies are sung comically straight-faced.

No festival devoted to neo-romanticism could ignore the atmospheric, no-holds-barred romanticism of the minimalist composers. In the eight years since the 1976 premiere of *Einstein on the Beach* at the Metropolitan Opera House, which brought Glass's music to widespread attention, the minimalists have become the hit-parade composers of the classical world. (Music by Glass opened the Olympic Games last summer, in Los Angeles.) Nowhere is the ongoing enrichment of the form more appealing than in the works of a group of talented young West Coast minimalists, among them John Adams. In Adams's music the sense of expansive, circular sound—of time slowed down—is retained. But the patterns that overlap and evolve are varied and sophisticated. In

Grand Pianola Music, a brash, banner-waving piece that was performed at Horizons '83, the effect is of scene fading cinematically into scene: the delicate, flute-flecked opening section, which evokes an Impressionist landscape; the serene glow of the middle, shot through with Coplandesque harmonies and overtones of a vanishing America; the surging piano chords and heart-on-the-sleeve sentiment of the end.

The signs that point to change, then, are in place. But the change is hardly assured. For every Charles Wuorinen there are dozens of serial composers who have turned a deaf ear to the new sounds. Post-Webern works untouched by the higher invention of a Boulez or a Babbitt or an Elliott Carter continue to weigh down many “uptown” concerts. Audiences have yet to be won over. One of the sadder aspects of the two Horizons festivals, as Edward Rothstein pointed out in *The New Republic*, was an abysmal decline in attendance—from roughly 70 percent capacity at Avery Fisher Hall the first year to something less than 20 percent at some concerts of the second. Many concertgoers, attracted by the romantic labeling, probably found the works not sweet enough for palates sated by late Romantic saccharin. The contemporary music that is most likely to appeal to them is the most derivative and, often, the weakest.

It remains to be seen just how worthwhile the new direction in music will prove to be. Does the “return to romanticism” augur a brave new era, one successfully bridging the past and the future? Or is it simply a pandering to the past, as Boulez and other militant explorers of the past four decades charge? Inevitably, any new music that looks back as well as forward, if only in spirit, will be accused of being derivative. And the second-rate music hiding behind the rubric doesn't help: romanticism without some rigor, after all, is as likely to produce bad music as rationalism without any romance. Yet there are reasons to hope. For one thing, composers today are working with rhythms and sounds—whether generated by a computer or by a Balinese gamelan—not available to nineteenth-century composers. For another, this music simply does not sound much like nineteenth-century Romanticism. The new music awaits a great composer—a consummate assimilator, perhaps, who will turn the sounds in the air into his own—to make all the questions seem irrelevant. □

PROJECTION



FINALLY. A GIANT SCREEN TV AS BIG
AND BRIGHT AS ALL OUTDOORS... INDOORS.

FULL SPECTRUM PROJECTION TELEVISION.

It's a picture
as beautiful
as a sunset (me-
ans RCA's Full
Spectrum Projection
technology that

FULL SPECTRUM

ing in the room
to project full
video signal. All
around. All the time.
Bright, sharp col-
or and sound.

WITH FULL STEREO, VIDEO MONITOR CAPABILITY AND MORE.

It's a built-in stereo broadcast
receptor for TV broadcast
and cable. For easy hookup of
stereo systems.
It's a 127-channel tuning
system. RCA's Super Command
remote control that oper-

ates an entire RCA video system. And
it's a cabinet measuring just 42 1/2" high.
See this high performance wonder at
your local RCA dealer or write for
more information and a free color
book to 42.50 retail value. Write to:
RCA Electronics Dept. 42.50, 1000
Piquette Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46207-2036.

RCA

TECHNOLOGY THAT EXCITES THE SENSES.

TELEVISION

BOOKS



A DON JUAN AMONG THE INTELLIGENTSIA

BY JAMES ATLAS

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
by H. G. Wells.

Little, Brown, \$29.95.

H. G. WELLS IN LOVE
Postscript to an Experiment in
Autobiography

edited by G. P. Wells.
Little, Brown, \$16.95.

“AS A BIOLOGIST, as a social thinker concerned with power and world projects, the molding of a universal order, as a furnisher of interpretation and opinion to the educated masses—as all of these he appeared to need a great amount of copulation.” Thus Artur Sammler, the Polish émigré intellectual Saul Bellow invented in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, on H. G. Wells. The impersonal phrase gets it just right: if there was any passion in Wells's many affairs, any motive other than the brutal fulfillment of his own importunate needs, he kept it to himself when he sat down to fill in for posterity the details of his private life. Sex was “a necessary condition to efficient working,” he stresses in this alarmingly forthright confession, a physical need so persistent that he found it a nuisance, like “meal-times and sleep”—and just as essential.

His reproductive fervor rivaled his lit-

James Atlas is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

erary output. There were two marriages, the second of which produced two children, and two love affairs that produced two more. Wells ran through so many mistresses that it's hard to keep them straight, and he had a great many dalliances besides. After lunch at the White House with Teddy Roosevelt, he “had a reaction,” as he put it in *Postscript*, and promptly instructed his cab driver to drop him off at a whorehouse. “‘White or coon?’ he said. It seemed to me that I ought to experience the local colour at its intensest. ‘Coon,’ said I.”

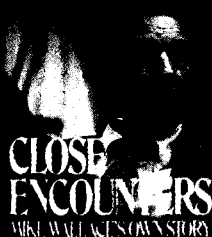
His most celebrated liaison, of course, was with Rebecca West—an episode recently given a definitive airing by their illegitimate son, Anthony West, in a memoir titled *H. G. Wells: Aspects of a Life*. Née Cicily Fairfield (she had adopted the name of Ibsen's spirited protagonist in *Rosmersholm*), Rebecca West was nineteen when she met Wells, and had gotten her start as a writer by reviewing books for *The Freewoman*, a radical feminist weekly; Wells was forty-five, a family man with a considerable reputation as both a writer and—the phrase is Wells's own—“a Don Juan among the intelligentsia.” He was always on the prowl for amorous adventure, but in this instance it was West who took the initiative. She was “determined to be involved, and monumentally so, with my father,” their son wrote in *Aspects of a Life*; and Wells asserted in *Postscript* that he tried to resist her—not a very plausible assertion, given his history. Only three years earlier Wells had managed to get himself in a mess with Amber Reeves, the young daughter of one of his Fabian friends. She, too, bore the potent Wells a child, an event that appalled prominent Fabians and caused a public scandal. With

Rebecca he was more discreet; she was quarantined in a remote seaside resort during her confinement, and then installed on a farm twelve miles from his own estate.

Wells mentioned neither of these episodes in his *Experiment in Autobiography*, but he clearly intimated that he was no prude. “I suspect the sexual system should be at least the second theme, when it is not the first, in every autobiography, honestly and fully told,” he wrote; and he gave as candid an account of his proclivities as the manners and morals of half a century ago permitted. In his twenties, a young man striving to pull himself out of the working class, Wells was the very picture of Victorian innocence. He knew nothing about women, and married his cousin Isabel largely to obtain relief from insistent sexual desires. It didn't take him long to weary of the constraints of marriage. First there was “a certain little Miss Kingsmill,” followed by Catherine Robbins, a pupil of his at London University. She was charming, articulate, sophisticated, the living embodiment of a world to which Wells, the son of a failed shopkeeper, aspired. “It came to me quite suddenly one night that I wanted the sort of life that Amy Catherine Robbins symbolized for me and that my present life was unendurable.” So he left his wife and married Catherine. Wells never let convention stand in his way.

Catherine proved an ideal mate. “She suppressed any jealous impulse and gave me whatever freedom I desired,” he reported in *Experiment in Autobiography*—a convenient arrangement for one of Wells's appetites. Not only was she aware of his affairs but she found a nanny for Rebecca West, moved their household

MIKE WALLACE
& GARY PAUL GATES



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
MIKE WALLACE'S OWN STORY



c

A TIME FOR
TRUMPETS
THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE
BATTLE OF THE BULGE



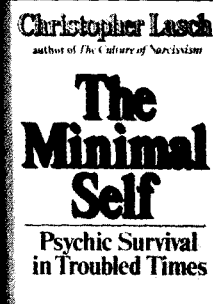
d



f



g



h

advocates on journalism. *Russia and Strategy* — an An Insider's dramatic story of Military Intelligence. b) The career of Mike Wallace as a TV journalist. c) A revealing portrait of the U.S. Army's greatest hero. d) The untold story of the Battle of the Bulge.

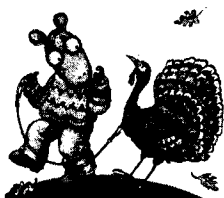
New revelations on poetry and prose — e) An inspiring collection of poetry from the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Color Purple*. f) Walker's powerful collection of feminist prose. g) The Pulitzer Prize-winning critic's affectionate chronicle of Hollywood's stars. h) A brilliant case for psychic survival in troubled times.

at
Waldenbooks

Check the yellow pages for the one nearest you.

November report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS



"The world is full of turkeys," joked Arthur's mother. "You should be able to find one."

But as the school Thanksgiving play he's directing draws closer and closer, Arthur is beginning to doubt it. The turkey, as the symbol of Thanksgiving, has the most important role of all—but whom will he get to play that part? "Never!" says Francine. "No way!" says the Brain. "I wouldn't be caught dead in that outfit!" says his sister, D.W. With just one day left and the cast threatening to walk out, Arthur takes matters into his own hands—providing a hilarious finale to both his search and the school play.

...

No sooner has Arthur solved that dilemma than it's on to Christmas and the next one. Arthur's efforts to find the perfect gift for Santa convince even D.W. (who's more concerned with finding the perfect gift for *herself*) that "it's better to give than to receive."

Whether or not you've already introduced your favorite young reader to this lovable aardvark, you won't want to miss these two new holiday books, full of the good laughs and good learning of the popular Arthur Adventure series.



ARTHUR'S
THANKSGIVING

ARTHUR'S CHRISTMAS
by Marc Brown

at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

to London so that he could be closer to Amber Reeves, and consoled her errant husband when the going got rough. She had no objection to Wells's establishing a flat of his own or going off to the south of France—where he kept another mistress—for months at a time. It was "by no means a perfect arrangement," Wells conceded, lamenting the "escape of the personality of Catherine Wells from our unison" (whatever that means). But then, "all life is imperfect." Besides, "she loved her house and garden; she had . . . a complete control of our finances, and she was always increasing the amenities and beauties of the place." It would have been churlish to complain that her husband spent most of his time in the company of other women.

What sort of character was this eerily tolerant wife? According to Anthony West, she was outwardly compliant but inwardly stubborn, determined to keep what she'd acquired without losing her dignity. You wouldn't know it from reading Wells's introduction to *The Book of Catherine Wells*, a collection of her writings published after her death. Reproduced in *Postscript*, this pious tribute is a masterpiece of unconscious condescension. Catherine was "a little indefatigable smiling figure," Wells recalls, "a very little fragile thing," "a valiant little figure indeed." (This from a man who stood five foot five.) She was a proficient typist, and good at charades. One of her most notable qualities was a solicitude about the dental problems of others: "She was alive to the discomforts caused by neglected teeth. . . . The timely good dentist or the timely good oculist may change a faltering life to a happy and successful one, and more than once or twice she saw that it did." The woman was a jewel.

WELLS'S EFFORTS to justify himself were feeble at best. He attributed his philandering variously to a need for diversion from work, "obscure glandular attacks," and the pursuit of the "Lover-Shadow"—the ideal, all-consuming love we seek. But the truth is, he didn't really feel the need to justify himself; and it's this very innocence, this cheerful self-regard, that makes *Postscript* such a fascinating document. Wells's candor was uncalculated. The whole idea, he blurted out in the midst of a rather elaborate discourse on the nature of love, was "to get women." For all his talk of the Lover-Shadow, he recognized how much of passion is pure selfishness. Describing

the frantic dependency of Odette Keun, the mistress he kept in the south of France, he remarked, "It was the call for the lover that we all make—with an egoistic intensity that was all her own. In form she gave; in effect she grabbed." Yet when another mistress refused to join him in America, he complained without a trace of irony that she had "made it possible for me to be unfaithful to her and that I was likely to slip back to promiscuity." The injustices this man suffered at the hands of women!

Bellow's fictional Sammler remembered Wells as "a horny man of labyrinthine extraordinary sensuality," but Wells himself claimed that his interest in sex was normal: "There is no meter yet for that sort of thing. I am inclined to think that I have been less obsessed by these desires and imaginations than the average man"—his brain wasn't the only organ that was very ordinary. Wells lacked the compulsiveness of Rousseau, he wasn't prurient like Joyce, and he didn't have the lascivious, untrammelled appetite of Frank Harris or Henry Miller. He simply needed women to assuage his loneliness; and what he needed he went after with tremendous energy, just as he avoided the vocation of draper to which he'd been apprenticed and rose to become a celebrated public figure with a vast income, country houses, access to the great. Wells was triumphant in these autobiographies, but never gloatingly so. It was his own doggedness that he celebrated.

In the early days of his second marriage, he reported in *Postscript*, he used to bicycle up and down the roads of Surrey waiting for the Lover-Shadow to materialize. In *Experiment* he recalled going to visit his ex-wife, Isabel, and becoming overwhelmed with grief when he discovered that their marriage was really over: "I wept in her arms like a disappointed child, and then suddenly pulled myself together and went out into the summer dawn and mounted my bicycle and wandered off southward into a sunlit intensity of perplexity and frustration, unable to understand the peculiar keenness of my unhappiness." What Wells was describing is the irrational hope that someone, anyone, will satisfy our longings and desires, our sense of specialness, whether we reciprocate or not. It is the child's wish that we harbor, and Wells was shrewd enough to detect it in his adult relationships. "Books, poems, pictures; it is for the Lover-Shadow they are [created]."

Postscript isn't an entirely pleasant book. Forgiving toward himself, Wells scarcely had a kind word for any of his mistresses: Odette Keun was "over-dressed, under-bred, feverishly aggressive," a "prostitute-housekeeper, to put it plainly." The popular author Elizabeth Gräfin von Arnim was "insincerely sentimental." The Russian countess Moura Budberg was untidy, and she drank too much. Rebecca West was undisciplined. Amber Reeves was naive. Even when he tried to be generous, the effort didn't quite come off; the novelist Dorothy Richardson, he confided, was "most interestingly hairy on her body." And there's a note of adolescent glee in his account of making love on a copy of the *Times* that contained an attack on Rebecca West by Mrs. Humphry Ward. But you feel that he was *trying* to be truthful about himself, and if the effort doesn't yield up the portrait Wells intended, so much the better. We disclose ourselves in our self-representations, not in what others make of them.

Wells himself made no great claims for this *Postscript*, and stressed in the instructions he left behind that it wasn't to be published on its own but was to be included in posthumous editions of the *Experiment in Autobiography*. That his son George Philip Wells chose to disregard this advice shouldn't be interpreted as a gesture of disrespect; Wells wanted his private life to be known, if only in the spirit of scientific investigation. "My story of my relations with women is mainly a story of greed, foolishness, and great expectation," he said, "and it would not be worth the telling if it were merely my particular story." It isn't. □

THE MALAISE OF MODERNITY

BY MARK CRISPIN MILLER

THE MINIMAL SELF
by Christopher Lasch.
Norton, \$16.95.

FOLLOWING THE SECOND World War, American psychoanalysts began to notice that the familiar forms of neurosis were giving way to a new category of psychic distress. Here was a kind of suffering at once more vague and less susceptible to cure than the neuroses known to Freud and his immediate dis-

ciples, who had dealt primarily with such stark symptoms as hysterical paralysis, compulsive hand-washing, and other expressions of a debilitating sense of guilt. Unlike the neurotics of the earlier, or "classic," type, this rising generation has been troubled less by guilt than by anxiety; and although the twitching predecessors of this generation would often grind to a halt before seeking help, these new sufferers, by and large, have been able to stay at work and do it well. Perhaps most disconcerting, members of the new breed seem not to benefit from therapy but to thrive on it. They perform as deftly on the couch as on the job, recounting their problems with a detached lucidity that gets them nowhere.

The varieties of this new disorder, which is by now the most prevalent of neurotic ailments, are known as forms of narcissism. This term remains crucially misunderstood outside of psychoanalytic theory. In common parlance *narcissism* is taken to mean "self-love" or "selfishness," a usage that confuses narcissism with the sort of rapturous egoism that needs no company. The narcissist is not a self-sufficient egomaniac, however, but one whose ego is in fact too weak to support an independent self. Terrified of his actual separateness from the surrounding world, the narcissist continually seeks to deny that separation by adapting himself to the expectations of those around him. Through such continual self-redefinition he struggles to maintain the illusion that he and the world are one, just as they seemed in infancy. Moreover, the narcissist is filled with a vast rage that he persistently represses, and so he shrinks from any passionate expression, any open competition, preferring to keep things mellow at all times. He is, in short, a deft manipulator of appearances and feelings, outwardly cool, yet in nervous flight from all commitment and deeply dependent upon others' praise to make up for the emptiness he feels within.

In *The Culture of Narcissism*, published in 1979 (to which his new book is a sequel), Christopher Lasch explains the emergence of the narcissist as the neurotic type predominant in our society. Whereas psychoanalysts have merely taken note of this spreading epidemic, ignoring its historical determinants, Lasch, a historian of American culture, sees the rise of narcissism as a complex psychological response to a larger sociopolitical arrangement. According to Lasch, mass narcissism is a consequence



Marta goes to bed hungry every night.

When Marta goes to bed hungry, there's not much hope she can forget all the bad things that have happened to her.

But with your help, there is hope.

Through our sponsorship program, you can help provide a hungry child with nourishing food, clothing, medical attention and schooling. And all it costs is just \$18 a month.

And remember, when you help you'll be doing more than nourishing a frail little body. You'll also be nourishing a mind.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood
Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381,
Dept. A11M4, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

- ☐ I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy, ☐ girl, in
☐ Asia, ☐ Latin America, ☐ Middle East,
☐ Africa, ☐ USA, ☐ Greatest Need.
☐ I will give \$18 a month (\$216 a year).
Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the
first month ☐. Please send me the child's
name, story, address and picture.
☐ I can't sponsor, but will help \$ _____
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify.

Church, Club, School, Business, etc.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

☐ Ck/Money Order ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

CHILDREN, INC.

U.S. gifts are fully tax deductible.
Annual financial statements are available upon request.

of the gradual displacement of our basic functions—both at work and in the home—by a diverse managerial elite, a class of experts who, often without knowing it, and sometimes with the best intentions, have helped transform the American people into a nation of consumers.

Today's narcissists, Lasch argues, are the children of middle-class parents who were radically estranged from parental feelings by the intrusive influence of child psychologists, social workers, education specialists, and advertisers, all of whom purported to know better than unenlightened Mom and Dad. In the absence of any sustaining community, suburban parents at mid-century had little choice but to listen to the experts, and this dependence reflected and intensified a fundamental insecurity that had disastrous psychic consequences for the young. Afraid of punishing their children, yet unable to relate to them with any warmth, such parents failed to mitigate their children's fantasies with straightforward discipline or affection, and so those fantasies could never be outgrown. The narcissist's inadequate sense of the world's otherness and his avoidance of all emotional intensity are thus the results of a certain historical development.

The product of an intrusive nexus of bureaucracies, the narcissist is perfectly equipped to further the same bureaucratic project of displacement that helped to make him what he is. Cool and flexible, desperate to impress, and yet contemptuous of those whom he impresses, he is doubly suited for a successful career in the upper reaches of the corporate world. His adeptness at "the management of personal impressions" helps him first of all to rise high "in political and business organizations where performance now counts for less than 'visibility,' 'momentum,' and a winning record." And his peculiar qualities enable him not only to ascend within the bureaucratic hierarchy but also to excel at the suasive enterprise to which most such hierarchies are nowadays devoted—the creation and projection of images. Those whom the narcissist strives relentlessly to seduce, in other words, are not only his associates but also the distant public, the object of an enormous hourly barrage of advertisements and shrewd political gestures.

Mark Crispin Miller is writing a book on advertising.

Thus, Lasch suggests, the narcissist is psychically fit to supervise a system that finally requires everyone to share his anxiety and adopt his strategies. What Lasch calls "the propaganda of commodities" encourages all to emulate the hungry narcissist, for while it proffers countless goods and services, continually promising a sweet release from the general discontent, it also subversively "manufactures a product of its own: the consumer, perpetually unsatisfied, restless, anxious, and bored." In the culture of narcissism, in other words, one needn't have been raised by edgy parents in order to turn narcissistic. In a world suffused with images, where one succeeds according to what one projects, it becomes impossible to tell reality from



fantasy, to tell one's own fantasies from the ubiquitous ads, or to tell oneself apart from what one wears or smokes or swallows in the public eye. Thus all must, like the narcissist, become adept at "the management of personal impressions," and so all become, like the narcissist, unsure of the difference between themselves and the surrounding world.

All, then, are increasingly unhappy, because one's efforts to transcend this unhappiness merely reinforce the status that has caused it. Within the culture of narcissism human functions have been usurped by unseen powers, on whose instructions all, therefore, become dependent. Just as the worker must rely on technocratic expertise in order to know which keys to press, so the erstwhile private joys of leisure—love, sex, parent-

hood, and others—are now conceived as techniques whose fine points one must learn from various "professionals." This mass dependency has caused a growing mass anxiety, which each tries to lessen by making purchases, or by trying some new therapy, or by watching TV, when the only real solution, Lasch insists, would be to break away entirely from such consumerist passivity. However, the culture of narcissism prevents the very changes that would be required to do away with it. Since the narcissist cannot quite tell himself apart from his external circumstances, he cannot even understand his world, much less transform it. Moreover, he has no self that might sustain him apart from, or against, the world that he keeps trying to impress. He can believe in neither past nor future, can cherish no ideal or guiding principle, and is as hollow as he is absorptive, able only to take in the moment's images, and be taken in by them—a limitation that is no less crippling for his cynical awareness of it.

THIS IS THE real subject of *The Culture of Narcissism*: the collapse of the self under the manifold and growing pressures of late capitalism. Whereas the bourgeoisie of the nineteenth century believed ardently in the establishment of a strong "character," and therefore strove to inculcate in their young the sort of values necessary to the captains of commerce and imperial dominion, such sturdy selfhood is now all but extinct, because the mechanism set in motion by those forward-looking entrepreneurs has worked too well. As long as production and consumption were each consigned to a different class, the proletariat laboring to make the things enjoyed by their masters, it seemed that those downtrodden were the only ones undone by such a system. But because the market had to keep on growing, consumption ceased to be a privilege for the few and became instead a universal obligation. And so society has been gradually transformed by this imperative, through the rise of advertising, the extension of installment buying, the systematic exaltation of the newest thing, the doctrine of permissiveness, the augmentation of industrial output through the use of efficiency experts, and the many other innovations that have made Americans increasingly dependent on a remote class of managers, under whose bewildering influence the narcissist has become a model citizen.



YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN 3000 YEARS OF HATRED IN 2½ MINUTES.

Yet that is what the other evening news shows try to do. Not just with the Middle East, but with many complex issues.

That's why you should watch The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour every weeknight on public television. News stories get the time they deserve. The time *you* deserve.

You get more facts about a story. You get different sides. Most important, you get the analysis you need to understand the issues behind the stories.

Major funding for The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour is provided by AT&T, the national corporate underwriter.

**The MacNeil/Lehrer
NEWSHOUR**
Weeknights on Public TV



Produced by WNET/13, NY, WETA, Wa. DC, and MacNeil-Lehrer-Gannett Prod. Funded by AT&T, Public Television Stations, and CPB. © AT&T 1984

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

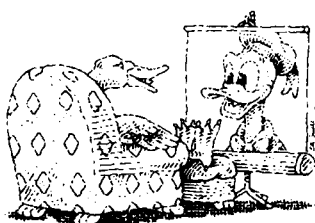
"...EXCEPTIONAL
BEAUTY WITH
UNPARALLELED
SERVICE."
Paris Vogue



L'ERMITAGE

hôtel de grande classe

Beverly Hills, California



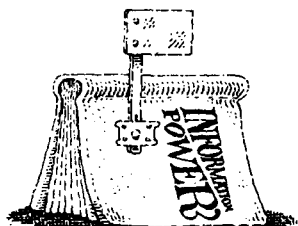
You could borrow a classic film,



get help finding a job,



trace your family tree,



or get your books by mail.

AT THE LIBRARY?
At the library.

Come see what's new besides books.

American Library Association

In other words, late capitalism itself, Lasch points out, is an avant-garde force, its supervisors having long since discredited the patriarchal family, the Protestant work ethic, the old codes of parochial convention, and all the other historical adjuncts to the superego that once threatened to impede the urge to buy. The iconoclasm of, say, the ads for Virginia Slims is therefore wholly orthodox as well as all-pervasive. And yet all those defunct institutions, whose decline began a century ago, are still attacked as if they were a current threat, by several factions that since the sixties have considered themselves radical because of their continuing resistance to an imposing phalanx of dead enemies. Calling for the obliteration of all visible authority, these disparate factions assume that they oppose "the system" when in fact they *are* "the system," since they urge the very same breakdown of the self that has been fostered by the culture that produced them.

It is Lasch's thorough demonstration of this unsettling congruence between the status quo and its apparent critics that makes *The Culture of Narcissism* such a brilliant and disturbing work. "Events have rendered liberationist critiques of modern society hopelessly out of date—and much of an earlier Marxist critique as well." In chapters on the decline of public education, the war between the sexes, "the degradation of sport," and other subjects, Lasch explains how the standard "liberationist critique" of family, values, competition, discipline, and so forth, offered as a bold solution by offshoots of the New Left, by vulgar feminists, and by the promoters of the "human-potential movement," is actually an apolitical and retrogressive formula, since it calls for the final cancellation of that assertive subjectivity without which there can be no true democracy.

ALTHOUGH A BEST seller and a critical success, *The Culture of Narcissism* was widely (and predictably) attacked with the very kind of argument that it called into question. First of all, Lasch's subtle notion of narcissism, based on his thorough readings in Freud, Melanie Klein, Otto Kernberg, and others, was often ignored, and his analysis therefore taken as a simplistic decrual of all self-love. This misconception is related to a tendency, widespread in this country since the thirties, to regard Marx and Freud—history and the psyche—as utterly irreconcilable,

Marx ranting on the left while Freud sits over on the right, smiling to himself and making notes. Because of these misunderstandings, *The Culture of Narcissism* has been frequently dismissed as an orthodox Freudian endorsement of repression, an updated version of *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

More important, Lasch's dialectical conception of the history of capitalism has been similarly misinterpreted. Although he conceives the nineteenth century as an era in which the self could attain to a certain strength and seeming independence, he also suggests that the narcissistic self is now dissolving precisely because of what its hardy predecessors brought about. Keenly aware of the psychic and material sufferings of the nineteenth century, he regards the culture of narcissism not as a falling-away from the moment of high capitalism but as a consequence of that grim moment. Nevertheless, for his suggestion that the present is in many ways worse than the bad past, Lasch has often been condemned for nostalgia, as if he longed to reinstate the good old days of corsets and hysteria.

The reaction against Lasch's thesis has, generally speaking, taken two forms. Several liberal pundits—sociologists, psychologists, futurologists—have charged Lasch with elitism, accusing him of belittling the supposedly progressive aspects of our culture, whose defects, they argue, are merely the price we pay for having a democracy. And a number of feminists have responded by defending narcissism as a salutary female impulse, an alternative to men's cruel, Promethean urge to dominate the world.

It is both to clarify his argument and to rebut these accusations that Lasch has written *The Minimal Self*. Although it does stand on its own, this new essay is actually a critical addendum to *The Culture of Narcissism* (whose complex thesis has therefore been paraphrased, with inevitable crudeness, in this review). Whereas the previous book was long and necessarily somewhat diffuse, given its scope, this book is more concise, concentrating on what Lasch calls survivalism—the prevalent belief in the need for radical retrenchment in the shadow of impending dangers.

Lasch sees survivalism as a manifestation of narcissism, and he has thus shifted his focus in order to rescue his general critique from those who have misread it. Because the term *survivalism* bears

none of those misleading connotations that have caused confusion over *narcissism*, Lasch hopes "to make clear what *The Culture of Narcissism* seems to have left unclear or ambiguous: that the concern with the self, which seems so characteristic of our time, takes the form of a concern with its psychic survival." Lasch is very careful to point out that he is not deploring hedonism, and that the narcissist isn't just conceited or self-interested, but that ours is a culture full of pain, and that survivalism (like narcissism) is an expression of that pain.

The first half of the book defines the problem; the second half suggests an answer. In the opening chapter Lasch succinctly restates the basic history of the managers' rise to power. He does so as part of his reply to the various experts—Peter Clecak, Herbert Gans, Daniel Yankelovich, and others—who have insisted that there is cause only for jubilation, because the so-called "culture of narcissism" actually represents the extension of full democratic "choice" to all Americans, now freed from the tyranny of small-town values and conventional "roles." Those who criticize this new egalitarianism, furthermore, are just a bunch of stuffy highbrows, perturbed to see the rabble bravely forging their own identities unhampered by the narrow expectations of the past. Lasch points out that these apologists do not in fact defend "the people" but merely extol that bright glut of commodities with which men and women must distract themselves. These pseudo-populistic arguments advance a debased conception of democracy, implying that freedom is just a matter of life-style, of defining an identity, which evidently depends on the brand of yogurt you pick up in the supermarket.

Contrary to the apologists for mass consumption, who reflexively applaud the huge benefits of high technology without bothering to name them, Lasch argues that "our growing dependence on technologies no one seems to understand or control has given rise to a widespread feeling of powerlessness and victimization." In response to this uneasiness, "men and women today are trying to piece together a technology of the self, the only apparent alternative to personal collapse." It is this effort to "become something like a machine," an entity "beyond despair," that people undertake through their survival strategies, some of which Lasch proceeds to examine in his next three chapters. Ana-

"The best thing to happen to computers is Peter McWilliams."*

"By far the bestseller in the field."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"Peter McWilliams writes about personal computers in an informed, cheerful, relaxed, unimposing, and immensely readable fashion."

—William F. Buckley, Jr.

THE PERSONAL COMPUTER BOOK

"The fastest selling computer guide on the market...He demystifies the RAMs and ROMs of microjargon and has found a painless and appealing way to advance the cause of computer literacy."—*Time*. New 1984 Revised Edition, \$9.95

THE WORD PROCESSING BOOK

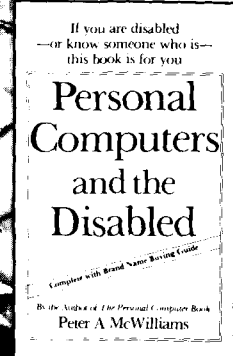
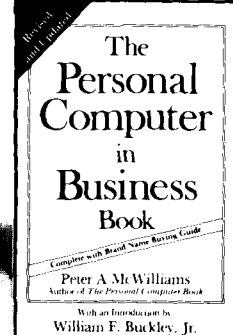
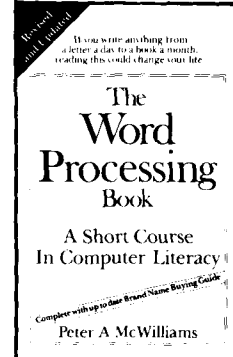
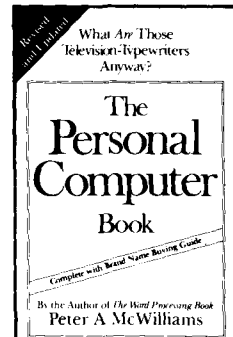
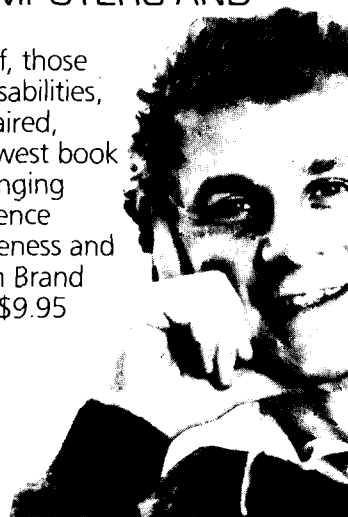
"Mr. McWilliams gives us specifics. He tells us the advantages and disadvantages of every item a shopper is likely to consider. He names names and suggests exactly what to look for in, say, a writing program."—*New York Times*. New 1984 Revised Edition, \$9.95

THE PERSONAL COMPUTER IN BUSINESS BOOK

"Peter McWilliams, the Dr. Spock of mini-computers, is the prototype of the computer term 'user-friendly'...and anyone contemplating shifting a small business to a mini-computer couldn't find a better book."—*Houston Post*. New 1984 Revised Edition, \$9.95

PERSONAL COMPUTERS AND THE DISABLED

For the blind, the deaf, those with motor control disabilities, and the learning impaired, Peter McWilliams' newest book can be a truly life-changing experience, the difference between enforced idleness and a productive life. With Brand Name Buying Guide, \$9.95



FROM **Q**UANTUM, OF COURSE
DOUBLEDAY/QUANTUM PRESS

*Los Angeles Herald Examiner

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 149.

REI
Quality Outdoor Gear and Clothing
Since 1938



**Stay
Ahead
of the
Weather In
REI's Gore-Tex® Crusher Hat**

Windproof, waterproof and breathable, this REI Gore-Tex®-laminated tascan with a wide brim to keep you dry and comfortable in any weather. **Item #TC40-291.** Sizes S, M, L, XL in Royal(2), Navy(4), Forest Green(5), Slate Blue(6), Tan(8) or Chili Bean(9) \$10.00ppd
Offer expires Jan. 15, 1985. REI guarantees satisfaction or your money back.

Please send me REI Gore-Tex® Rain Hat(s):

Qty.	Item #	Color #	Size
_____	_____	_____	_____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ ZIP _____

☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa
Acct. # _____
Exp. Date _____ Or call TOLL FREE:
1-800-426-4840; WA St.: 1-800-562-4894.
Can., AK, HI toll call: 1-206-575-3287.

**REI, Dept. 31, P.O. Box C-88127,
Seattle, WA 98188**



**Order Your
FREE Sample Slice Now**

Discover Original DeLuxe, "that famous Corsicana, Texas Fruit Cake" ... ordered by mail around the world since 1896 (shipped to 194 countries last year alone). Crammed with luscious fruits and rich native pecans, hand-decorated, then custom-baked for your holidays and shipped direct from our kitchens. Never sold in stores. Guaranteed best you've ever bought, baked or eaten, or money back. Send for **FREE SAMPLE SLICE** or order now. Postpaid, shipped in familiar DeLuxe cake tin. Small (1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.) \$9.55; Med. (2 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.) \$13.75; Lg. (4 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.) \$22.45. Prices eff. till 12/31/84.

**COLLIN STREET BAKERY Box 673
Corsicana, Tx 75110**

☐ Please ship **FREE SAMPLE SLICE** only.
☐ This is my order. Ship ☐ Sm. ☐ Med. ☐ Lg.
☐ Ship to me. ☐ Ship to attached list showing addresses, sizes, desired arrival dates.
☐ My check enclosed (card charges below)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Or charge to my: ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AE ☐ DC
Card # _____
Expires _____
Signature _____

lyzing the literatures of the peace and environmentalist movements, the doctrine of nuclear "survivability," some recent studies of the Holocaust, several films and novels, and a number of statements by contemporary artists and art critics, Lasch exposes the assumption common to all these disparate expressions—that one can evade the coming cataclysm and/or the impact of one's inner ravagement by "shedding it all," as Doris Lessing approvingly puts it.

Like narcissism, this desperate belief is at once understandable and dangerous. The attempt to hunker down and thus survive, Lasch tells us, could well help to bring on the very devastation that it is meant to elude, since the survivalist has given up completely on trying to take control of the forces that threaten him. Moreover, he who struggles to divest himself of all memories, attachments, and ideals in order merely to survive has in a sense destroyed himself already, like the narcissist whose fear of death is so acute that it drives him to suicide.

HAVING EVOKED THIS grim predicament, Lasch offers an alternative to the survivalist world view, derived largely from the works of Freud. After a careful recapitulation of the theory of narcissism, enriched by new insights, Lasch outlines an "ideal typology" of Freudian cultural critiques. His purpose here is to show that the handy old dichotomy "liberal/conservative" is simply inapplicable to the "controversies about contemporary culture," which "address issues best illuminated by Freud and his followers."

This "typology" contains three general positions. First, there is "the party of the superego." This faction, to which Lasch himself has been mistakenly consigned by his detractors, includes such figures as Philip Rieff, Daniel Bell, and Lionel Trilling, and many of those who call themselves "neoconservatives." Basically, this group advocates "a restoration of the social superego and of strong parental authority as the best hope of social stability and cultural renewal." Lasch illuminates the inadequacies of this vague reactionary program, and then proceeds to one group of its opponents, the party of "the liberal ego."

In contradistinction to the first group, this one has recommended "ego-strengthening education." That is, this group does not believe that the young should be instilled with old "moral dogmas" that can only lose their relevance,

but rather holds that it is necessary "to train the inner resources that will enable the young to fend for themselves." Lasch traces this position back to the enlightened rationalism of nineteenth-century liberalism, which "envisioned a new type of autonomous personality emancipated from custom, prejudice, and patriarchal constraints."

Out of this tradition have emerged two bodies of psychosocial theory, whose respective proponents now do battle as if fundamentally at odds. On the one hand is the behaviorism of B. F. Skinner and his followers, who have advanced a quasi-utilitarian program of "positive reinforcement" which will allow society to transcend the archaic difficulties of "moral choice." On the other hand is the upbeat and easygoing approach of "humanistic psychiatry," which Lasch traces from the domestication of Freud effected by some of Freud's American contemporaries up through the optimistic psychology of Carl Rogers and the various "game therapies and growth therapies" now so prevalent. With his usual deftness Lasch shows how the apparent conflict between the behaviorists and the humanists is finally based on no real difference, since the partisans of the liberal ego are actually concerned with finding the most effective psychologicist means of behavior modification.

In the final chapter, which is his most complex, Lasch turns to the third and most radical type of Freudian cultural analysis, which has promoted what Lasch calls an "ideological assault on the ego." Here we have the works of Herbert Marcuse, Norman O. Brown, and, more recently, a number of feminists—Nancy Chodorow, Dorothy Dinnerstein, and Jessica Benjamin, among others—whose positions also arise out of psychoanalytic theory. All these figures have attempted to rescue Freud from his own pessimism, seeking in his work some antidote to the unhappiness that he saw as the necessary cost of civilization. Events since Freud's death, however, suggest that "civilization" may not be worth it; as Marcuse and Brown would insist, it is the most advanced societies that have also been the most destructive. The longing to break free from our lockstep progress toward annihilation has motivated these various theorists, who have used Freud's insights as the basis for their critiques of and alternatives to the ruinous trajectory of "instrumental reason."

What is finally needed, in other words, is a response that does not turn out to reinforce the very culture that it

seemingly opposes, and that will therefore sustain a broad and bold political movement. Rejecting the either/or assumptions of the feminists, while wholeheartedly endorsing their concerns, Lasch pleads for a critical detachment from the world, a vision that does not deny but acknowledges our separation from nature. It is only through such mature acknowledgment that we can internalize what we have lost, which will then strengthen and empower us to take back what is ours. In short, we must learn how to mourn; and that process depends on our capacity to sublimate. Drawing on the work of D. W. Winnicott, Lasch urges us to recognize the value of "transitional objects," creations that we can invest with the maternal qualities that once sustained us, and that can therefore "simultaneously restore a sense of connection with mothers and with Mother Nature and assert our mastery over nature, without denying our dependence on mothers or nature." Only thus, Lasch holds, can we transform the world without destroying it—and the world must be transformed or its destruction is assured.

THIS IS NECESSARILY a coarse summary of Lasch's closing argument, which, like *The Minimal Self* throughout, is too subtle and wide-ranging for mere paraphrase. Although far less ambitious than *The Culture of Narcissism*, it is as lucid, suggestive, and meticulous as that indispensable work of cultural analysis, and is therefore an appropriate sequel. Both books offer a crucial synthesis of Freud and Marx that illuminates our vexing moment far more powerfully than any intellectual orthodoxy can. Like the historian Russell Jacoby and the psychoanalyst Joel Kovel, Lasch recognizes the need for eclecticism, which is still all too rare among the American intelligentsia, although it is hardly new in France or Germany.

Specifically, it is the so-called Frankfurt school that set the standard for Lasch's work, a fact that leads me to my only serious criticism of *The Minimal Self*. Although Lasch is correct in pointing out some of Marcuse's excesses, his curt dismissal of that thinker's contributions is surprising, especially since Lasch usually takes pains to laud what is valuable even where he disagrees sharply. Many of Marcuse's ideas are, in fact, very close to Lasch's: the notions of "repressive desublimation" and "repressive tolerance," and the critique of "the progres-

sive father" in *Eros and Civilization*, among other passages, all anticipate basic elements of Lasch's thesis. More generally, Lasch, like Marcuse, owes a tremendous debt to those great cultural critics Max Horkheimer and T. W. Adorno, who first discussed the dissolution of the self under the conditions of mass culture, who also tried to work out a critique that would not collapse into its object, and who also saw the dangers of the left's wholesale rejection of the past. But these two figures are mentioned only once, and in passing, in *The Minimal Self*, which would have been all the stronger for some consideration of their pertinent writings.

However, with this new essay Christopher Lasch has extended his invaluable critique of modern culture and its apologists, who must now, like the rest of us, pay close attention to his plea for the establishment of real democracy. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



1982 JANINE by Alasdair Gray. *Elisabeth Sifton/Viking*, \$16.95. Mr. Gray is Scottish. His novel consists of the memories, complaints, regrets, delusions, and sexual fantasies of Jock McLeish, who is drinking himself into maudlin collapse in a Glasgow (or is it Selkirk?) hotel room. Summary suggests that the story is stolidly glum, but in fact it is fast-moving, acidly satirical, sometimes hilarious, often pitiful, ornamented by japery with typefaces, and spangled with the gaudy, sadistic visions that are Jock's defense against a boring job in a poor country in a dangerously mismanaged world. A hot-tempered novel of political protest lurks behind the pornographic fireworks.

UNLIKELY STORIES, MOSTLY by Alasdair Gray. *Penguin*, \$6.95. Mr. Gray's short stories are as ingenious and provocative as his novel, and arouse a similar mixture of admiration, pleasure, and alarm.

THE HOUSE OF NIRE by Morio Kita. *Kodansha International*, \$16.95. A lengthy, realistic novel about a provincial family precariously surviving in upper-middle-class society is not the sort of work usually

translated from contemporary Japan, and it comes as a refreshing surprise. Dr. Nire is a backwoodsman who, thanks to enterprise, a dubious German medical degree, and considerable skill as a four-flusher, has become the proprietor of a mental hospital near Tokyo. There he collects, as staff, every relative, in-law, and home-town bumpkin who strays within reach. The doctor often seems as flighty as his patients, but his ambition is formidable, for he proposes to create a medical-psychiatric dynasty out of his conscripts, regardless of their personal reluctance or incapacity. The feuds and alliances, the deceptions and rebellions, that arise in the constantly expanding Nire clan provide the book's action, while the eccentricities of the characters combine with the contrast between Japanese custom and flimsy European veneer to provide an undercurrent of sly comedy. The saga runs from around 1900 to Pearl Harbor, and another volume is promised.

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE BOY? by Heinrich Böll. *Knopf*, \$11.95. The 1972 winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature has written a concise memoir of his adolescent experiences during Hitler's rise to power. Nothing violent happened to the Böll family from 1933 to 1937, but during those years that intelligent, pacifist, Catholic group watched German civilization crumbling into rubble and could see no way of halting the process, because it occurred piecemeal—a defection here, a concession there, a disappearance somewhere else—until nothing but Nazism remained. Without indulging in either self-pity or extenuation, Mr. Böll makes the reader understand the inertia of anti-Nazi Germans. They were, until much too late, paralyzed by incredulity, astonishment, bewilderment, and, finally, despair.

GILGAMESH a translation by John Gardner and John R. Maier, assisted by Richard A. Henshaw. *Knopf*, \$18.95. John Gardner undertook to make a readable modern-English version of *Gilgamesh* for a course in the epic that he was planning to teach before his death in 1982. Because it was intended for the use of students, the text of the old poem is accompanied by extensive notes and explanations. These are genuinely necessary, for *Gilgamesh* originated (presumably) in the third millennium B.C. and is rife with unfamiliar gods and terms and rituals. The principal theme of the poem, however, is totally familiar: man's persistent and hopeless

quest for immortality, which, in one form or another, has been around and active ever since the Sumerians invented it. (Assuming, of course, that they did invent it, for there is no certainty that they did not inherit it from some earlier people as yet undiscovered by archaeologists.) Gardner, like any good teacher, expected his students to apply themselves. His *Gilgamesh* is easy to read, but to pursue its full meaning requires serious effort.

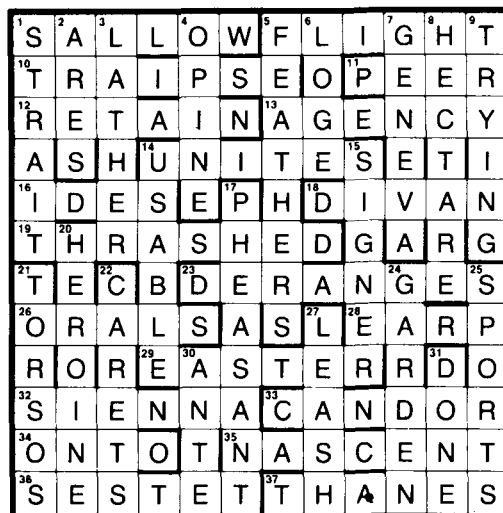
HALF MOON STREET by Paul Theroux. Houghton Mifflin, \$14.95. The two short and sinister novels in this volume resemble each other in that both have to do with double identities. Dr. Slaughter, an American scholar attached to a stuffily respectable institute in London, moonlights as an expensive call girl. Dr. DeMarr becomes his own twin brother—and if that seems a bad move, rest assured, Reader, that Mr. Theroux quickly makes it spookily worse.

THE LEANING TOWER OF BABEL by Richard Mitchell. Little, Brown, \$14.95. Mr. Mitchell, alias the Underground Grammarian, continues his assault on uneducated educators, and his individual chapters are acid, amusing analyses of bad grammar, sloppy thinking, and meaningless jargon. The collection as a whole is depressing, for the examples of nit-witery that Mr. Mitchell has assembled make it impossible to doubt his assertion that our schools are generally run by people who "are poorly educated and often not very bright to begin with. . . ." He concedes, however, that the public-education system is a success in terms of its own private purpose, which is "to serve as a massive tax-supported jobs program for legions of not especially able or talented people. . . . Do we want them out of the schools and onto the dole? In fact, the system is perfect, except for one little detail. We must find a way to get the *children* out of it."

OMNIBOOTH by George Booth. Congdon & Weed, \$18.95. Perhaps because he has at least three styles of drawing and a great variety of motifs (the snaggle-fanged bull terrier, the bathtub philosopher and his multitudinous cats, the humanoid baboons, the demonic old lady), Mr. Booth's drawings are readily seen as disconnected works, each presenting its own comic point. Collected, they reveal a coherent satirical pattern, and are both funnier and more savage than one had realized.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers
to the
October
Puzzler,
"TRICK
OR TREAT"



Across. 1. ALLOW (hidden) 5. LIGHT (double def.) 10. P(IRATE)S 11. PER (hidden) 12. TI-N EAR 13. CAG(N)EY 14. UNTIES (anag.) 16. SIDE (homophone) 18. DIVA (rev.) 19. TRA-SHED (*tar* anag.) 23. GRAND-EES (*see* rev.) 26. SO(L)AR 28. PEAR (homophone) 29. ASTER (anag.) 32. IN(S)ANE 33. DACRON (anag.) 34. ON-O 35. AS-CENT 36. TSETSE (*set* anag. twice) 37. A(THE)-NS
Down. 1. A-R(TIS)T (*sit* rev.) 2. ERAS(e) 3. H-ALTER 4. PIN-E 5. FAT-HERS 6. LOG (double def.) 7. AV(ENG)E 8. TEA-CHER 9. TYING (hidden) 14. SABLE (anag.) 15. REIGNS (homophone) 17. PEAS-ANT 20. HERO(I)N 21. ROO(S)TS 22. CA(R)TS 24. ARDEN (anag.) 25. SPOT(S) 27. L-ASH 30. NE(AT) 31. DON (double def.)

The Atlantic Bookstore

Use this coupon to
order any book
shown here at
20% off
publisher's list price.

Please send me the books ordered below. I have indicated the quantity desired in the box beside each book I wish to receive. Enclosed is my check or the necessary credit card information. With an order of 3 or more books, receive FREE an Atlantic tote bag. (Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.)

	LIST PRICE PER BOOK	YOU PAY PER BOOK
☐ ARTHUR'S CHRISTMAS (hardbound), Marc Brown	\$12.95	\$10.35
☐ ARTHUR'S THANKSGIVING (paperbound), Marc Brown	\$ 3.95	\$ 3.15
☐ GRANDPA'S RIB-TICKLERS (hardbound), James E. Myers	\$15.95	\$12.75
☐ THE PERSONAL COMPUTER BOOK, P. McWilliams	\$ 9.95	\$ 7.95
☐ THE PERSONAL COMPUTER & BUSINESS BOOK	\$ 9.95	\$ 7.95
☐ THE PERSONAL COMPUTER & THE DISABLED	\$ 9.95	\$ 7.95
☐ THE WORD PROCESSING BOOK	\$ 9.95	\$ 7.95

☐ TOTAL BOOKS \$
Mass. Residents add 5% tax
Postage & Handling 2.00

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$
☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ MC

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: The Atlantic Bookstore, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, MA 02116
For more information on these titles, please see pages 140, 145, and 147.

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

THE ATLANTIC is represented exclusively by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising. The classified rates are \$2.75 per word (minimum ad 20 words), and \$250.00 per column inch for classified display (minimum ad one inch). Three-time rates are available on request. Direct inquiries, classified advertising copy and payments to: *The Atlantic*, P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33517. Telephone: toll free (800) 237-9851; in Florida (813) 443-7666.

ART

DON'T BUY ART YET! Internationally recognized art consultant (13 years with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts) can save you thousands of dollars in both time and money! World-wide contacts. Write for details. Ask for reprints from the Christian Science Monitor and Connoisseur. Curator, Box 1200-A, Boston, MA 02117.

BOOKS

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Department YKW, 11 West 32 Street, New York 10001.

REALITY INSPECTOR: Unusual mystery story. Computers, chess, consciousness. Opens doors to new ideas. \$5.00. John Caris, 56 Westgate, San Francisco, CA 94127.

FINE BOOKS AT ATTRACTIVE DISCOUNTS from the American Museum of Natural History. Anthropology, astronomy, birds, evolution, many other subjects. Unusual books, limited editions. \$1.00 for catalog. Room 12, A.M.N.H., Central Park West, New York, NY 10024.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS

All publishers — all subjects: art, history, biography, fiction, and much more. The most complete catalog of bargain books available anywhere! Write for your FREE copy.

Hamilton, Box 15-C, Falls Village, CT 06031

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WRITING, selling simple information. Free details. SOL Enterprises, Box 26004, El Paso, TX 79926.

HUNTING FOR A BOOK? We will find it. Free search service. Georgia B. Haxton, P.O. Box 503, Perry, OK 73077.

SICK OF MATERIALISM, waste and greed? Join network developing positive alternatives. Write: Moderation Publishing, Box 741955, Dallas, TX 75374.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IMPORT-EXPORT OPPORTUNITY. Profitable, world-wide mail order business from home without capital. We ship plan for no-risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Department M108C, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

COUNTY NEWSPAPER in the pines of North Florida for sale. Spacious office with modern equipment and complete darkroom. Large one-bedroom apartment with 20' x 20' sundeck adjoining office. Excellent for couple seeking fresh air and friendly folk. Serious inquiries only, please. Reply to: Newspaper, P.O. Box 454, Bristol, FL 32321.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

PAPERWEIGHTS. Antique and modern. Buy/sell. Full-color quarterly plus lists: \$5.00 year. George Kamm, P.O. Box AC-254, Lititz, PA 17517.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

MERCEDES, BMW, PORSCHE. Save thousands! Import it yourself. It's easy. Complete step-by-step guidebook with names, addresses of dealers, shippers, conversion specialist with prices. All the do's and don'ts. Your choice: save thousands or resell for profit. \$8.50. J.M. Enterprises, Box 386, Franklin Lakes, NJ 07417.

BEARS, TRAINS, unique holiday decor and ornaments, gourmet foods and much more. Free catalogue. Christmas Goose Boutique, P.O. Box 6363, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360.

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITY DEGREES without classes. Bachelor's, master's, doctorate. Accredited, inexpensive, fast. Dr. John Bear, P.O. Box 11447-AT11, Marina del Rey, CA 90295.

EDUCATION

Audio-cassette/book courses
in Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese,
French, German, Spanish,
Greek, Japanese,
and 32 others.
Learn a foreign language on your own!
Comprehensive. Used
by U.S. State Dept. Free 1984 catalog. Write:
AUDIO-FORUM Dept. 136
Guilford, CT 06437

BASIC MATH teachers, parents, students are mad about this SMAD® HAPPYFACE merit award sticker. Sticker features basic math symbols. 1" diameter. Black on bright yellow. 100/\$2.00, 200/\$3.50, 300/\$5.00, 600/\$10.00. Check, m.o. Smad, 5621 Peabody, Long Beach, CA 90808. Money back if not mad about Smad.

PREPARE TO BETTER HANDLE your business, political and social opportunities. The Blackstone School of Law has met the law training demand for almost a century. Information: P.O. Box 790906, Dallas, TX 75379.

UNIVERSITY PROGRAMS IN EUROPE. A professional international academic consultancy can arrange all aspects of academic programs, meetings or specialist seminars in Europe for U.S. institutions to their requirements. PPP International Ltd., One Rodney Square, P.O. Box 485, Wilmington, DE 19899.

"CASH FOR COLLEGE." New directory describes 400 loan, grant, scholarship opportunities, plus all government programs. \$4.95. Unifunds, Box 19749-YY, Indianapolis, IN 46219.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU. Jobs, big pay, transportation. New handbook (including employer directory): \$2.00. Australian International, Box 19107-YY, Washington, DC 20036.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES. Transportation, complete information, plus directory of 200 companies employing thousands worldwide: \$3.00. Opportunities, Box 19749-YY, Indianapolis, IN 46219.

AUSTRALIA—OPENINGS NOW! Top pay, tax free, all occupations. Transportation plus worldwide listings: \$1.00. Job-world, Box 681-AT, Cypress, CA 90630.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

GOLD AND SILVER STOCKS in North America worth knowing. Our track record speaks for itself. Ask us for our past recommendations along with what we are now recommending. Call or write: Angelo P. Comi, P. Eng., Daniel Farrell, Geologist B. Sc., Merit Investment Corp., 155 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada M5H 2Z5. (416) 867-6110.

GIFTS

YOUNG WRITERS' CLUB catalog. Gifts for intelligent children. 7-14. Young Writers' Club, Dept. B2, P.O. Box 216, Newburyport, MA 01950.

HEALTH

BECOME A NON-SMOKER in four days through Dr. Petersen's hypnotic method: 3,700 have. Send \$11.95 for hypnotic cassette tape to: Paul Petersen, Ph.D., 1635 North Arlington, Arlington Heights, IL 60004.

END BACK PAIN! Get relief from lower back pain. No drugs, no gadgets, no gimmicks. Safe, effective technique guaranteed to help you as it has helped many others. Send \$1.00 for special report. Better Health Systems, Inc., Department 17, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

SAFE, CLEAN WATER! Our products make others obsolete. Special prices. Complete third faucet system. Call free: (800) 643-SAFE. Safe Water, Building 5011, Gravette, AR 72736-0799.

HOME FURNISHINGS

CALL TOLL-FREE for quotations on major furniture brands. Discount prices. Shipping arranged. (800) 334-7347. Sisk Discount Furniture, Box 204B, Southern Pines, NC 28387.

INSTRUCTION

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEOTAPES now available on various subjects. For more information, send \$1.00 to: Zarr Video, Box 720916-F, Houston, TX 77272.

LITERARY INTERESTS

RESEARCH, WRITING, statistics, proposals, grants, data base retrieval. All fields. Prompt, professional, confidential. Dr. Arnold, Box 25097FC, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-5493.

BOOK PRINTING. Quality work, low cost. Offset or typeset. Paperbacks or hard covers. Free catalog and price list. Adams Press, Department AA, 30 West Washington, Chicago, IL 60602.

PERFECT GIFT: book collectors' newsletter. Gift card/bookmark sent in advance. Send long SASE for sample and special holiday rates. Bookery, Box 40247, Rochester, NY 14604.

SEARCH AND RESEARCH SERVICE access to British libraries/archives for the overseas researcher. Write: BCM, Box 1555, London WC1N 3XX, England.

WRITING/RESEARCH SERVICES. Legitimate nontraditional college degrees by correspondence. Dissertation, thesis editing, statistics. Mid-career counseling and development. Writers Unlimited, Box 60185, Washington, DC 20039. (202) 723-1715.

MERCHANDISE

CABLE TV CONVERTERS AND EQUIPMENT. Plans and parts. Build or buy. For more information, send \$2.00: C & D Electronics Inc., P.O. Box 21, Jenison, MI 49428.

"I ♥ OWLS" bumper sticker. Send \$1.00 postage/handling. The Owl's Nest, Box 5491(TA), Fresno, CA 93755.

Free Lance Film/Video Productions

Aloysius Unlimited

write: 4307 8th Ave., Rock Island, ILL 61201

Storylines - Dance Films
Travelogues - Art Shorts
Experimental Abstract

FRESH WATER PEARL NECKLACE. 16 inch, gold filled clasp. \$20.00, postpaid. Other necklaces available. Write for price list. Sutton Shopper, P.O. Box 9176, Wilmington, DE 19809.

STATIONERY: photo-lithograph of giant Canadian geese. Highest quality deckle-edged paper. Matching envelopes. Box of eight: \$14.95, postpaid. CJ Studios, P.O. Box 19923A, Raleigh, NC 27619.

COUNTRY CHIC. Elegant, whimsical and unusual items from the fog-kissed northcoast of California. Free catalogue. Redwood Country Store, Box 132, Bayside, CA 95524.

WINTER SOLSTICE GREETING CARDS. An alternative to Christmas cards, these beautiful non-religious holiday messages feature scientific and historical themes. For sample card and brochure, send 50¢ to: Educational Greeting Cards, Department W, P.O. Box 967, Urbana, IL 61801.

Drawing pants, tops, skirts
& more. Timeless styles,
gentle prices, in...

PURE COTTON

FREE CATALOG SWATCHES 50¢

Deva, a Cottage Industry
Box ATC5, Burkittsville, MD 21718
(301) 473-4900

BRILLIANT RAINBOW CRYSTAL. Fancy figurines, jewelry, mobiles, prisms. Catalog: \$1.00 (refundable); with sample: \$2.00; with snowflake ornament: \$3.00. Aurora Traders, Box 8472A9, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

TOP QUALITY T-SHIRTS AND SWEAT SHIRTS. Free catalog. Nature, prairie, general interest designs. All new. Pipe Creek Shirts, Route 3, Box A, Minneapolis, KS 67467.

MISCELLANEOUS

PENFRIENDS. For free information, write: Papyrus, 580-AM, Highway 67, Florissant, MO 63031.

ORWELL IN '84 bumper stickers and buttons have arrived for campaigning. Colorful stars and stripes design. Two items: \$3.00. ECAM Creations, Box 620376, Woodside, CA 94062.

MEET OTHERS. For hobbies, sports, correspondence, vacations. Friends nearby, worldwide. Electronic Exchange, Box 68-A1, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

ORIENTAL WOMEN AND MEN seek intelligent, literate American and Canadian correspondence. Asian Exchange, Box 1021AT, Honokaa, HI 96727.

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

MISCELLANEOUS



ORIENTAL FRIENDS!

Women and Men wish to correspond for True Friendship Worldwide. Let us introduce you.

"Details Free"

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE

Box 1027-ATL, Orangevale, CA 95662

MILITARY MEDALS AND DECORATIONS bought and sold. Current catalogue: 50¢, yearly subscription: \$4.50. Vernon, Box 1387A, North Baldwin, NY 11510.

CARAVAN CORRESPONDENCE CONNECTION, a new concept in penfriendship, invites you to make exciting new friends worldwide. Write: Caravan, Mildred Horn, P.O. Box 27186, Phoenix, AZ 85061

KNOW THYSELF! Discover hidden strengths. Get your computerized personality profile. Excellent for self growth, career planning, successful living. Details: Box 9104A, Downers Grove, IL 60515.

SINGLE? WIDOWED? DIVORCED? Refined introductions nationwide! Hundreds of members all ages, intelligent, literate individuals. Identity, Box 315-AT, Royal Oak, MI 48068.

ASIAN, EUROPEAN SINGLES seek refined, intelligent correspondence, friendship! Hundreds of members. Established 1970. Information Inter-Pacific, Box 304-AT, Birmingham, MI 48012.

ENGRAVED SOUVENIR PLACEFAVORS for banquets and reunions. Also business give-aways. Free catalog. C.W. Bickhart, Department AT114, P.O. Box 244, Fairview Village, PA 19409

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053. (714) 492-2976.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS LOCATED. Any title, any subject. Write for free search to: Ramshorn BookSearch, 9513 Villa del Rey N.E., Albuquerque, NM 87111

NAUTICAL BOOKS. Out-of-print, scarce, rare. Naval piracy, yachts, whaling, liners, etc. Catalog: \$1.00. Jack A. Clinton, Hope Valley, RI 02832.

PERSONALS

DISCREET, PERSONAL INTRODUCTIONS IN YOUR AREA. Men-sophisticated singles/couples. Platine International, Box 3355, York, PA 17402 (717) 848-1408.

CHRISTIAN SINGLES OUTREACH. Local/nationwide. Phone or mail introduction publication. No fees, donations only. Write: Box 9020-SV, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write: CMLE, Box 31, Peham, NY 10803

SINGLE PROFILE NEXUS creates a nationwide network of cultured singles. Box 19983, Orlando, FL 32814.

WANTED: INFORMATION from persons having had psychica type phenomena occur to them in 1973. Write to: 2705 Juan Tabo N.E., Suite B-179, Albuquerque, NM 87111.

CARAVAN WORLD CORRESPONDENCE CONNECTION, a new concept in penfriendship, invites you to make exciting new friends worldwide. Write: Mildred Horn, Box 27186, Phoenix, AZ 85061.

JOIN CHRISTIAN SINGLES OF AMERICA! Meet Christian singles 18-80. Lowest membership fee. Write: C.S.A., Box 1441, Charleston, SC 29402.

PUBLICATIONS

THE PEOPLE. Socialist bi-weekly covering major national/international developments. Since 1891. \$4.00/one year includes free pamphlet, "Capitalism and Unemployment." \$1.00/four months. The People, (TA1), 914 Industrial Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

GLOBAL THREATS to third world minorities reported and analyzed in Cultural Survival Quarterly. For sample: Cultural Survival, 11 Divinity Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138. (617) 495-2562.

WORLD ACCESS NEWSLETTER. New information approach to inexpensive international travel, exchange, education. All ages. \$3.00. Box 6194, Norfolk, VA 23508.

PUBLICATIONS

SILICON VALLEY MAGAZINE. Articles concerning people, products, finance, architecture and other subjects in Silicon Valley. Bi-monthly. \$8.00. 3054 Harding Avenue, Santa Clara, CA 95051.

GOT THE NATO BLUES! Send for the NATO coloring book. \$12.95. Barleycraft, P.O. Box 280, Southport, CT 06490.

SUBSCRIBE TO "THE POET." New quarterly poetry magazine. \$15.00/year. P.O. Box 44021, Shreveport, LA 71134-4021. (Publishing new American poets.)

PURE PERSONAL CARE PRODUCTS. Our catalog contains complete ingredient listings for hundreds of natural soaps, moisturizers, shampoos and healing products. Send \$1.00 (refundable with first order). InterNatural, P.O. Box 463, (AM-1), South Sutton, NH 03273

CROSSWORDS. 25, large print, never-before-published crosswords by Avery P. Bromfield. Specify left-handers edition or right-handers edition. Price: \$4.00, includes postage and handling. Maryland residents: add 5% tax. Overseas: add \$1.00. Mail check or money order to: OLIO Publishers, P.O. Box 78, Glen Echo, MD 20812-0078.

CLASSIC CHILDREN'S STORY "The Ugliest Dog in Town"

A holiday and gift must! Send \$8.50.

AMERICANA
3412 Pama Lane, Las Vegas, NV 89120

WORLDWIDE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS. 65 exciting countries from all six continents! Sampler: four/\$2.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-AA, Dana Point, CA 92629.

RECIPES

HOLIDAY TURKEY STUFFING. #1. Cornbread stuffing. Old southern recipe, easy to prepare, sure to please. #2. Oyster stuffing. Tired of same old turkey stuffing? Try this for the holidays. Will please everyone's taste. #1. recipe: \$3.00. #2. recipe: \$3.00 both recipes: \$4.50. Mail check or money order to: Genny Fowler, A.P.O. Box 1997, Chesapeake, VA 23320-1997.

The Seafood Heritage Cookbook

A treasury of authentic American recipes, by Adam Starchild. \$11.95, postpaid. Tidewater Publishers

Box 456, Centerville, MD 21617 (800) 638-7641

SERVICES

PIANO LESSONS BY MAIL using cassettes. Pay by the lesson. For more information, write: Music Lessons, P.O. Box 450, Mooresville, NC 28115

THE POWER. Attain it, use it. Success guaranteed. Send \$10.00 (refundable) for complete program. McGraw Institute, Box 2686, Station F., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1W 3P3.

TRAVEL

REALISTICALLY learn French. French cooking and wines in comfortable French home in rural Burgundy. Small numbers. Adults only. For information: "Yetabo," Pailly 89140 Pont sur Yonne, France

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER at \$100.00 daily. First-class accommodations. TravLips Association, Box 188A2, Flushing, NY 11358. (212) 939-2400.

SOUTHWEST SAFARIS. natural history expeditions explore New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona. Bushflying, jeeping, rafting. Geology, archaeology, botany. Brochure: P.O. Box 945 (A), Santa Fe, NM 87504.

UNUSUAL INDIA AND NEPAL. Sri Lanka, Maldives, Burma, Thailand. Trekking, rafting, wildlife safaris, sightseeing. Free 28-page trip catalog. Himalayan Travel, Box 481-ATL, Greenwich, CT 06836. (800) 243-5330.

GREATER BOSTON HOSPITALITY. A bed and breakfast service offers reasonably priced accommodations in lovely metropolitan Boston homes. Write: Greater Boston Hospitality, P.O. Box 1142, Brookline, MA 02146. Phone: (617) 734-0807.

TRAVEL

CRUISE THE VIRGIN ISLANDS on our Gulfstar 50 sailboat. Luxurious accommodations for six. Our captain has 14 years cruising experience. Snorkeling, fishing and scuba gear on board. John Robin, 4514 Oakshire, Houston, TX 77027.

LOWER COSTS. Nationwide private guestroom exchange network offers wonderful travel options. Inquire: Visiting Friends, Box 231X, Lake Jackson, TX 77566 (409) 297-7367.

SAVE OVER \$1,000 on your Las Vegas vacation! Enjoy free rooms, food, drinks, gaming chips. Free brochure. Megabucks, Box 370, Henderson, NV 89015.

HORSEBACK TRIPS in Europe, Africa and North America. Color brochure with many pictures and detailed descriptions of the best rides. Ten years of worldwide testing. Bitterroot Ranch, 3 East Fork, Dubois, WY 82513. (307) 455-2778.

CULINARY TOURS. Regional cooking classes, gourmet meals, elegant accommodations, sightseeing. Escorted tours: San Antonio, New Orleans, Los Angeles. Cooking USA, P.O. Box 3733, Santa Monica, CA 90403.

SEEKING EXOTIC VACATIONS? Our name says it all. Free details. Sample copy: \$1.00. Unique & Exotic Travel Reporter, Box 98833-A, Tacoma, WA 98499.

WILDLIFE AND CULTURAL EXPEDITIONS WORLDWIDE including Australia, East Africa, Galapagos, Himalayas, New Zealand, Polynesia, South America, Mexico. Small groups. Expert leadership. Free brochure. Write: Nature Expeditions International, Department AMC, 474 Willamette Street, Box 11496, Eugene, OR 97440. Telephones: (503) 484-6529.

VACATION RENTALS

ELEGANT WEST COAST FLORIDA ISLAND HOME on private beach. Bikes, etc. Optional sailboats. Seasonal rates. Brochure: Box 842, Venice, FL 34284. (813) 493-6896.

BAHAMAS, CARIBBEAN EUROPE, MEXICO AND U.S.

Select private homes in prime resort areas and secret hideaways. Detailed profiles/photographs. \$350 to \$20,000/week. Free color brochure.

VHR, WORLDWIDE
(201) 224-8364

SOUTH PADRE ISLAND, TEXAS. Two- and three-bedroom beachfront condominiums. Pools, jacuzzis, tennis, sailing, elevators. 24-hour staff. Half hour to Mexico. Free brochure. Sunlode II & III, P.O. Box 2937, South Padre Island, TX 78597. Texas: (800) 531-4538. (512) 943-1307. (512) 943-6469.

FURNISHED SABBATICAL or vacation home in medieval village on French Riviera. Available any month(s) from November through May. July, \$550 per month. Lynch, 2800 Residence d'hennemont, 78100 St. Germain-en-Laye, France.

DISCOVER "HIDEAWAYS GUIDE!" Unique, alluring and affordable private villa/condominium rentals and exchanges, inns, intimate resorts, yacht charters. Worldwide. Enjoy the broadest selection, best information, lowest prices, convenient travel planning services, discounts at luxurious condominium resorts, on airlines and automobile rentals. Free brochure: or call: (800) 843-4433 to join. Hideaways International, Box 1459A, Concord, MA 01742.

SANDBRIDGE, VIRGINIA BEACH. Elegant, seven-bedroom, five-bath, oceanfront home. Family reunions, holidays. 1985 season, privacy, tennis, golf. Brochure: Owner, P.O. Box 50505, New Orleans, 70150. Phone: (504) 566-1086.

Classified Information

WORD RATE: \$2.75 per word
(minimum ad 15 words)
DISPLAY RATE: \$250.00 per column inch
(one inch minimum order)

The Atlantic's new guaranteed paid circulation is now 440,000. Your classified ad will be reaching a greater audience than ever before. All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. and must be received no later than November 10th for the January issue. Send us your ad today.

The Atlantic

Classified Department

P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, Florida 33517
Toll-free 800-237-9851 □ In Florida 813-443-7666

The Atlantic is represented by
Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising

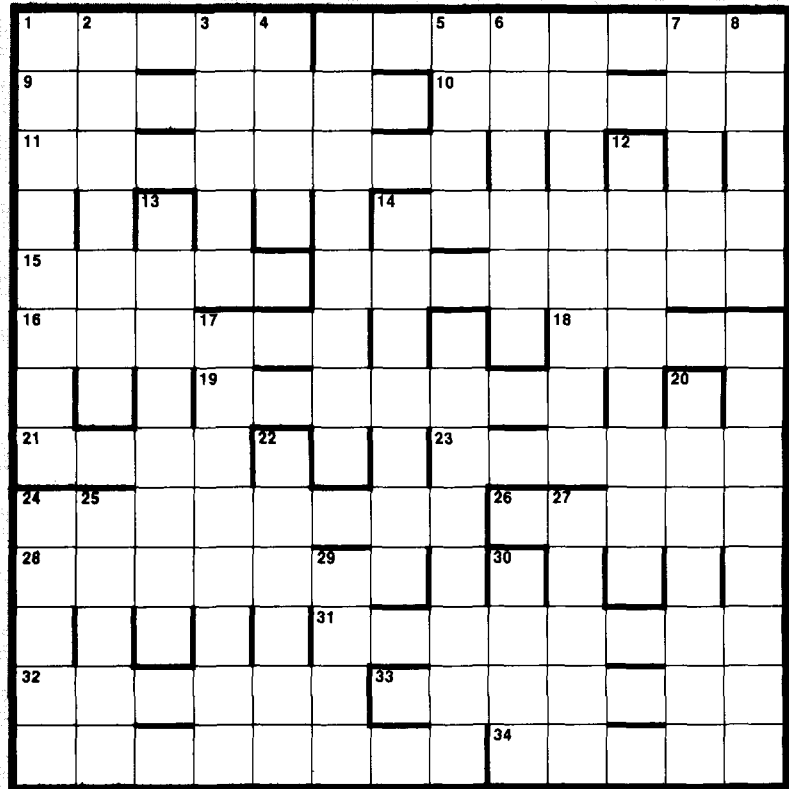
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

PARTY OF EIGHT

This month's puzzle features nine unclued entries. Eight of these have something in common, which is identified by the ninth. (Of the nine unclued entries, one is a two-word phrase and one is a proper noun.) Answers to clues include two proper nouns, a British spelling at 14D, and less than common words at 18A, 19A, and 23A.

*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 149.*



ACROSS

1. Smoothly cover great deficit (5)
9. Trusting Ivy Leaguer gets caught in storm (7)
10. After period of fasting, I left for food (6)
11. Worry and rage give out (8)
14. British stranger is more drunk (7)
15. "I Love New York" captures bit of raffish wit (5)
16. Chief idol and vessel returned (6)
(two words)
18. Rest breaks, formerly (4)
19. A Virginia sailor's divine incarnations (7)
21. Small pale bird (4)
23. A runt I dressed in fur (6)

26. Priest I seated in victory coach (5)
28. Separate operator in one schedule (7)
31. Flying one by one into English river (8)
32. Bill is one who sings aloud (6)
33. Going off after hot fish (7)
34. Spy's ties (5)

DOWN

2. Army division maintaining right restraint (7) (*hyphenated*)
3. Rinse off horn (5)
4. Pronounced melancholy engulfs one (4)
5. General Grant's foe in elation (4)
6. Regeneration holds back desert (6)
7. Rouge that is going up and down (5)
8. Liberal in USSR snarled insults (5)
12. Churchman's greeting upset unusual church (8)
13. Very quiet detective device returned to singers (8)
14. Dub ape bits out of synch (7)
17. Suspended day fishing (8)
20. I am enthralled by Don Diego's crown jewel (7)
22. Caller again set back (6)
24. Playing Atari "Cow-Catcher" (5)
25. Quaker pretending to be writer (5)
27. Preface from *Saint Rose* (5)
29. A cad coming back to plantation (4)
30. Disallow second-rate taunt (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



ELEVATE
YOUR
SENSES

REMY MARTIN
CHAMPAGNE
NAPOLEON

Introducing the Napoleon of Rémy Martin.
Longer aging matures this extraordinary cognac to
an elegant depth in bouquet and a subtle complexity
in flavor, earning it the highest official cognac
appellation: Napoleon. Cognac connoisseurs will
find it a rare and superior achievement.

THE NAPOLEON OF REMY MARTIN

ABOUT \$40 THE BOTTLE

Imported by Rémy Martin Amérique, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 80 Prod

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHARPSHOOTER



Betamovie gives home movies a new image with the sharpest shot yet.

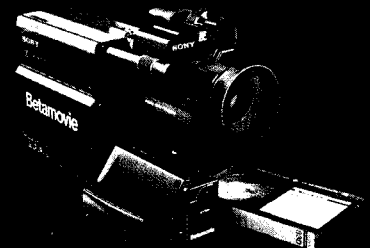
Why does Betamovie® give you a sharper picture than any other one-piece video camera/recorder? First, there's our technology. From our pick-up tube for clarity to our simple tape-loading design for stability, it all helps create a sharper picture.

The size and shape of Betamovie also help get great results. It's lightweight, compact, and it rests comfortably on your shoulder. Unlike other cameras, you don't lug around separate cables, adaptors, recorders or shoulder braces.

Along with being easy to carry, Betamovie is easy to use. Just aim and shoot. Almost every function is automatic: focusing, close-up and zoom shots, light adjustment and sound recording are a cinch. You won't be changing tapes constantly, either. Our tapes range from a half hour to 3 hours and 20 minutes.

Once you've made your videotape, you'll really see how sharp it is — because you play it back on a Betamax, and in research tests, more people said the picture was sharper with Sony Betamax® than VHS.

Of course, there's really only one way to see how sharp Betamovie is. Go to your local Sony dealer for a demonstration.



SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY™

Sony, Betamovie and Betamax are registered trademarks of Sony Corporation. The One and Only is a trademark of Sony Corporation of America.